



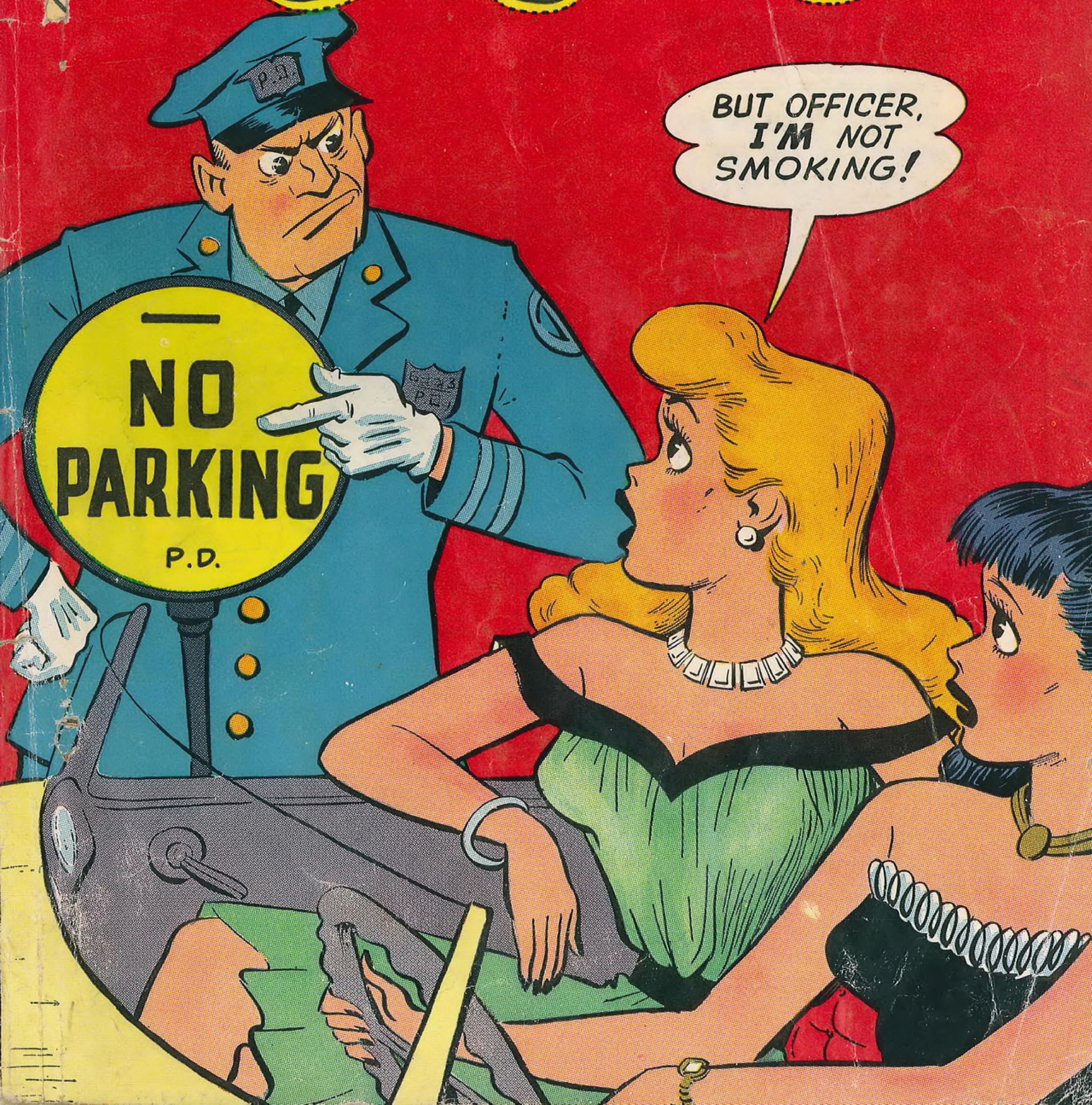
SCREWBALLS IN SKIRTS!



NO. 5  
MAY-JUNE

10¢

# DIZZY



BUT OFFICER,  
I'M NOT  
SMOKING!

NO  
PARKING

P.D.



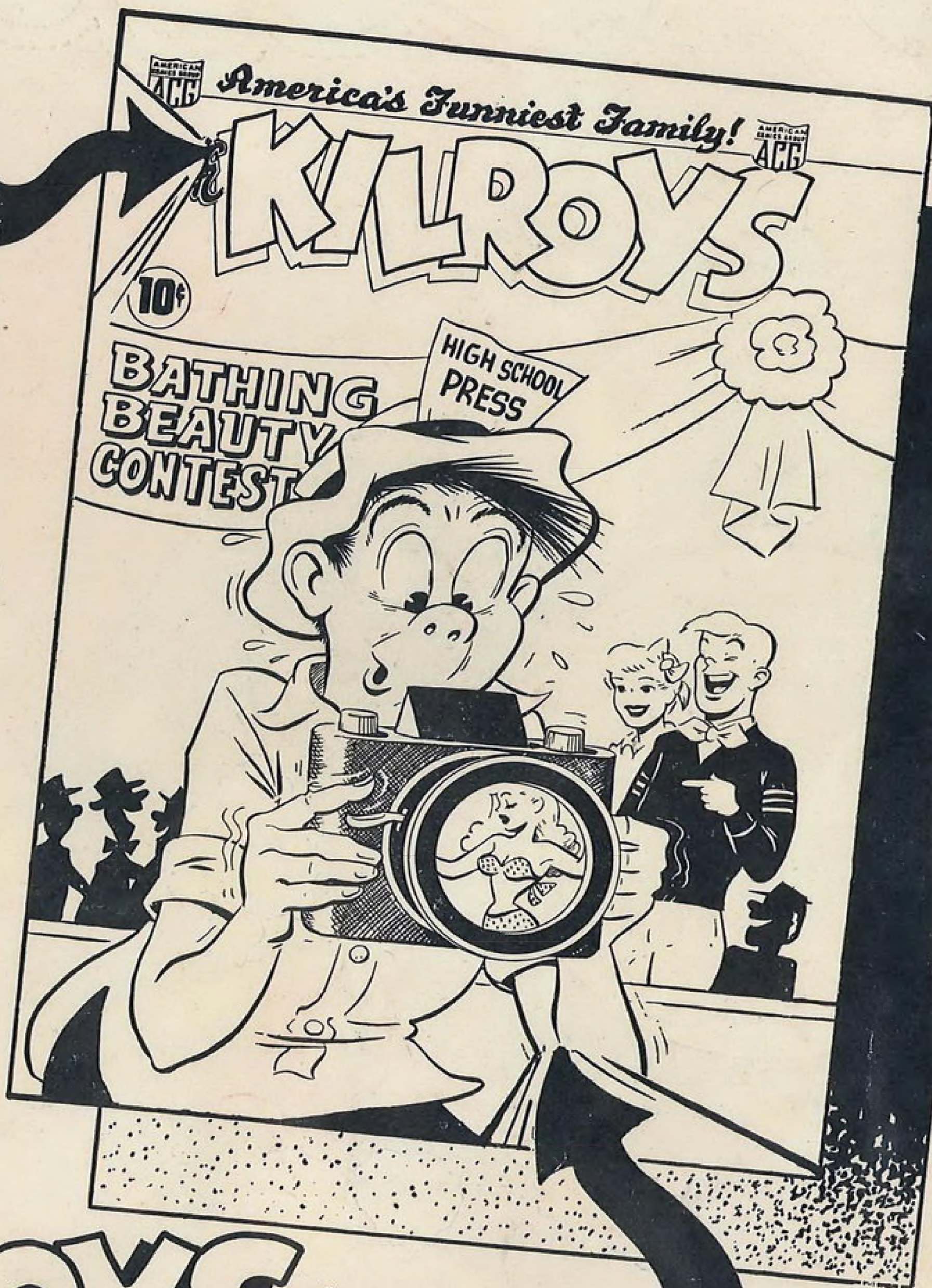
# KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH  
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S  
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-  
TURVY!

## *The* KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND  
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-  
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR  
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO  
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-  
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE  
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE  
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND  
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN  
PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR  
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT  
TO SAY **KILROY WAS  
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



## *Read* *The* KILROYS

*America's Funniest Family!*



ON ALL  
STANDS

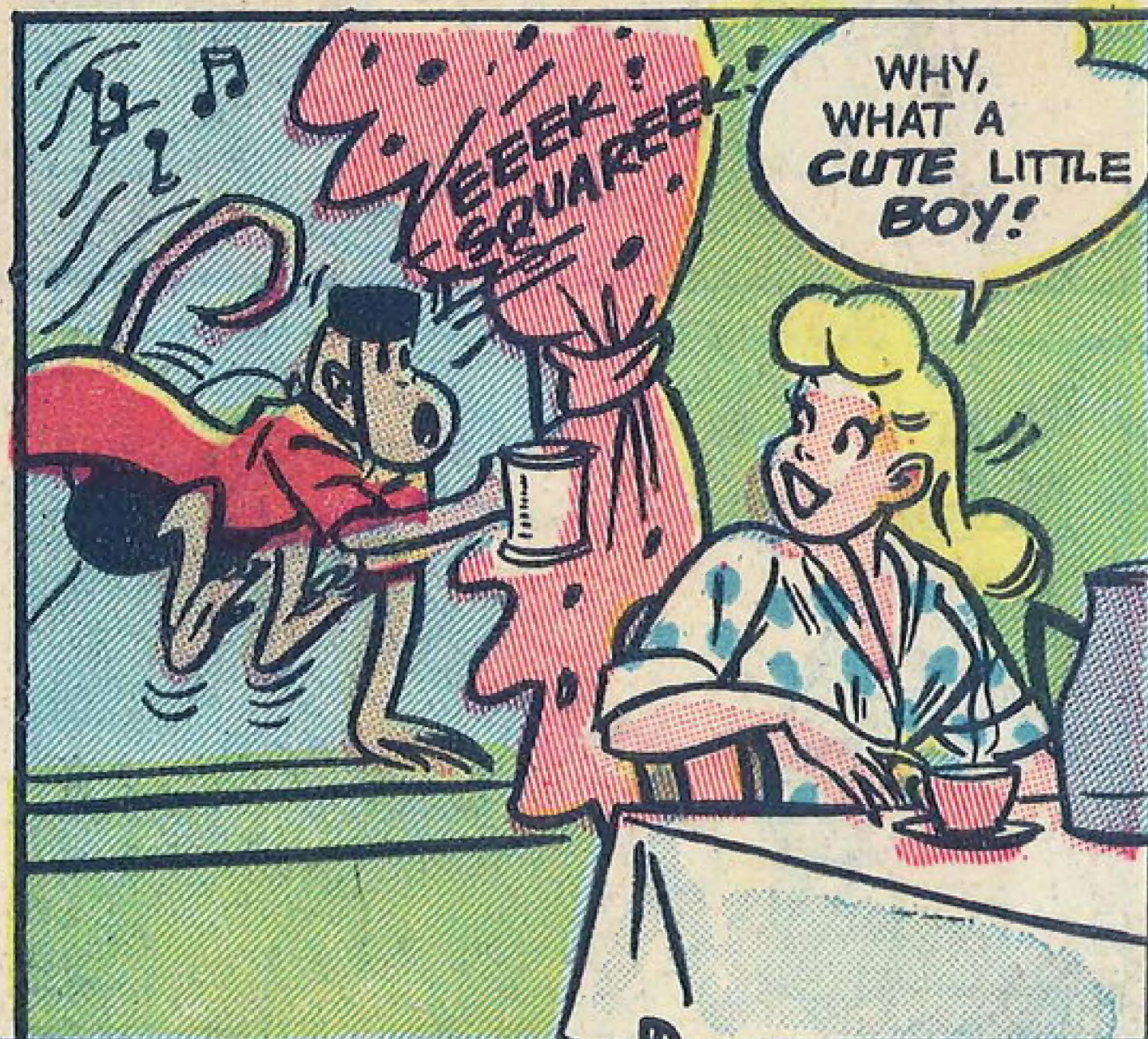
*and*

YOU'D BETTER  
**HURRY!**

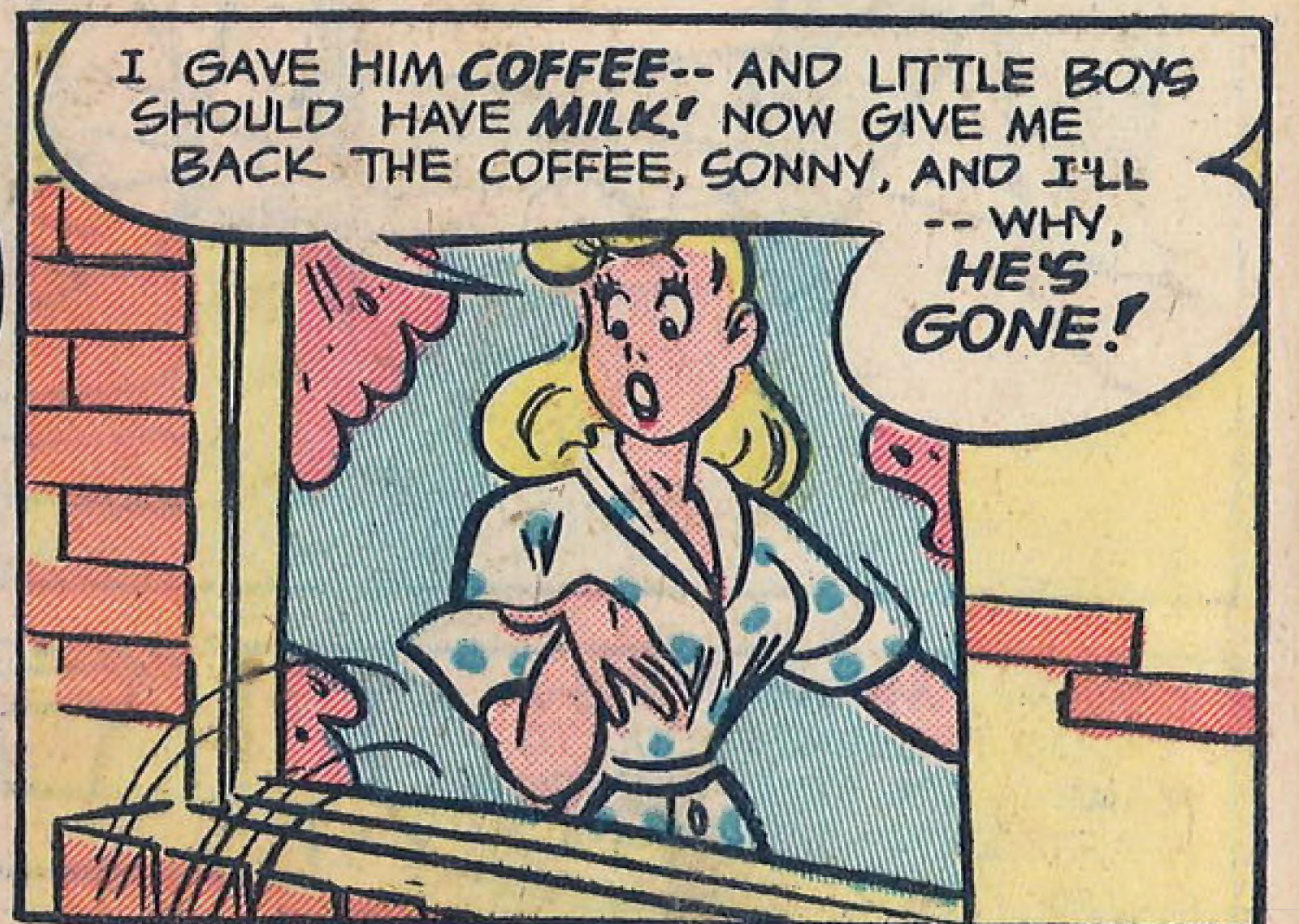
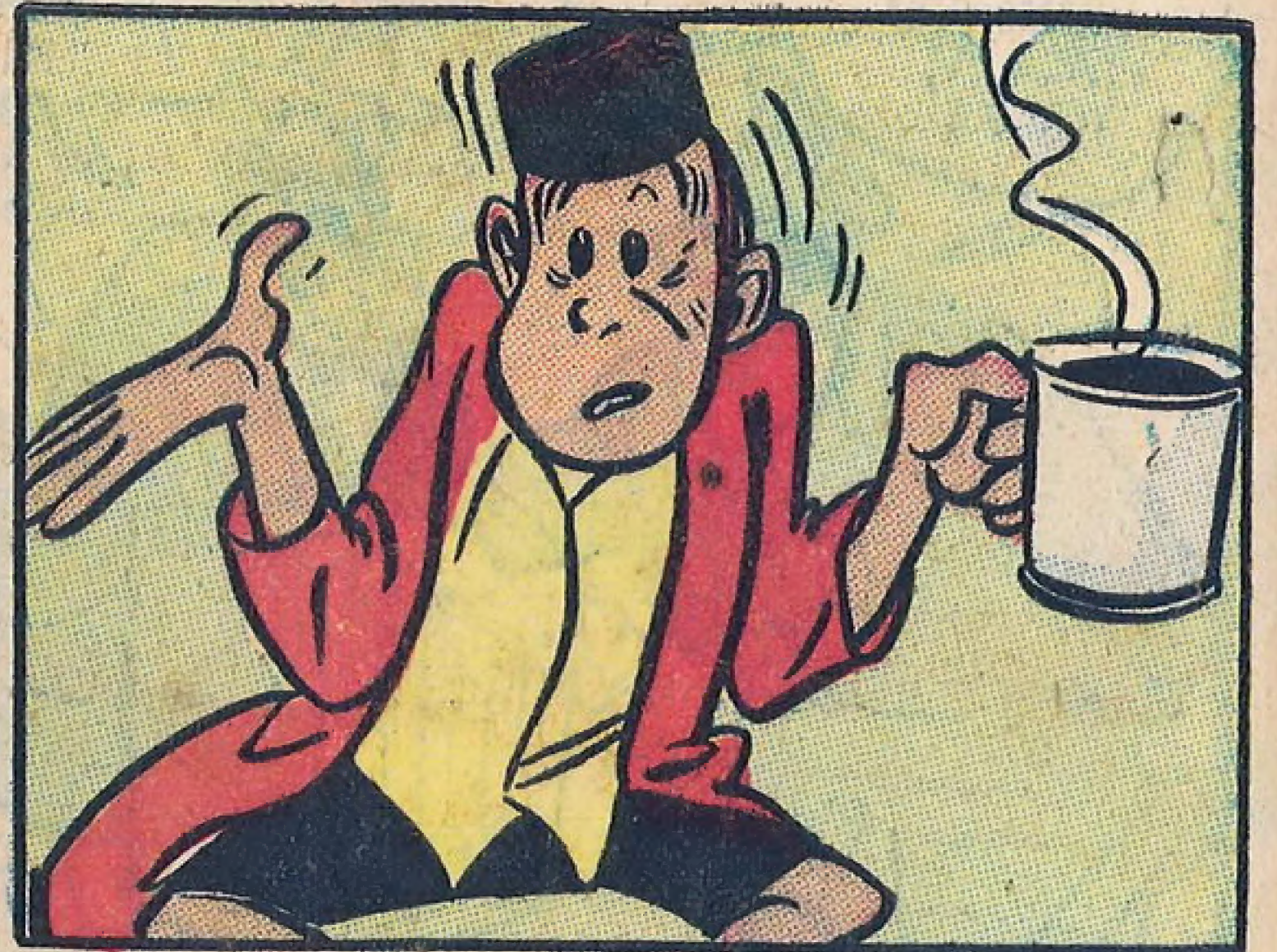


# MOOROVICA

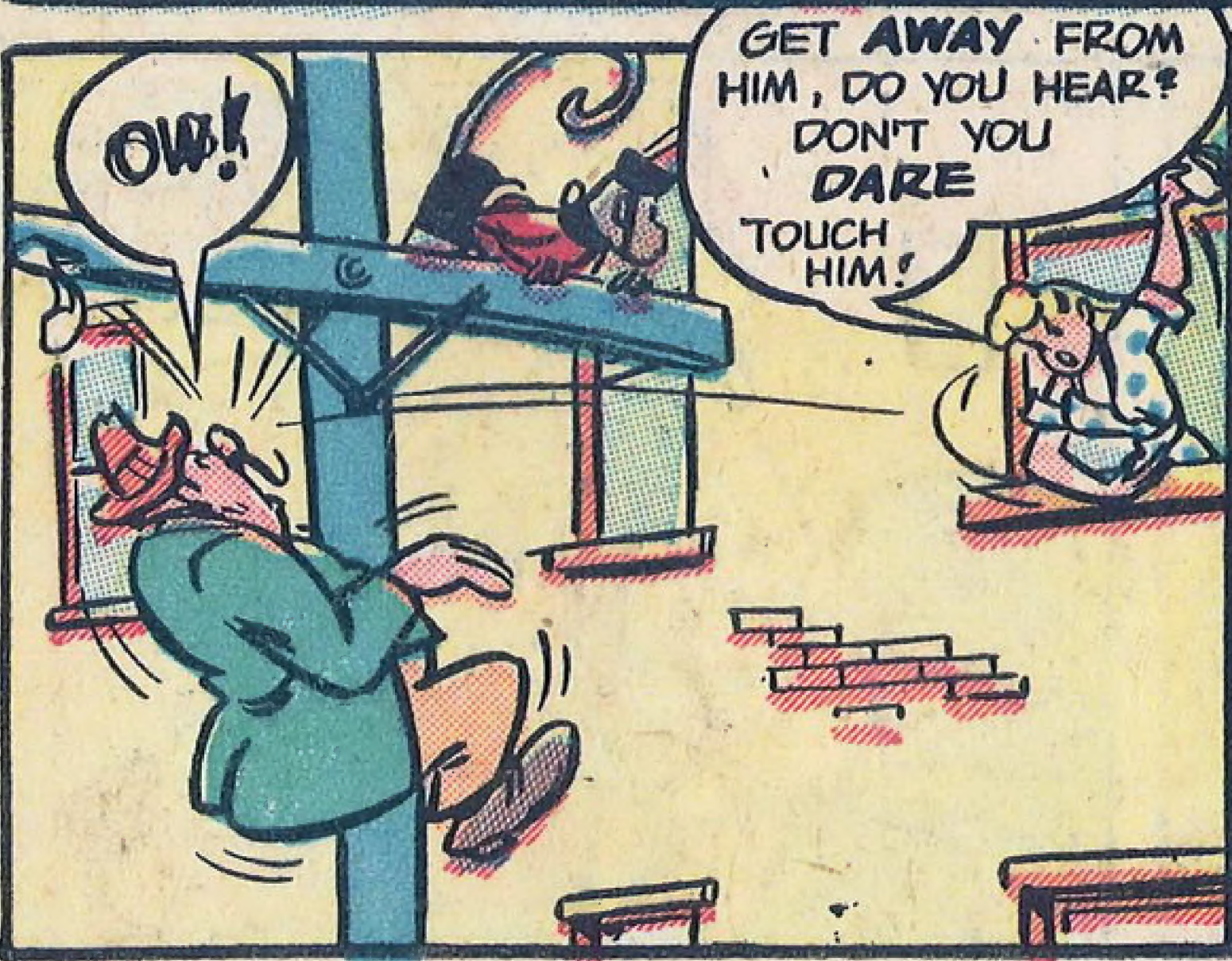
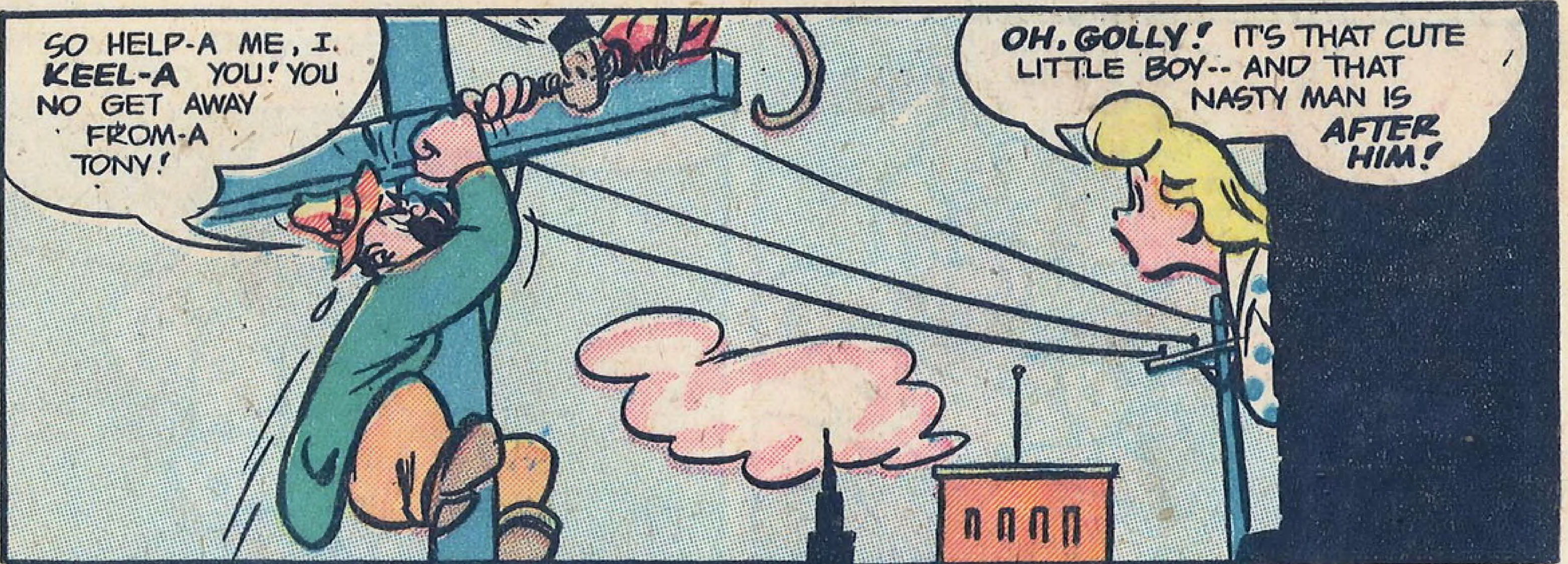
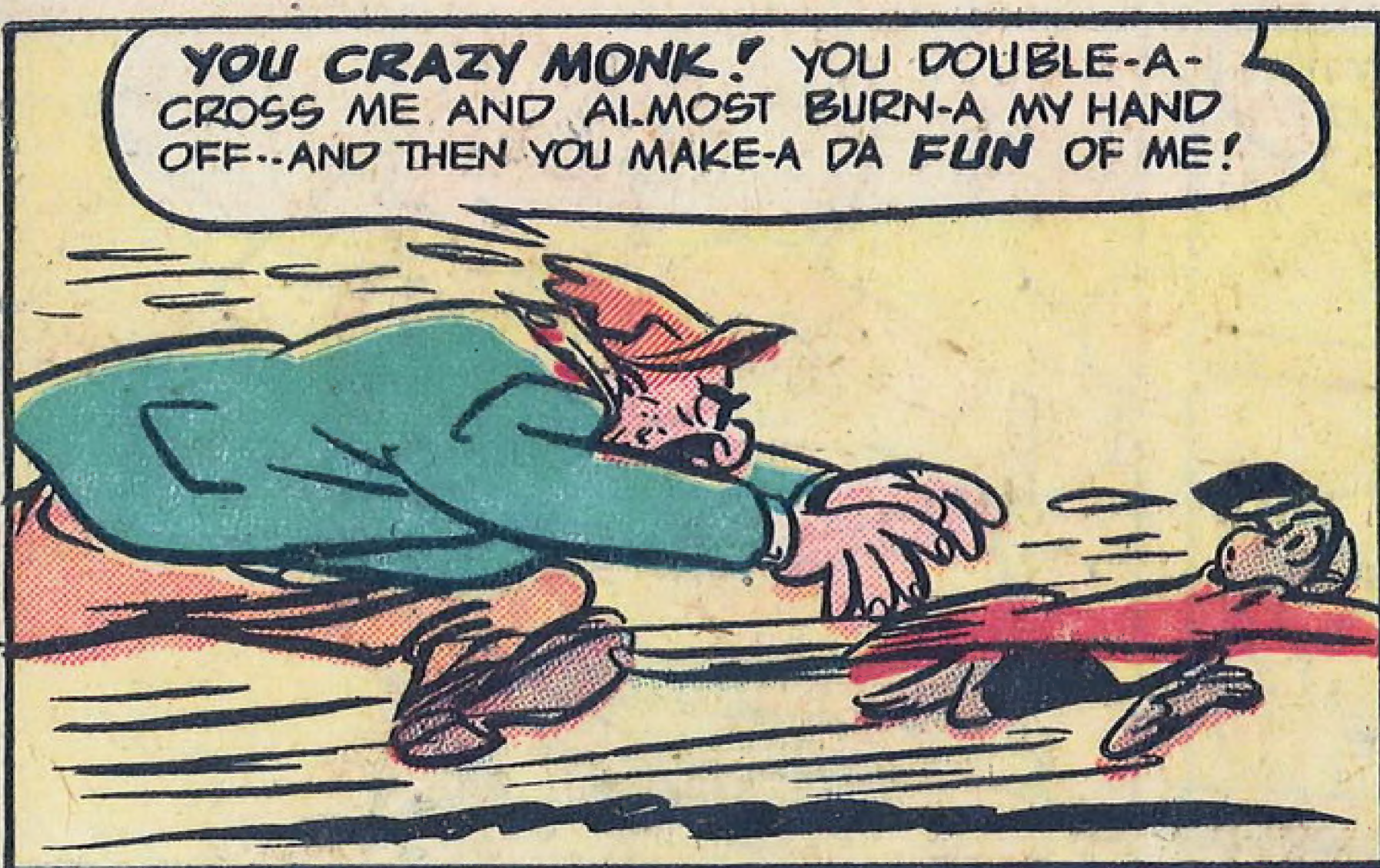
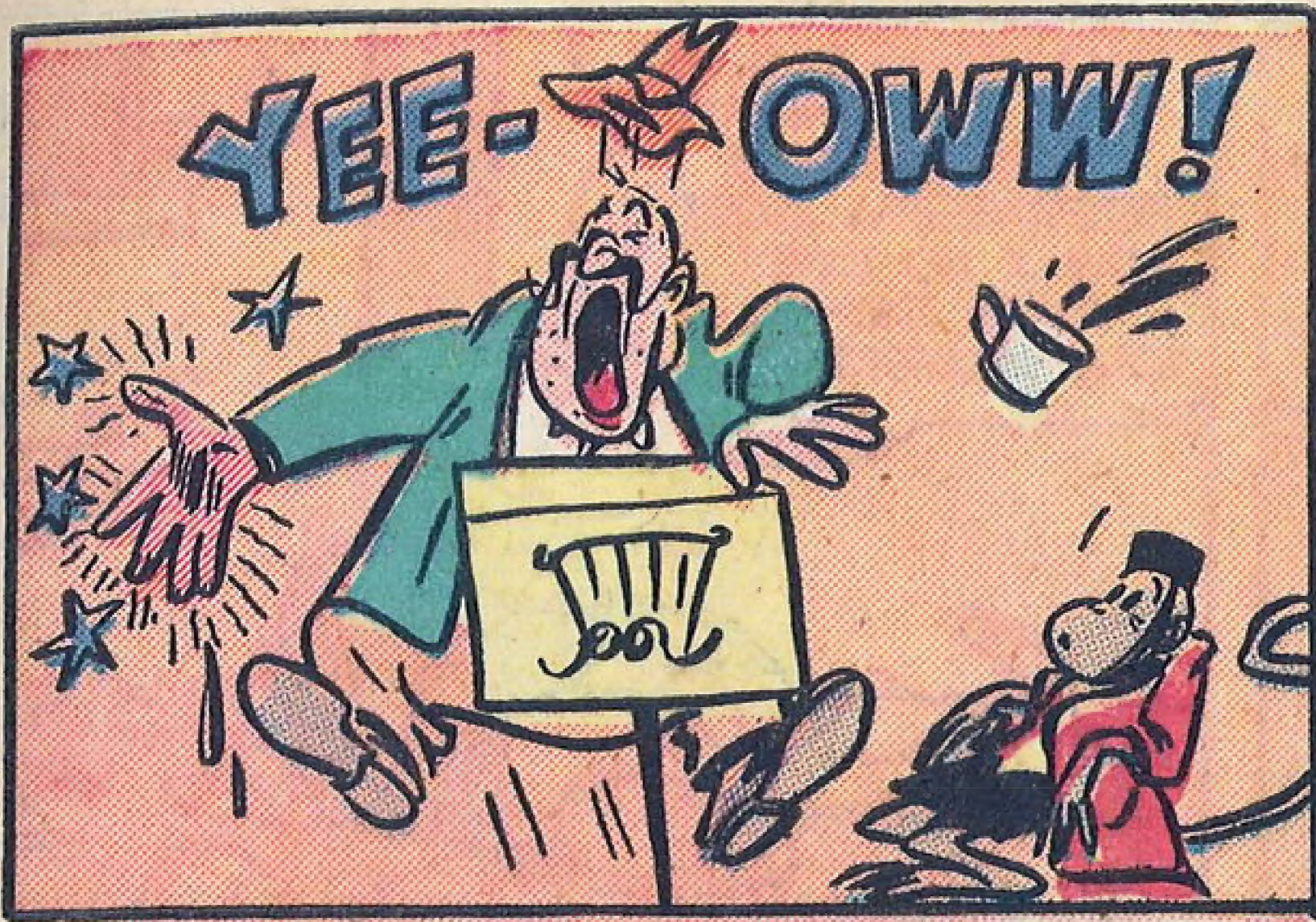
"MISS NITWIT OF 1953"



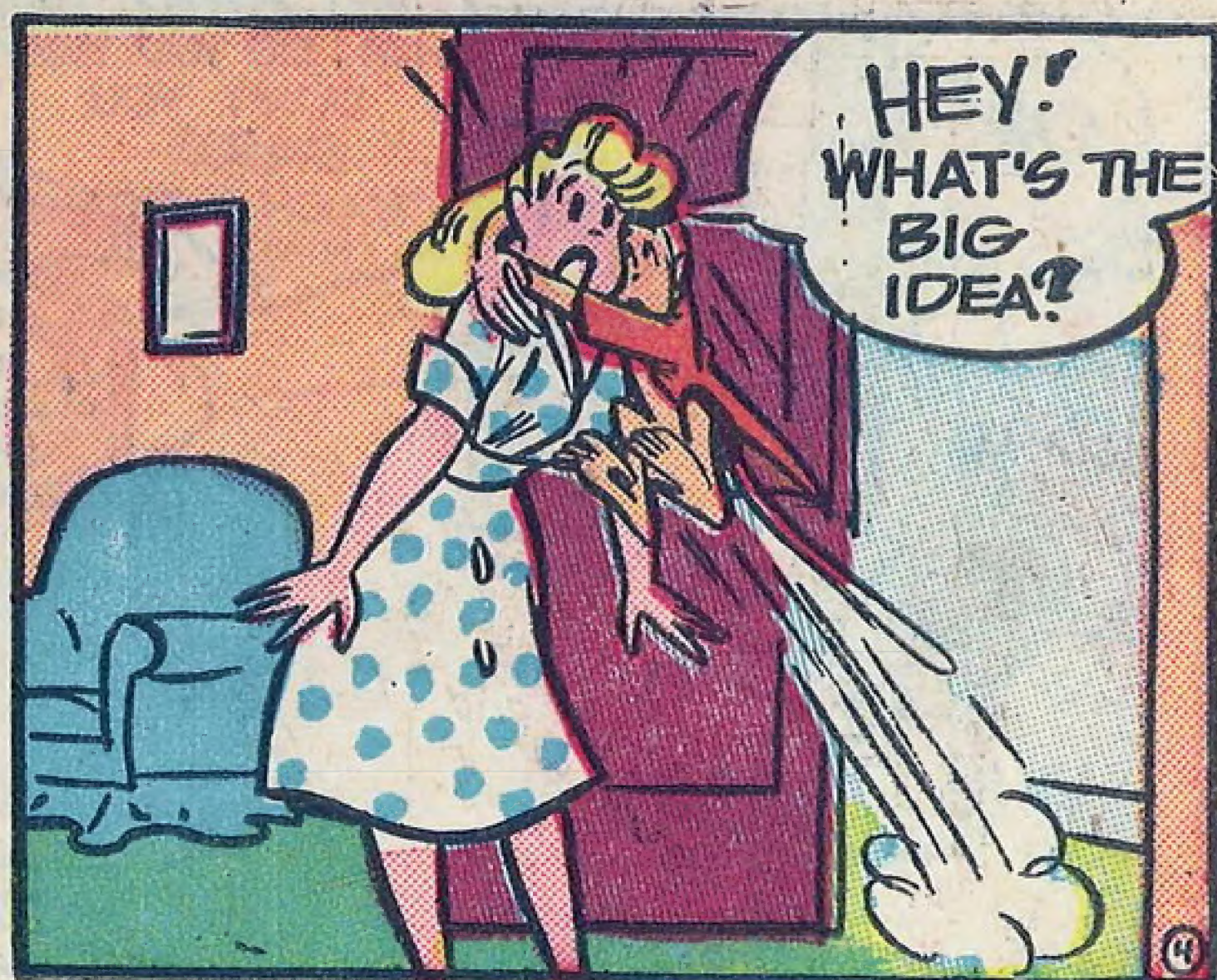
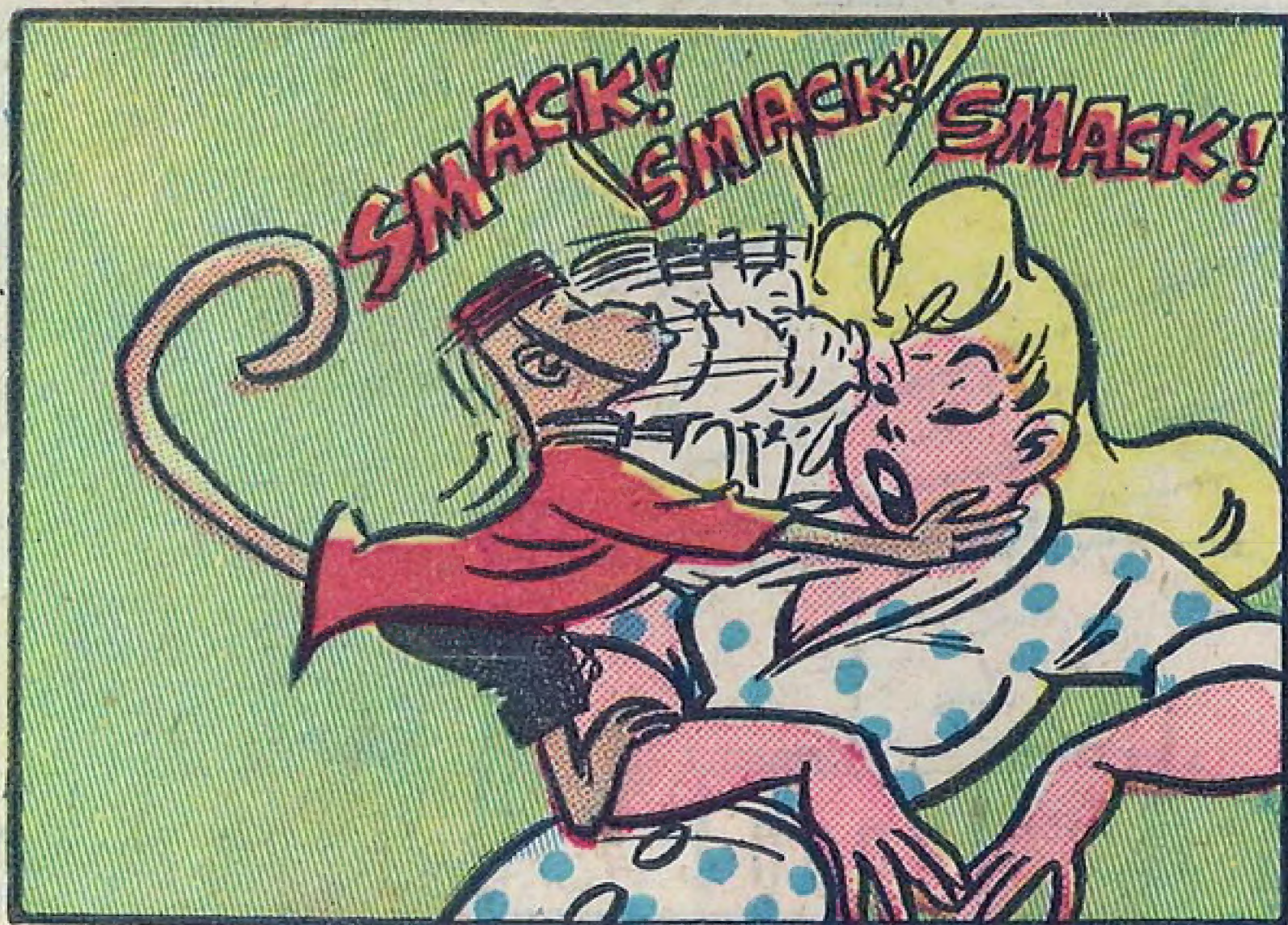
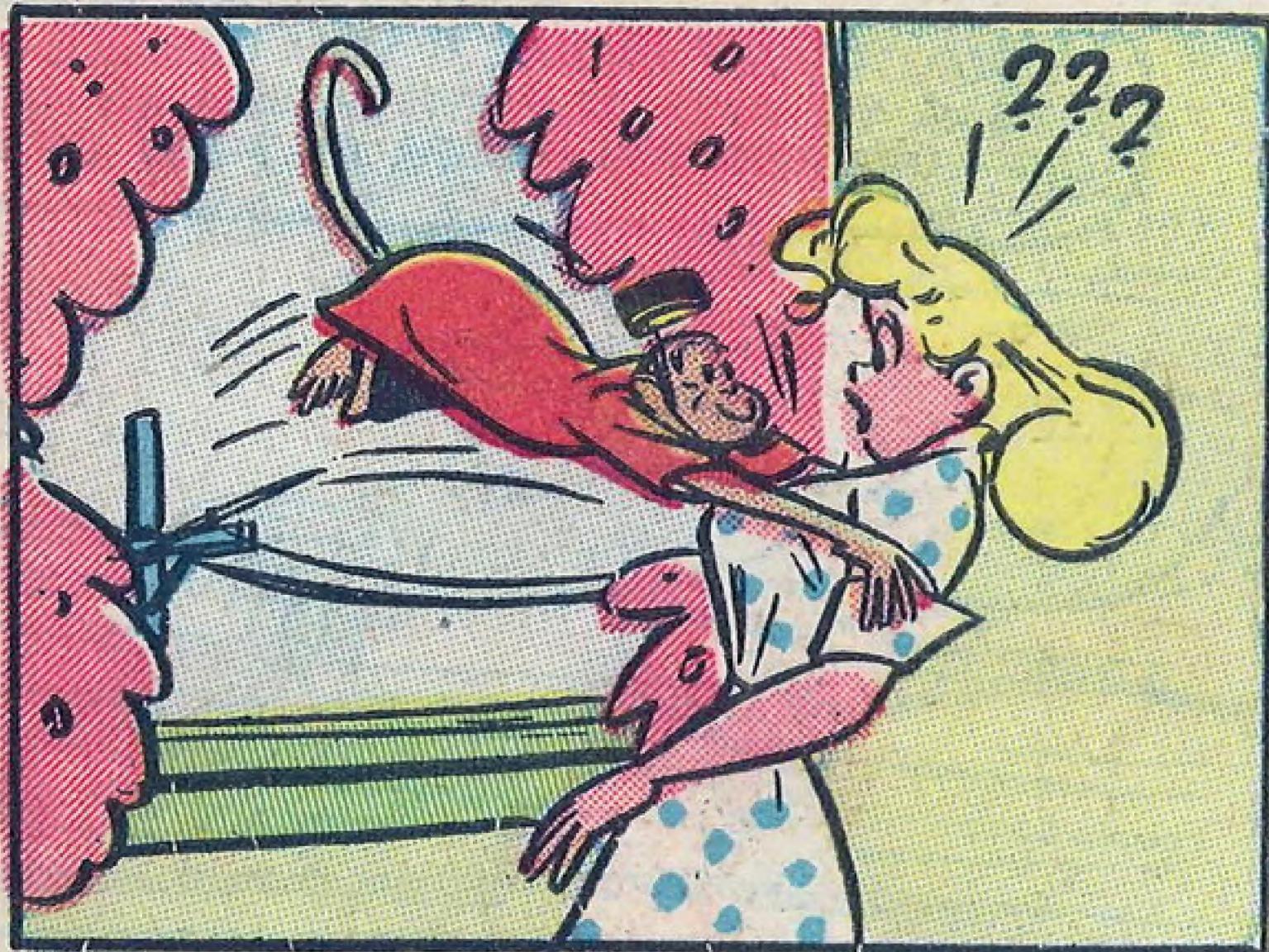
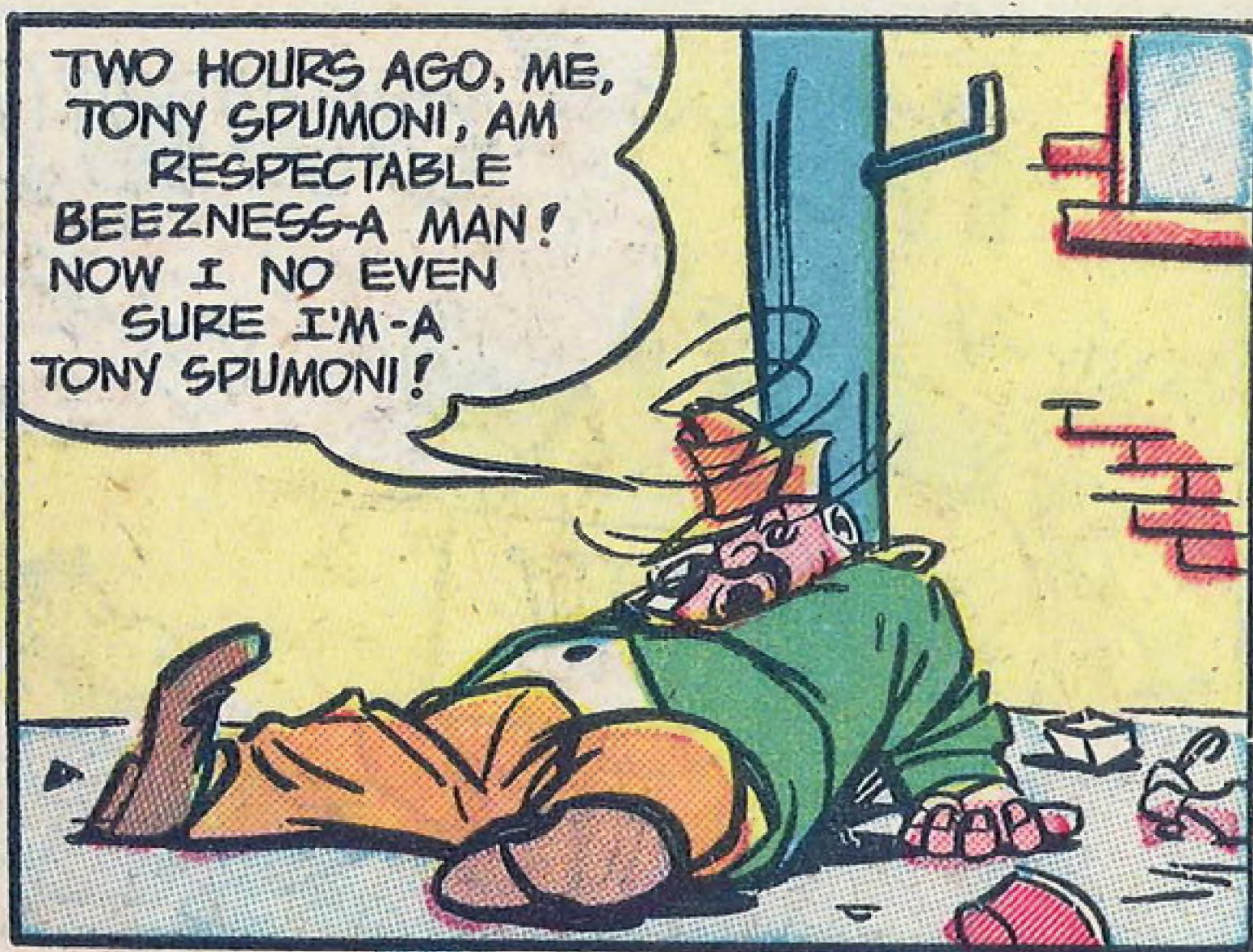




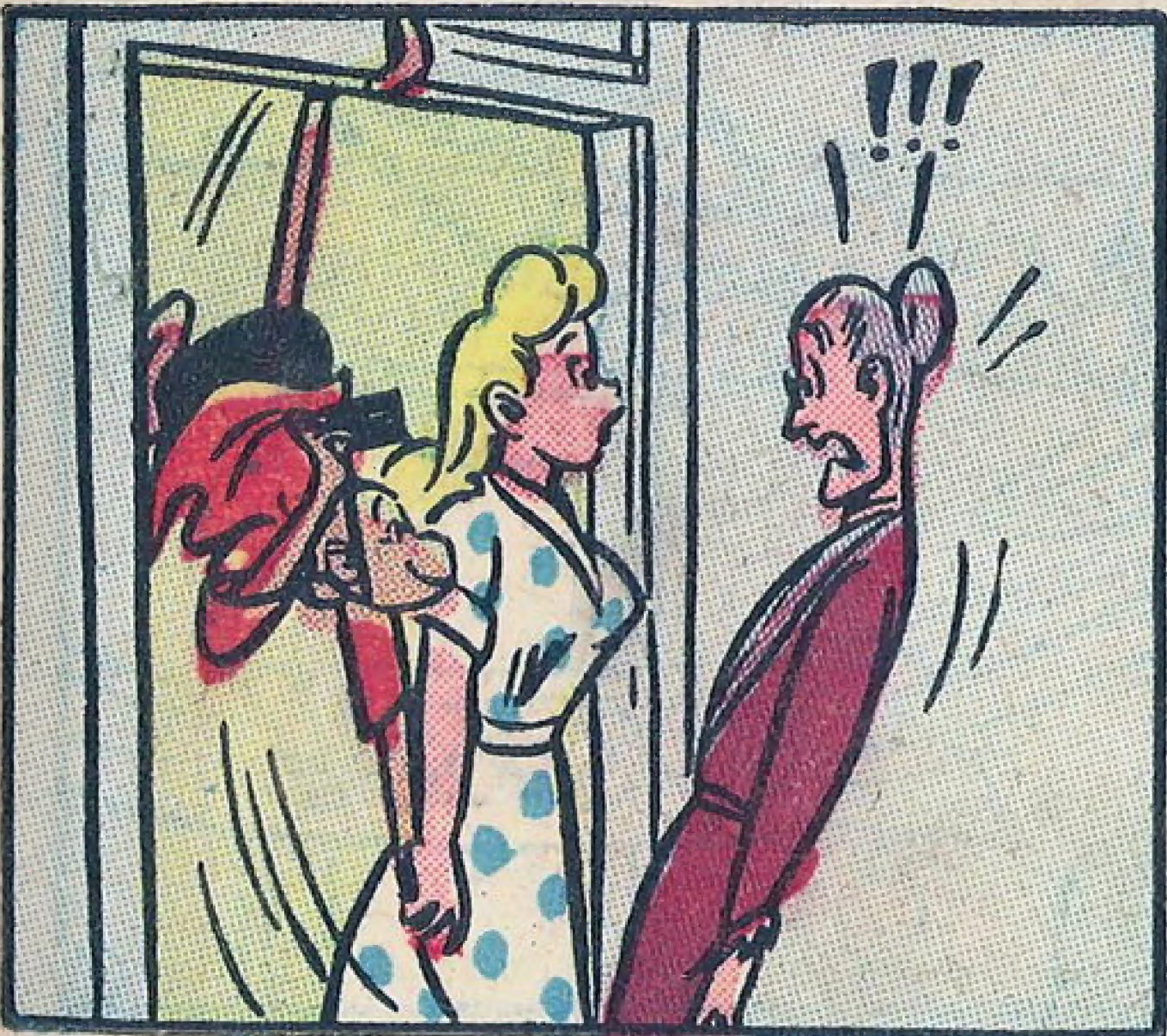
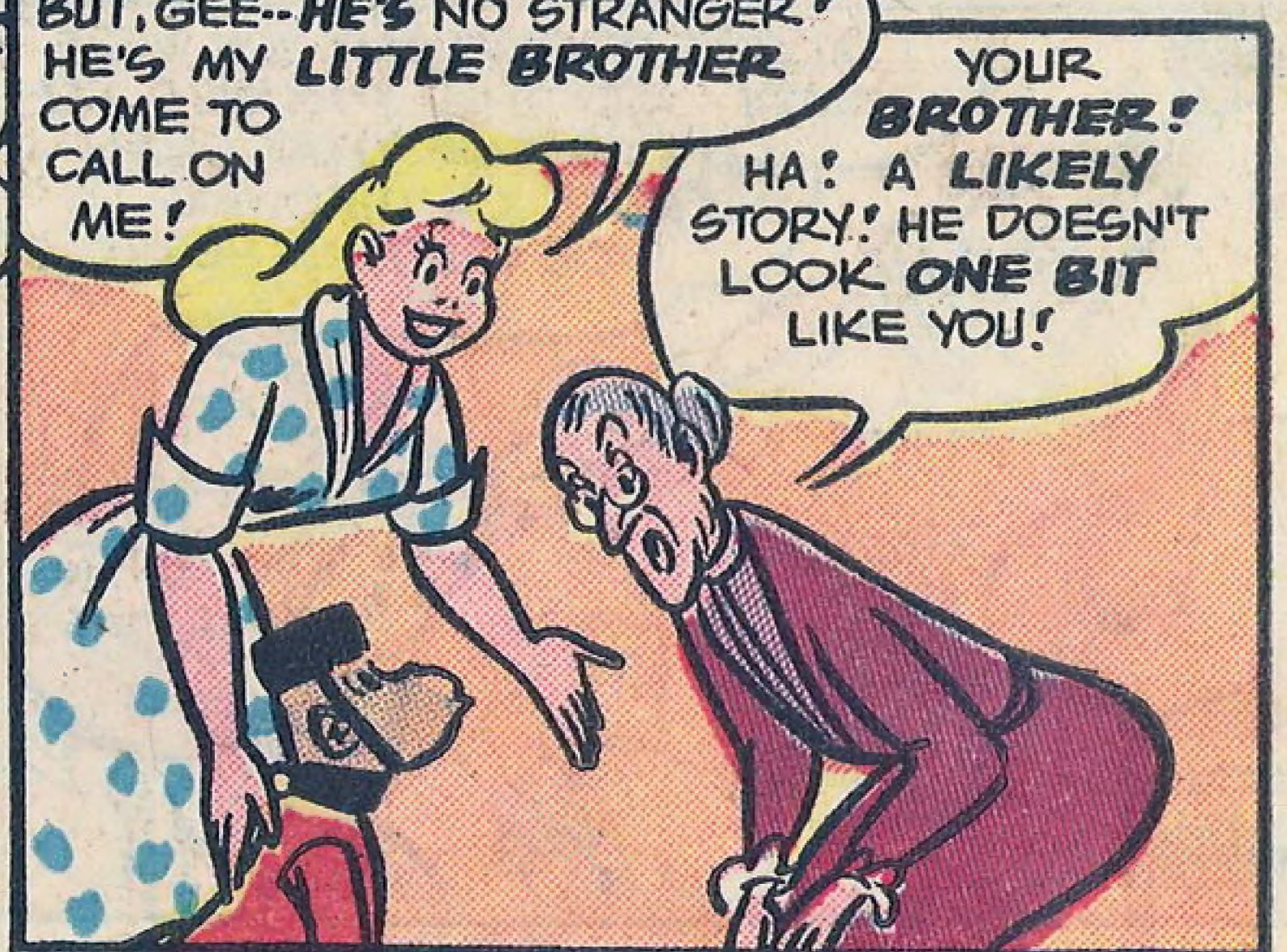
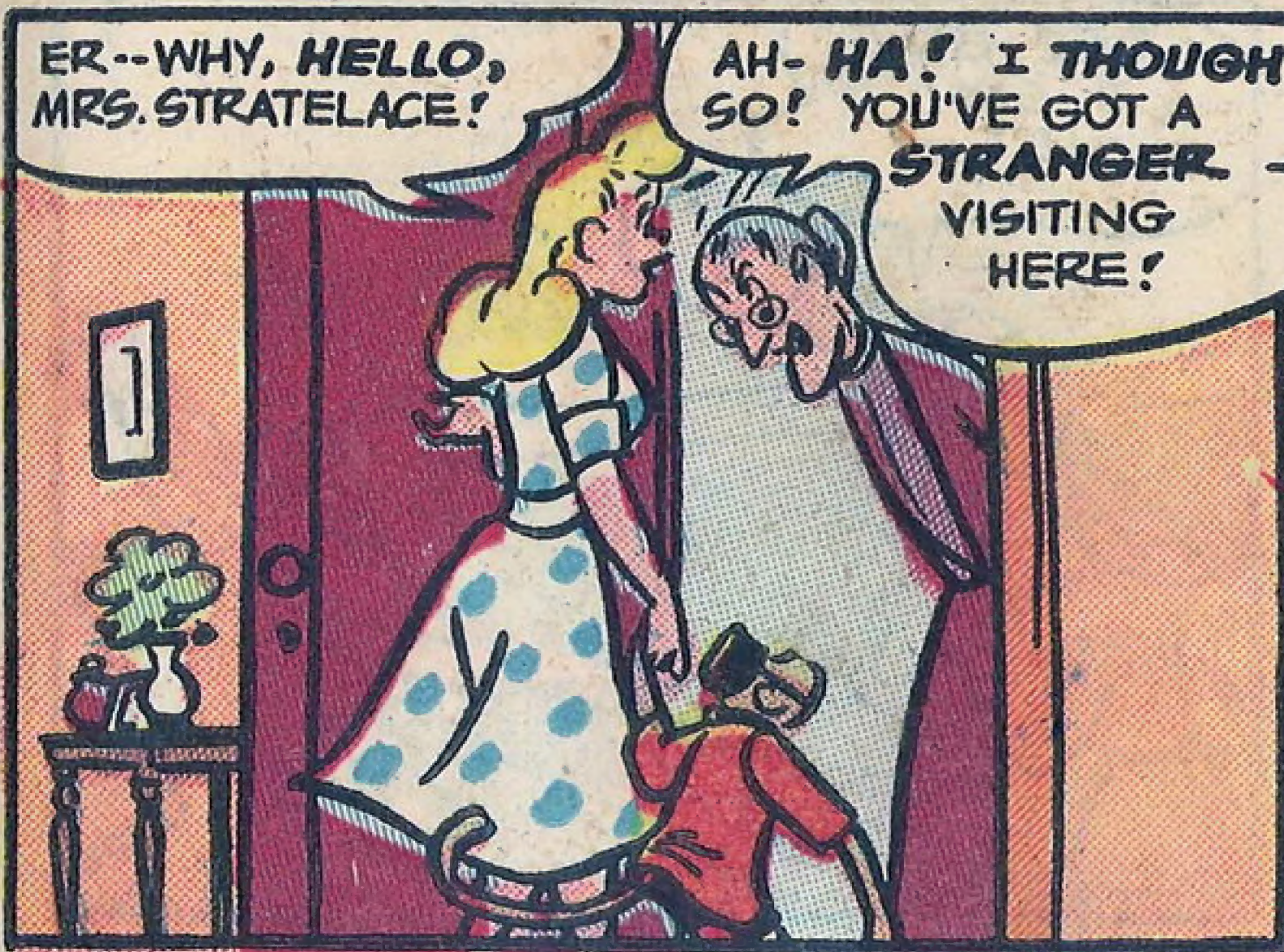
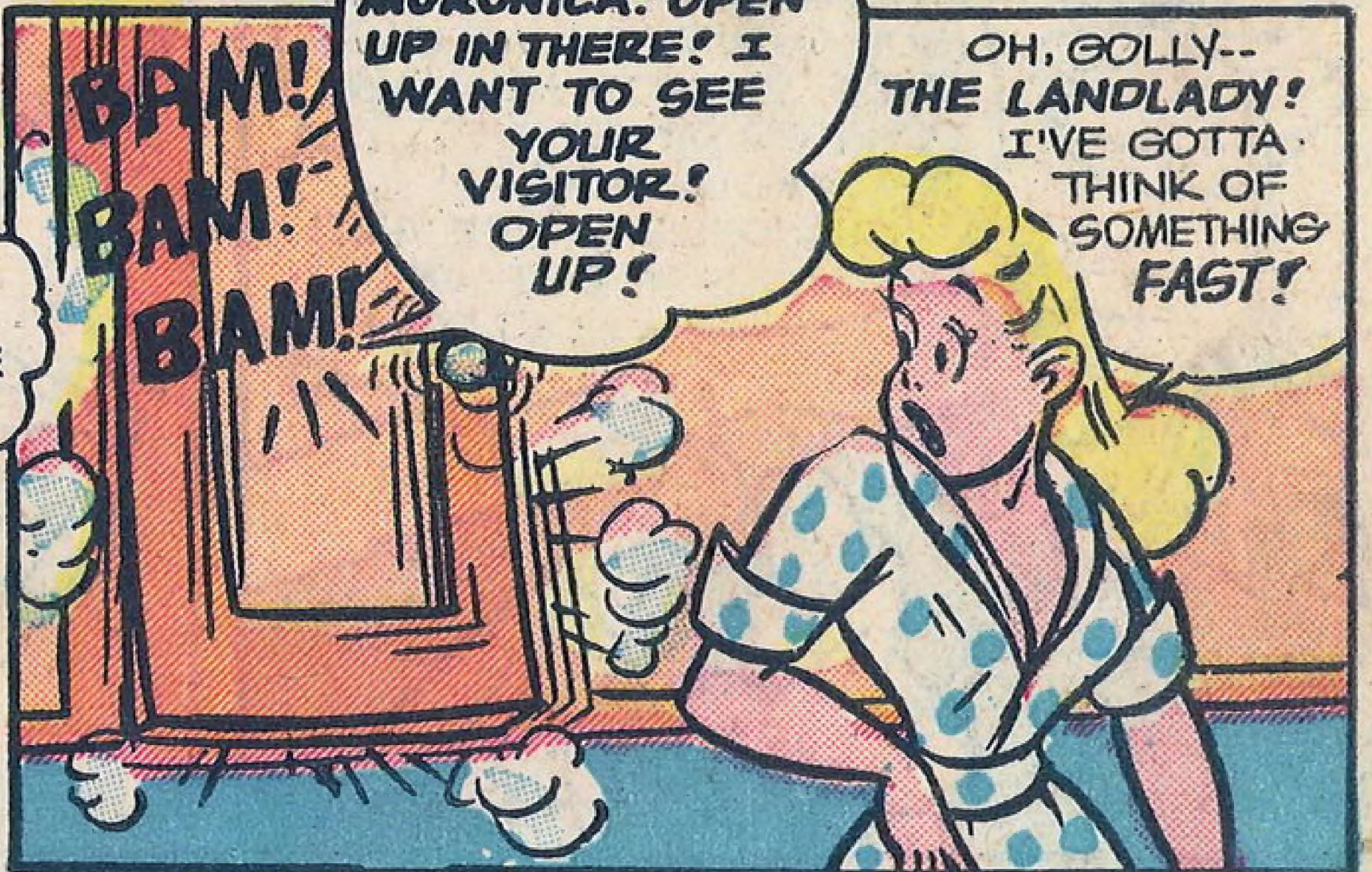
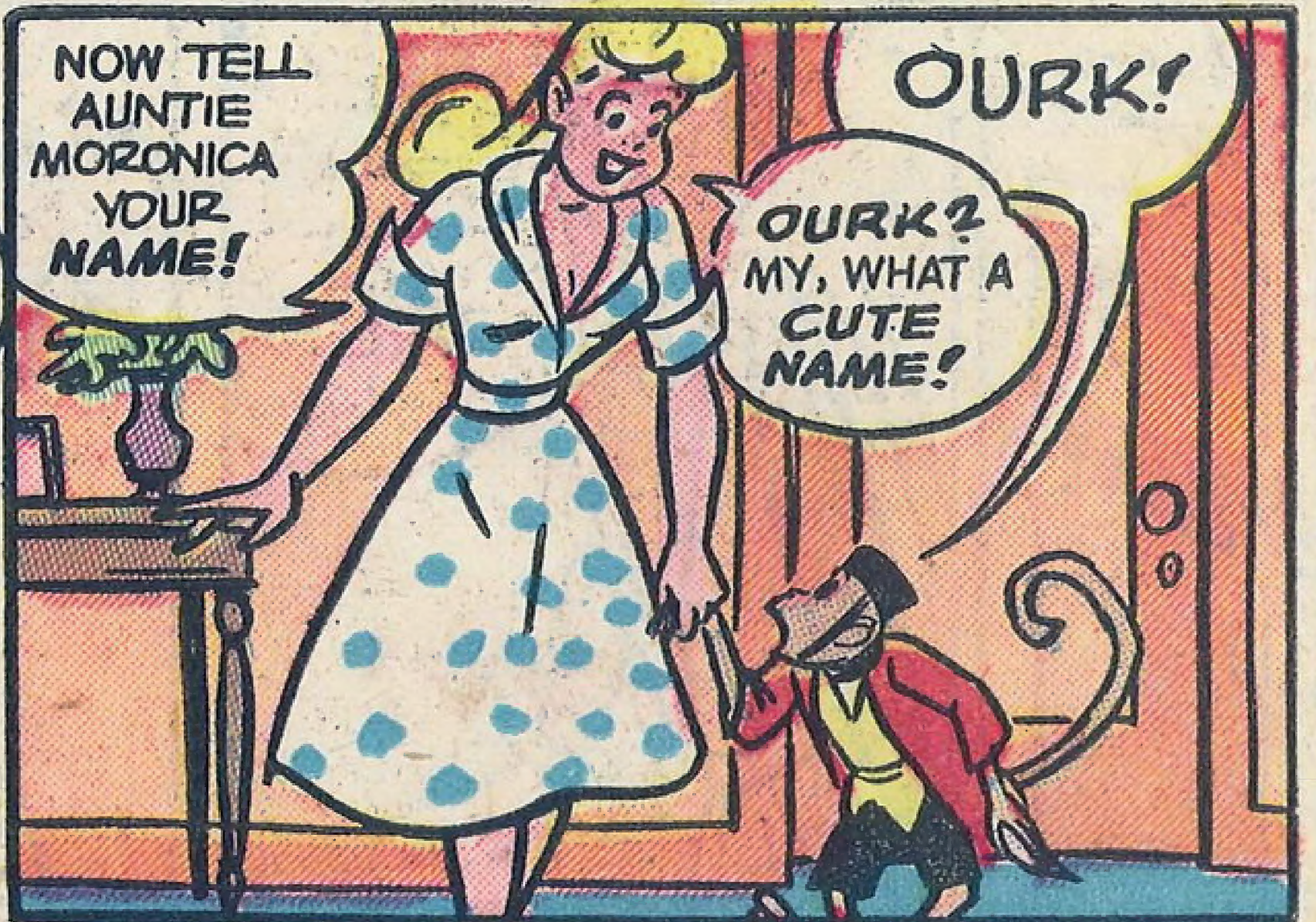




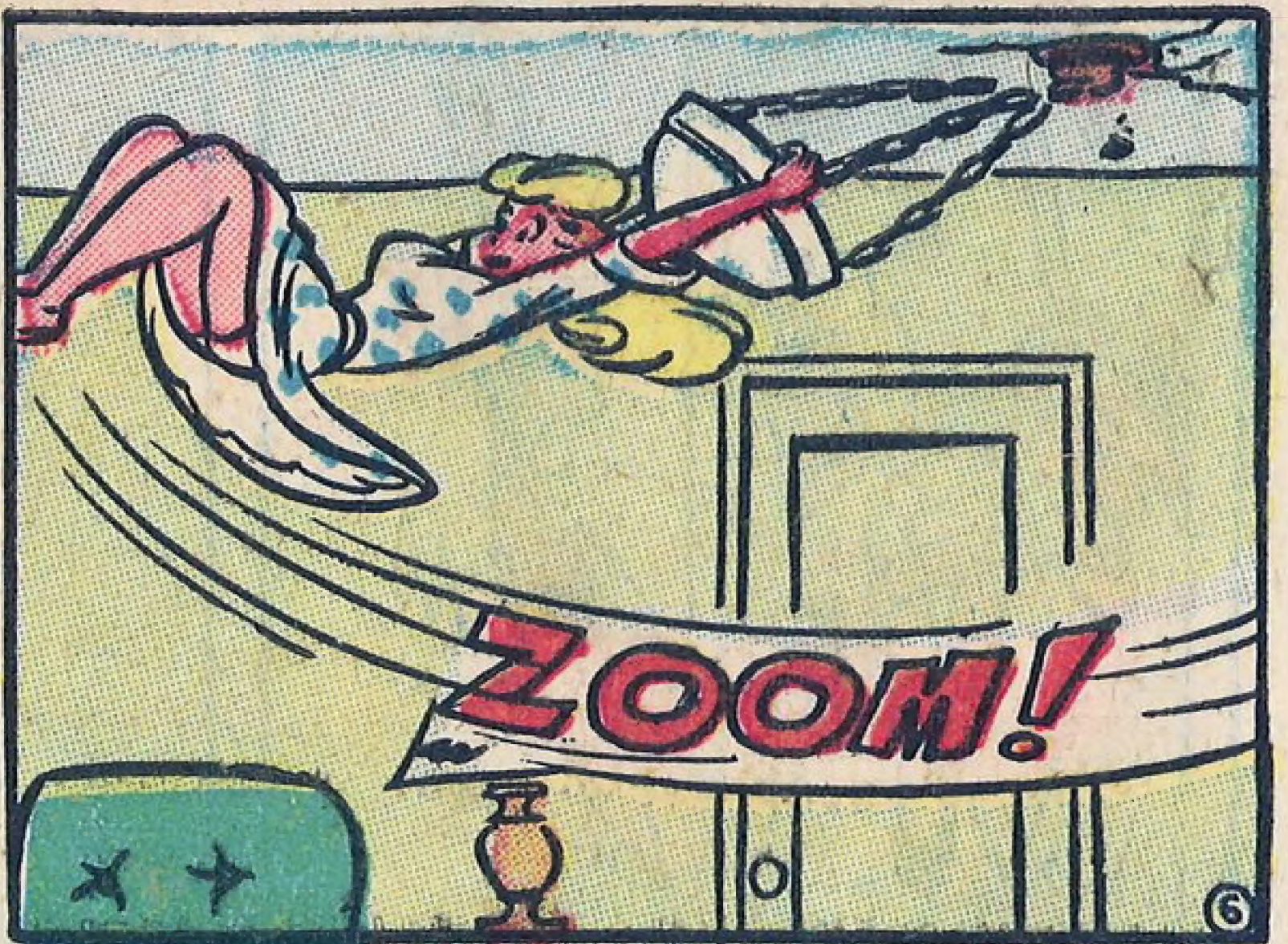
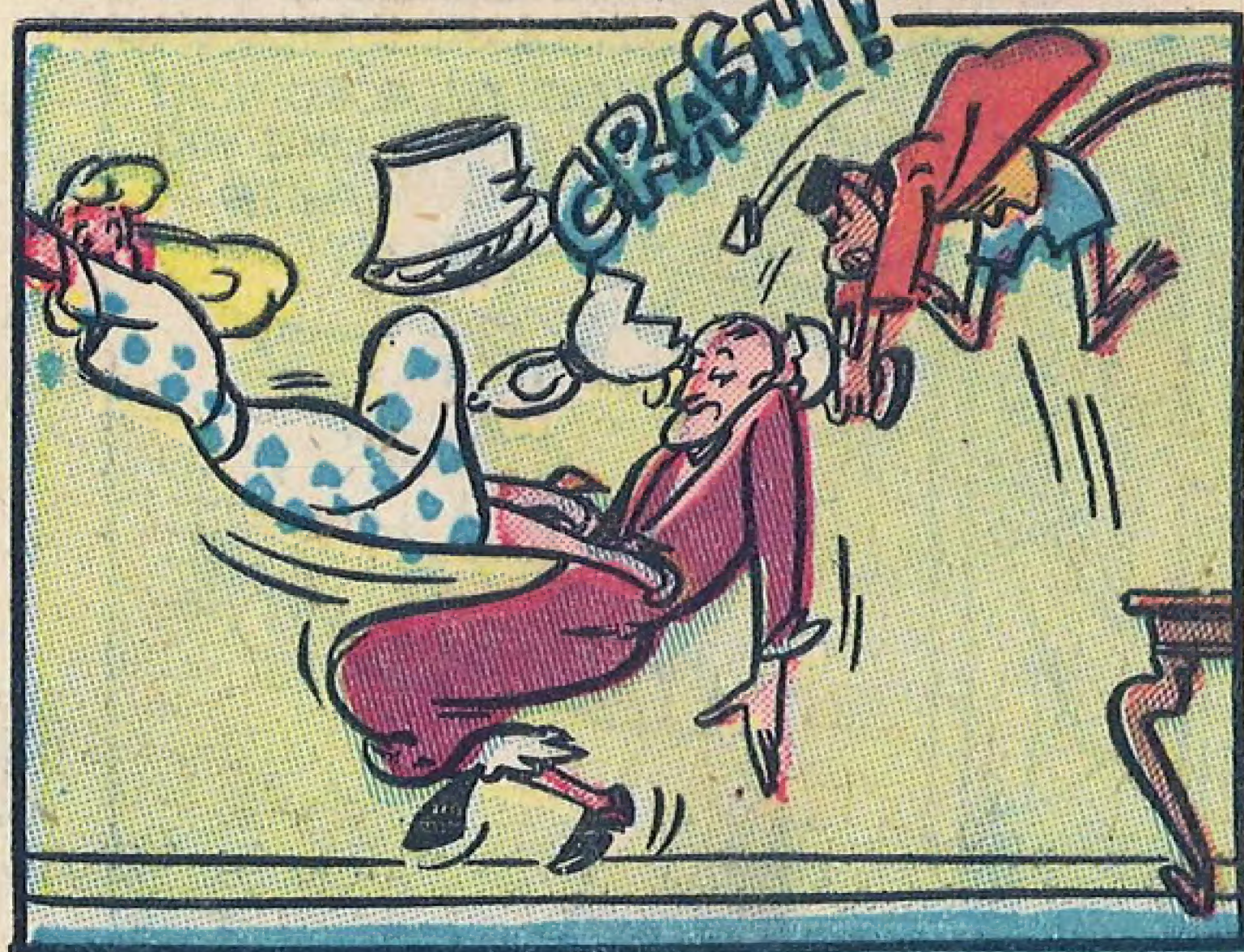
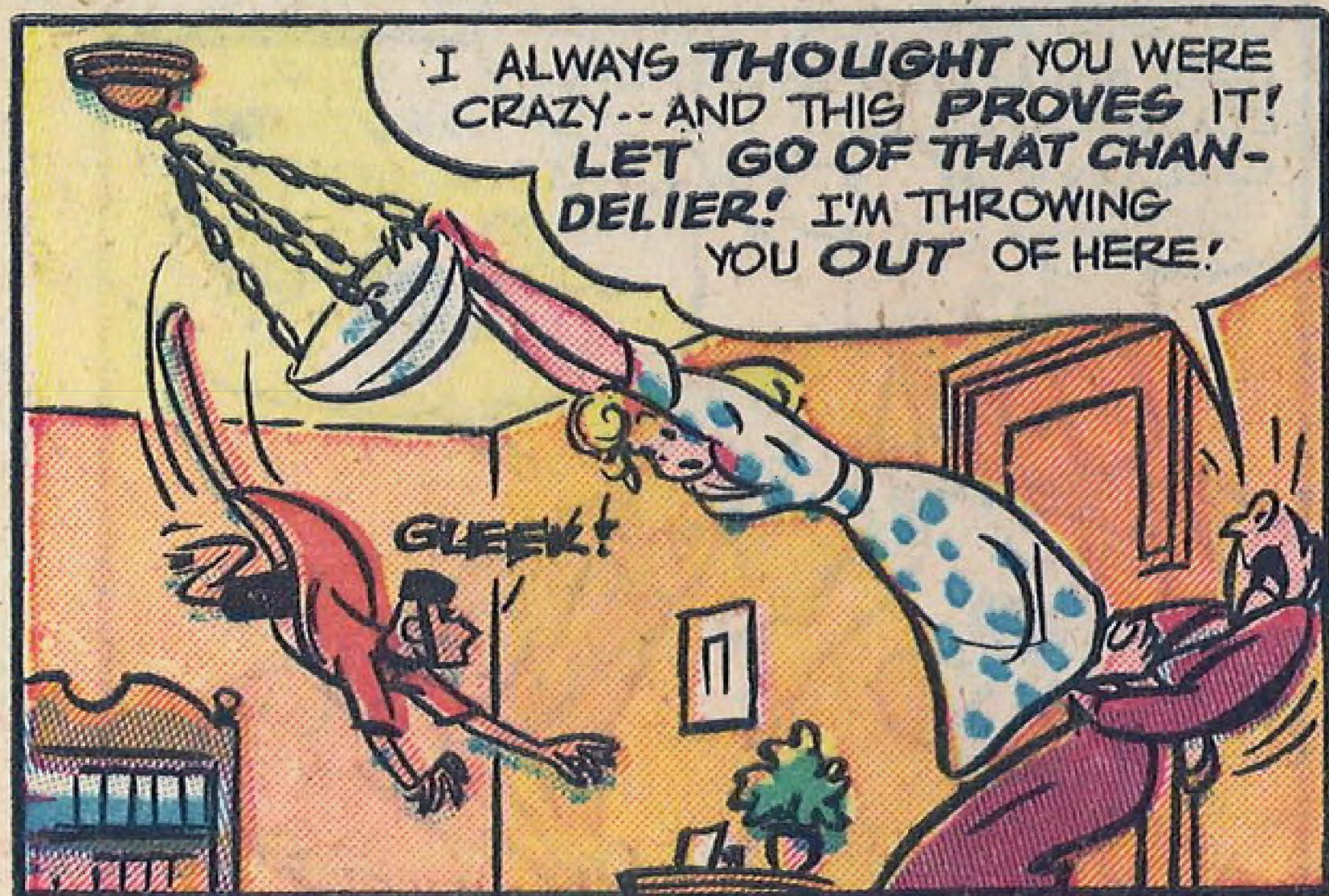
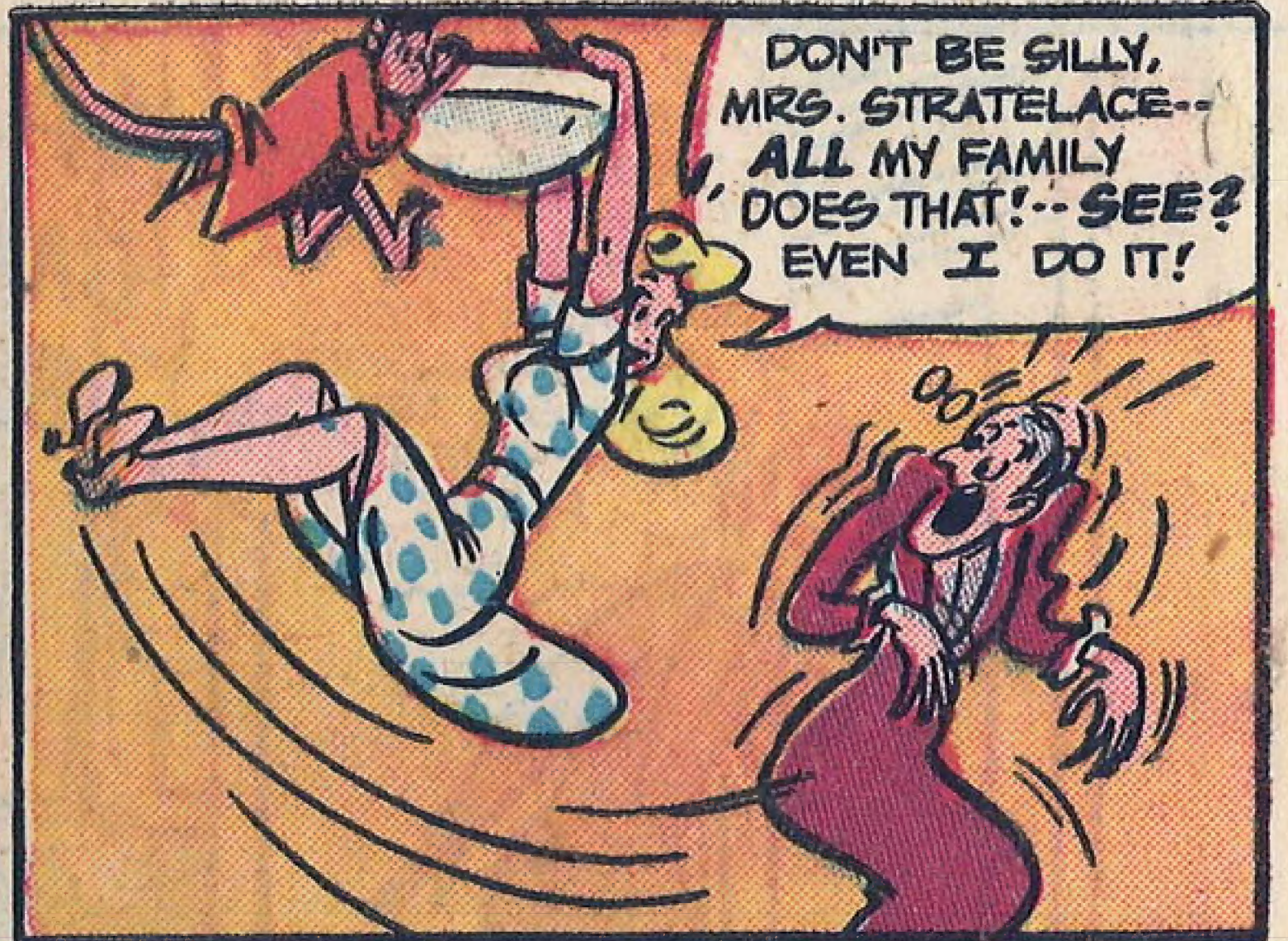
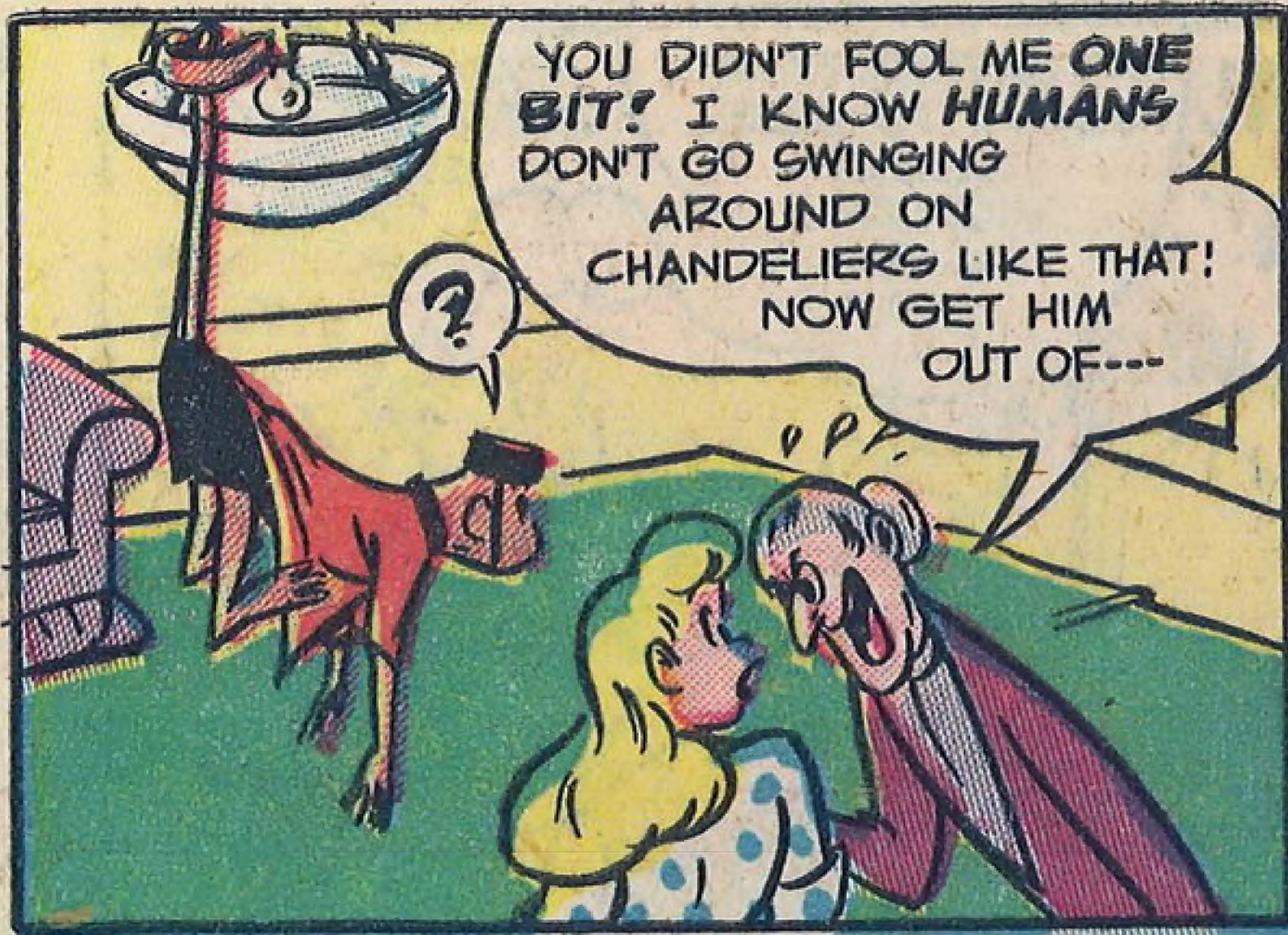




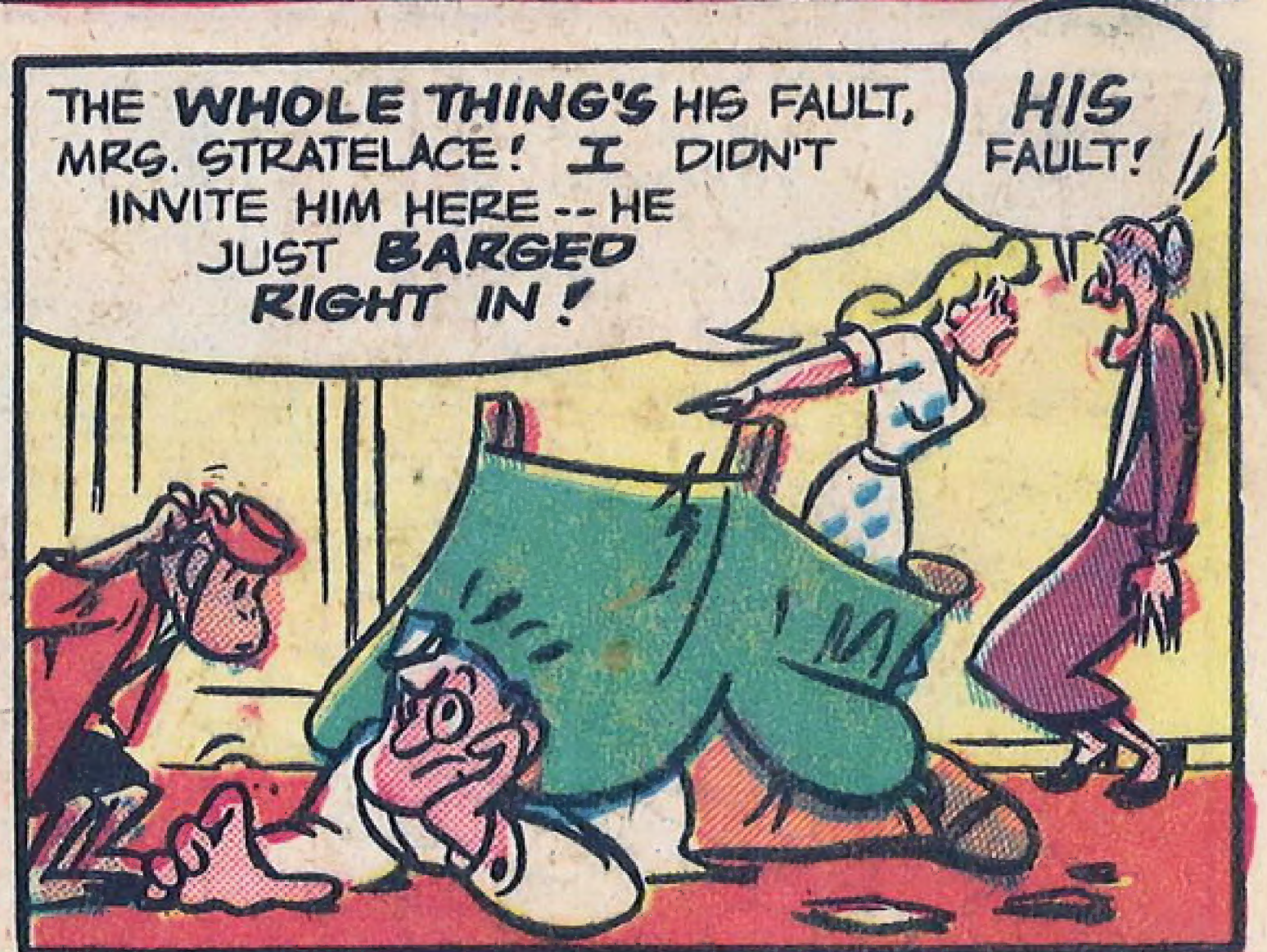
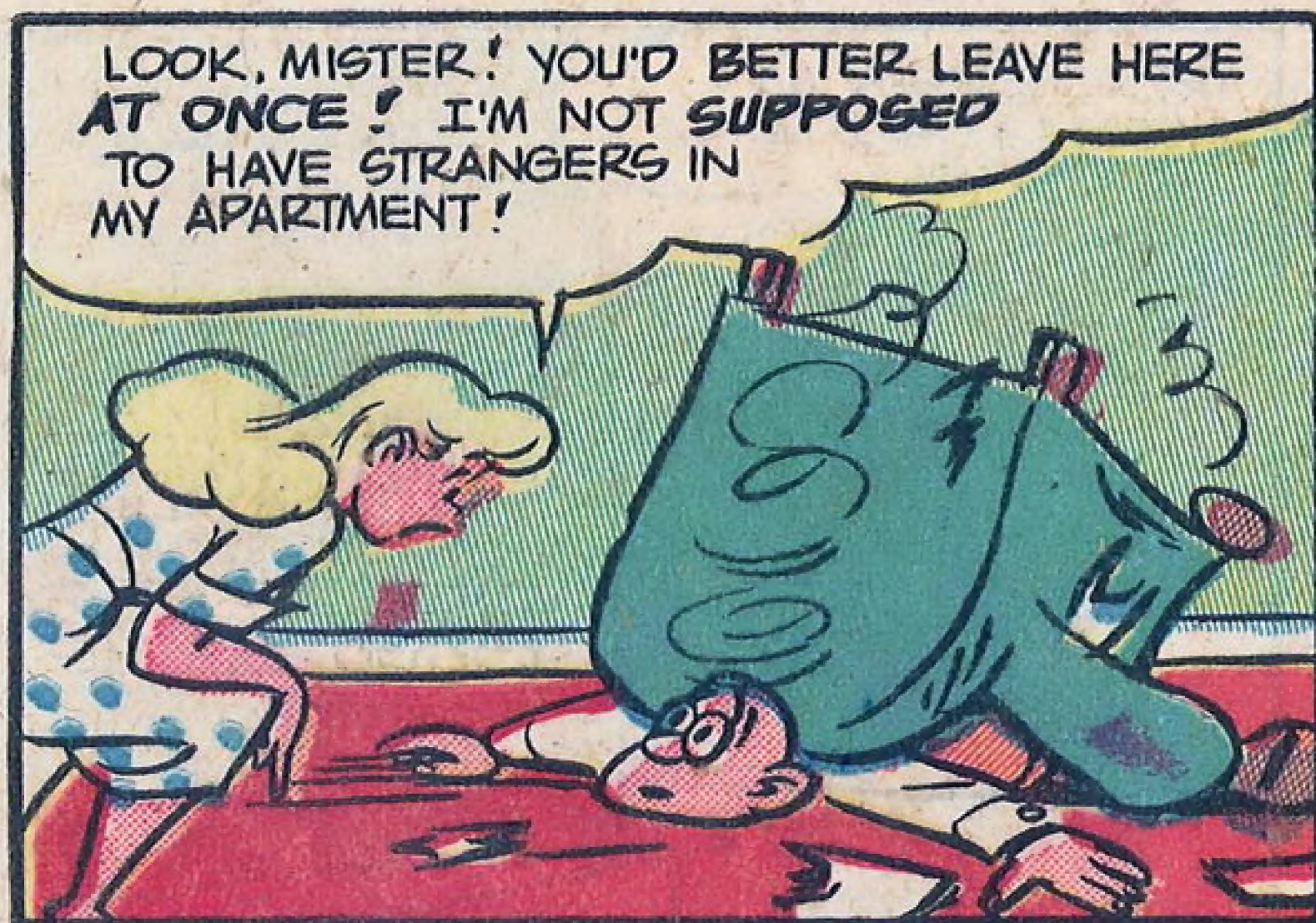
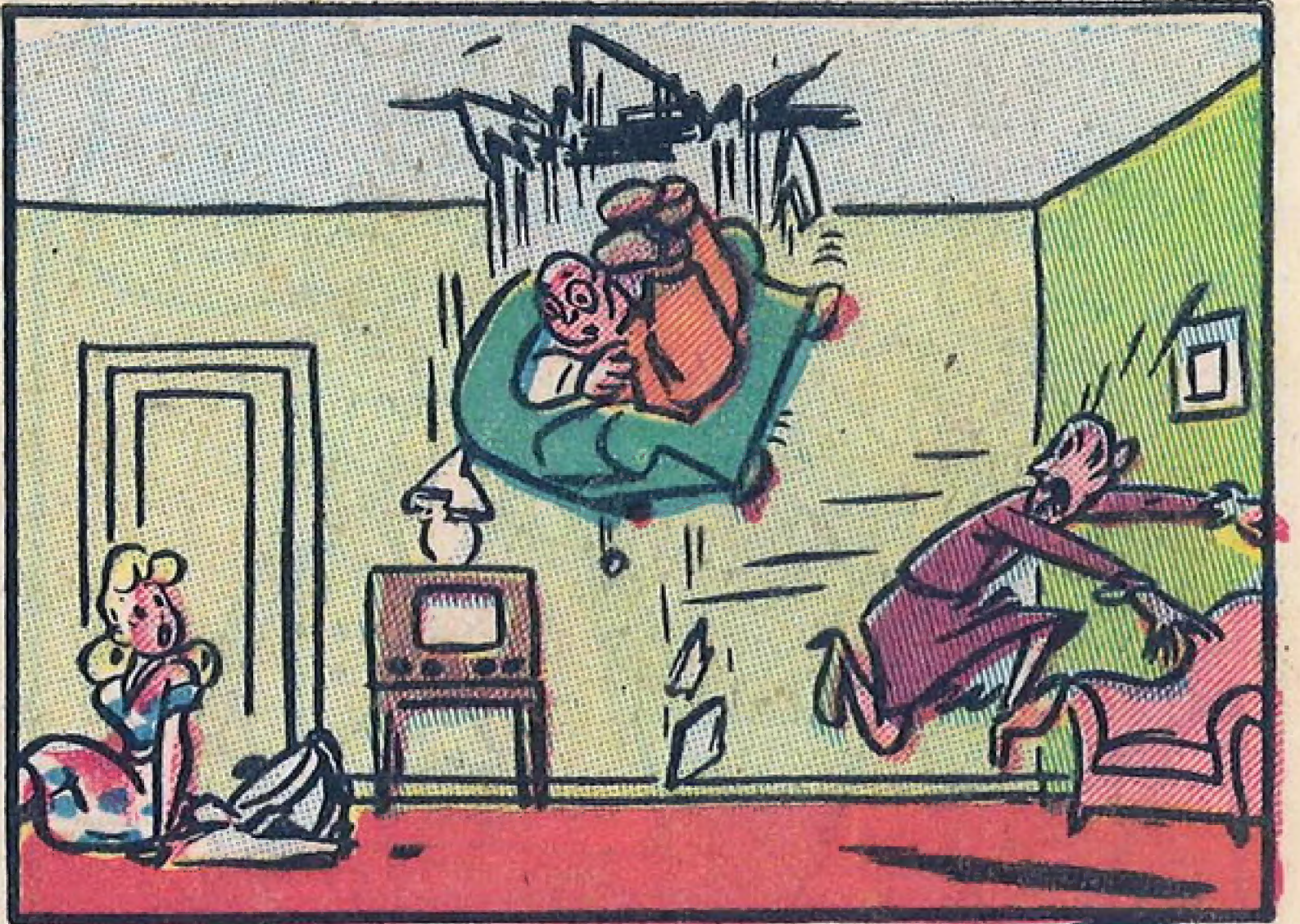
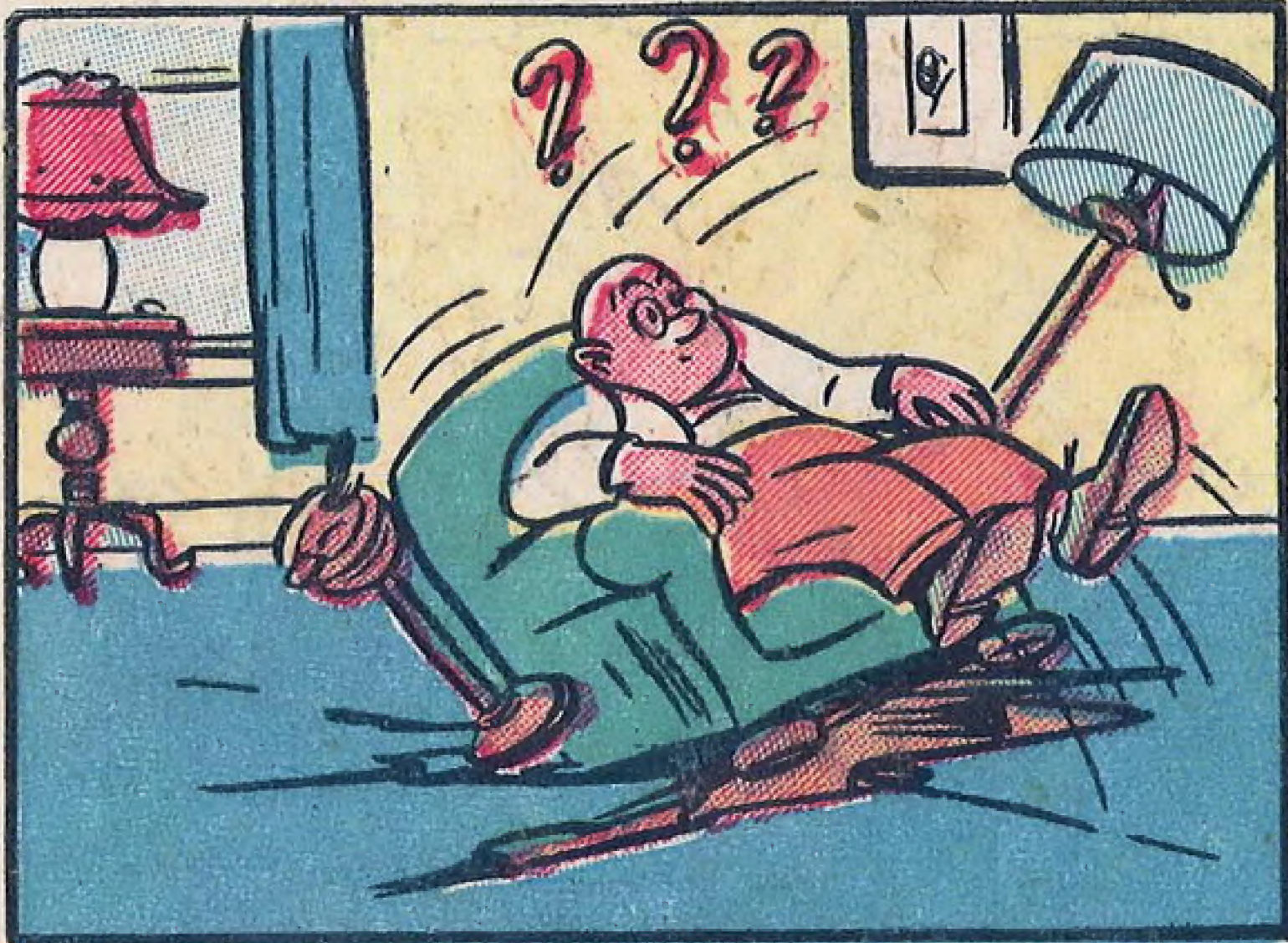
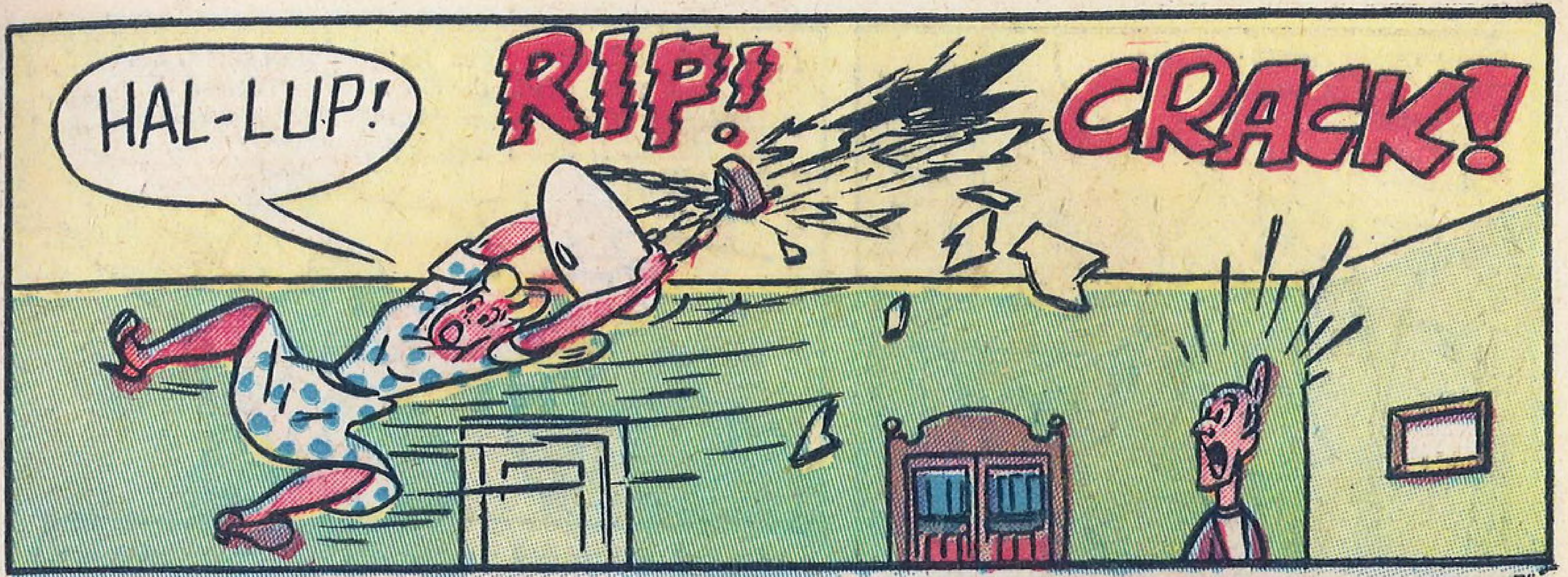














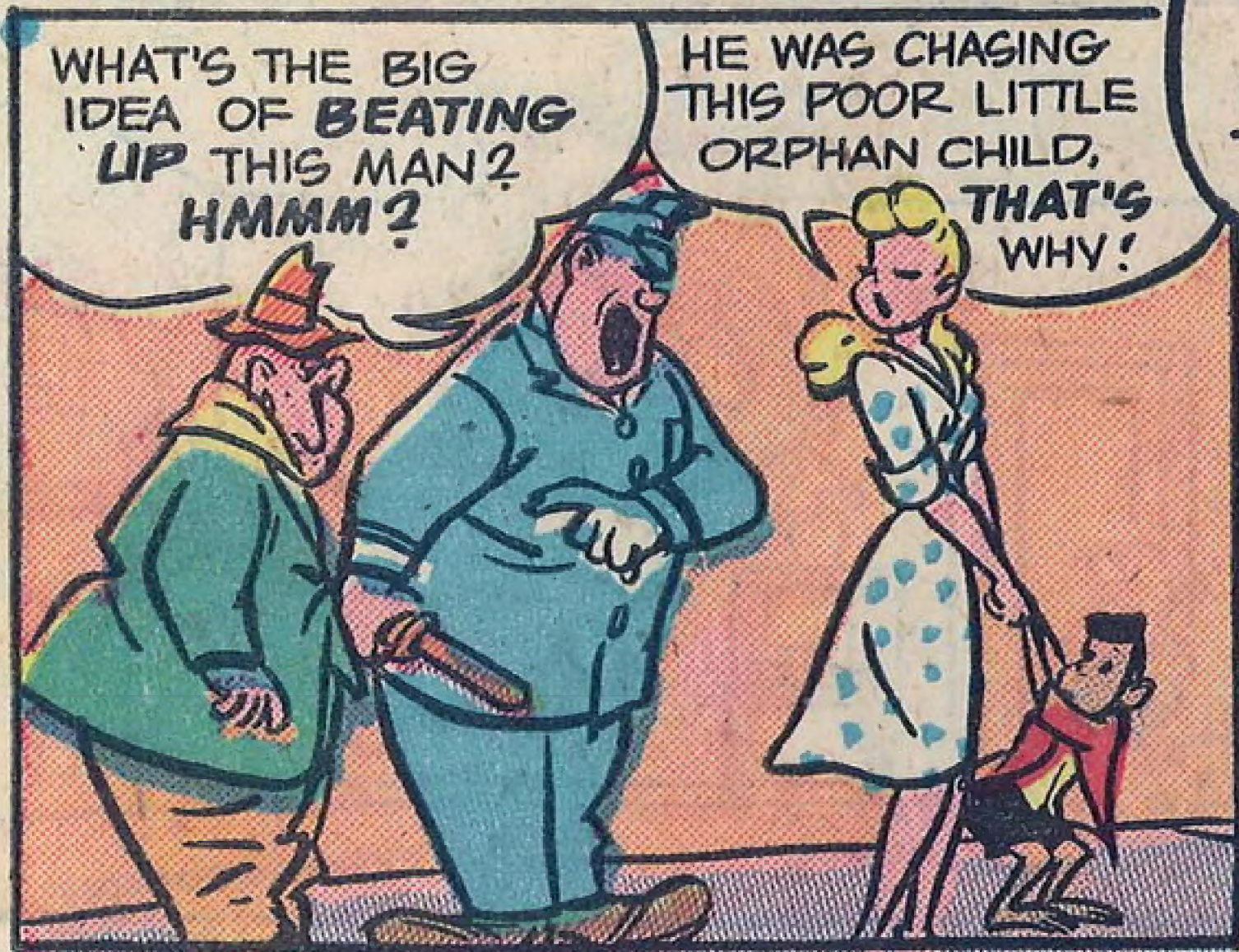


NOW DON'T **YOU** WORRY,  
OURK! WE'LL FIND  
SOMEPLACE  
TO LIVE,  
AND---



LOOK! DERE-A SHE IS!  
DAT'S-A DA GIRL DAT  
BEAT ME HOP AND STEAL-A  
MY MONK! **GET HER!**  
**GET HER!**

HOLD IT, LADY!  
JUST A  
MINUTE!



WHAT'S THE BIG  
IDEA OF **BEATING**  
**UP** THIS MAN? **HMMM?**

HE WAS CHASING  
THIS POOR LITTLE  
ORPHAN CHILD, **THAT'S**  
**WHY!**



CHILD? **CHILD?** THAT'S NO  
CHILD! IT'S A **MONKEY!**  
**CHILDREN**  
DON'T HAVE  
**TAILS,**  
LADY!

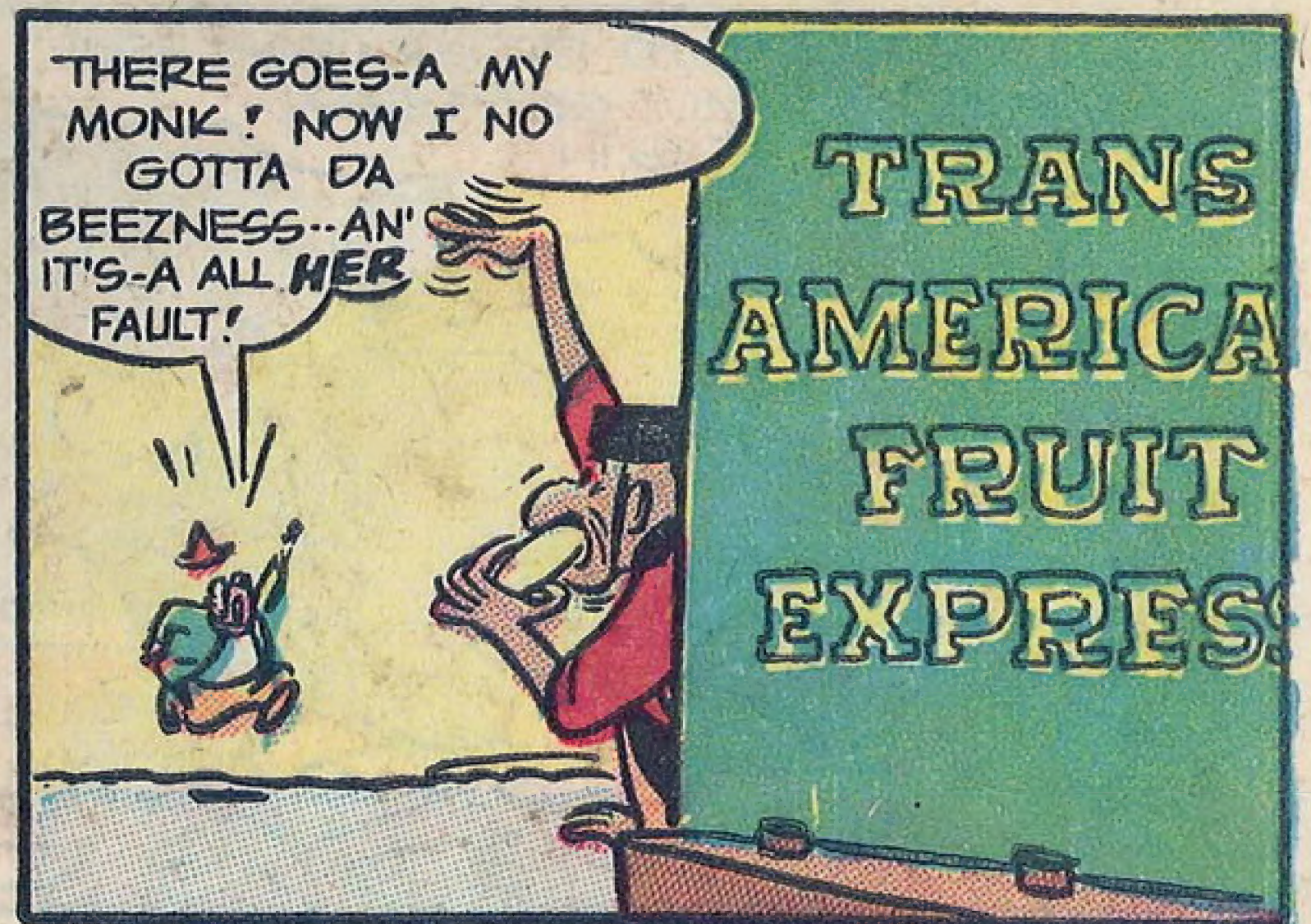


THEY **DON'T?**  
:GULP: GOLLY--  
THEN I GUESS  
YOU BETTER  
GO BACK  
WITH YOUR  
OWNER,  
OURK!



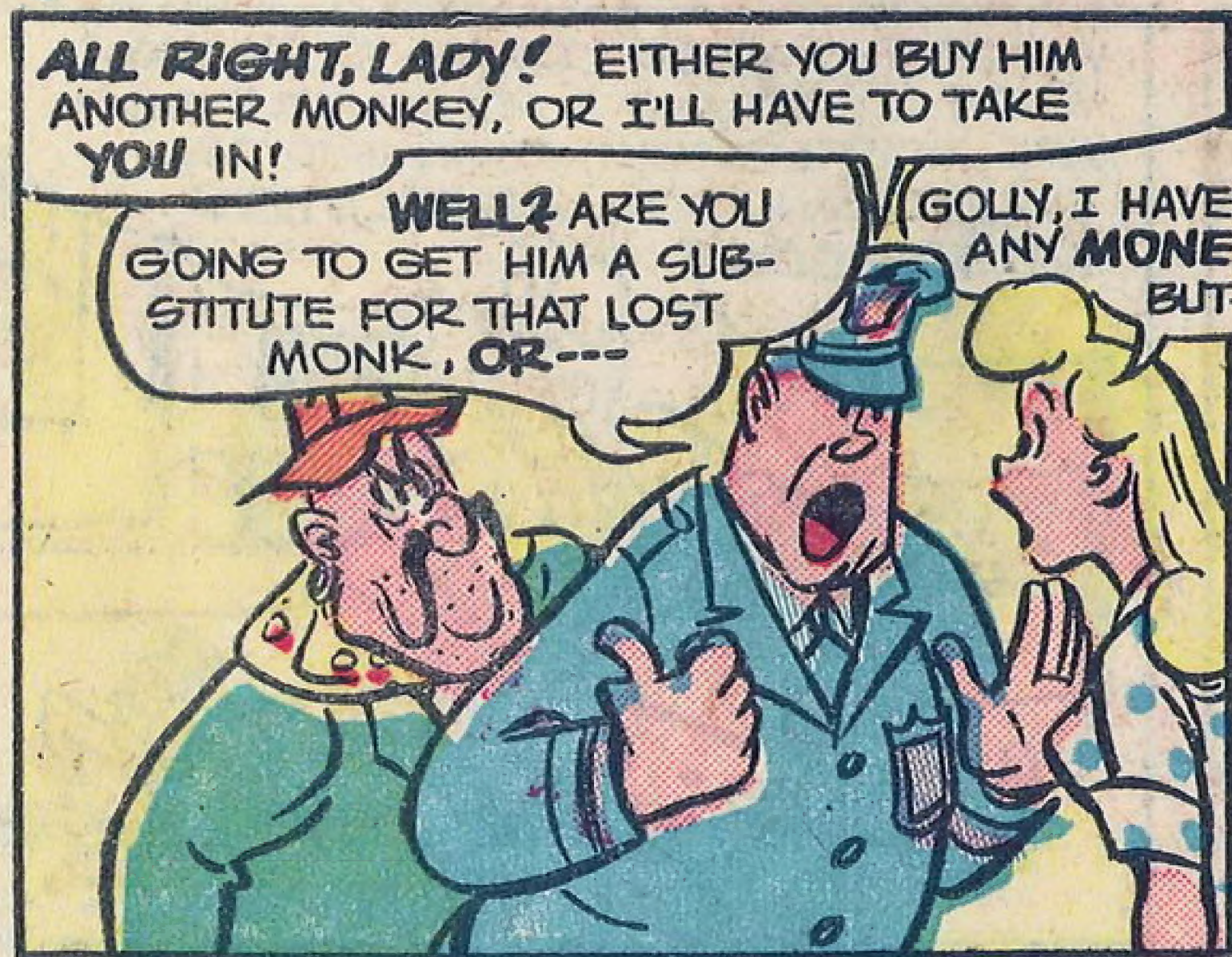
HEY! MY MONK,  
HE'S-A **RUNNING**  
**AWAY!**  
**COME-A BACK!**  
**HEY!**

GLEEP!  
GLEEP!



THERE GOES-A MY  
MONK! NOW I NO  
GOTTA DA  
BEEZNESS--AN'  
IT'S-A ALL **HER**  
FAULT!

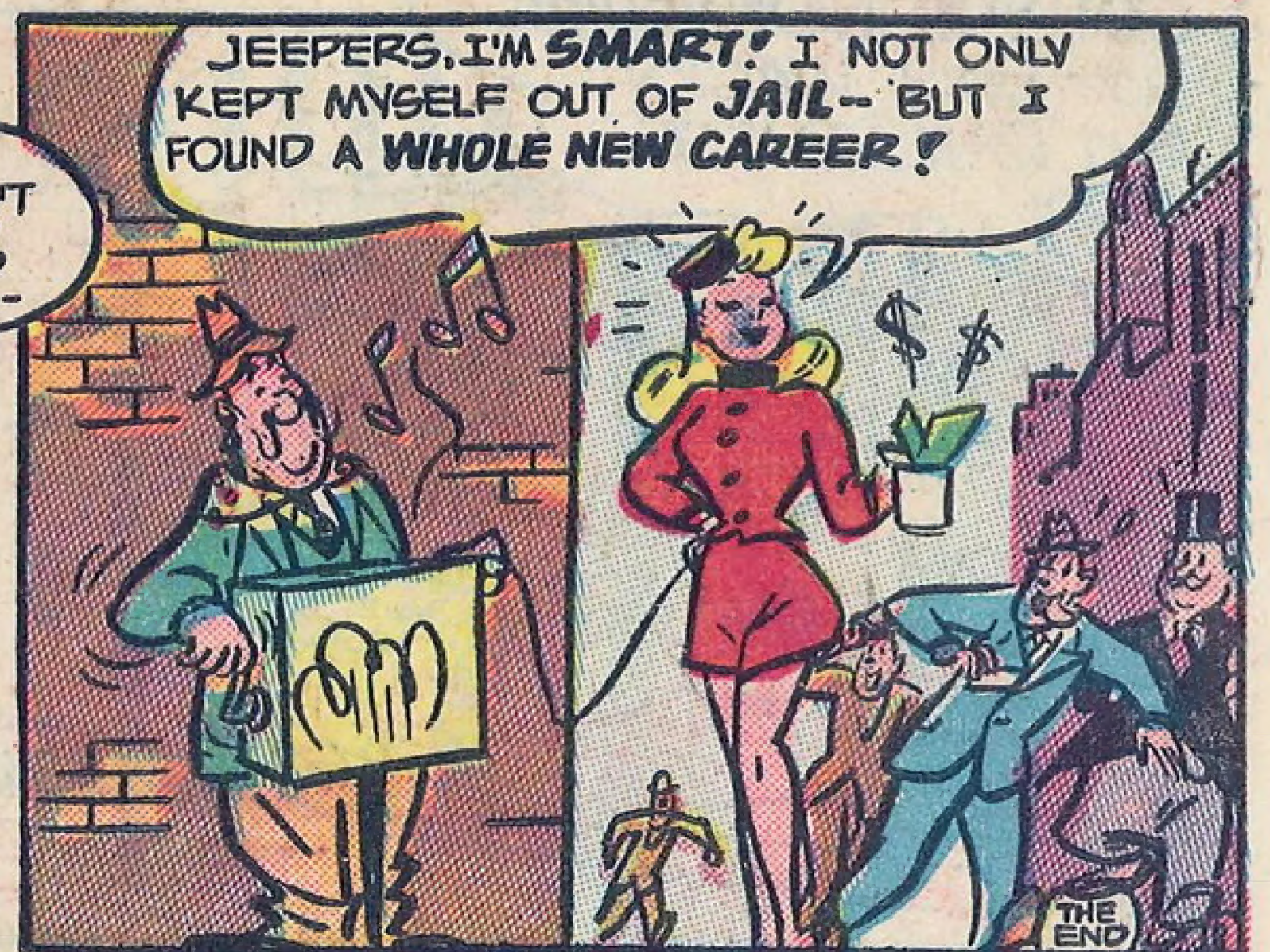
TRANS  
AMERICA  
FRUIT  
EXPRES



**ALL RIGHT, LADY!** EITHER YOU BUY HIM  
ANOTHER MONKEY, OR I'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
**YOU** IN!

WELL? ARE YOU  
GOING TO GET HIM A SUB-  
STITUTE FOR THAT LOST  
MONK, OR---

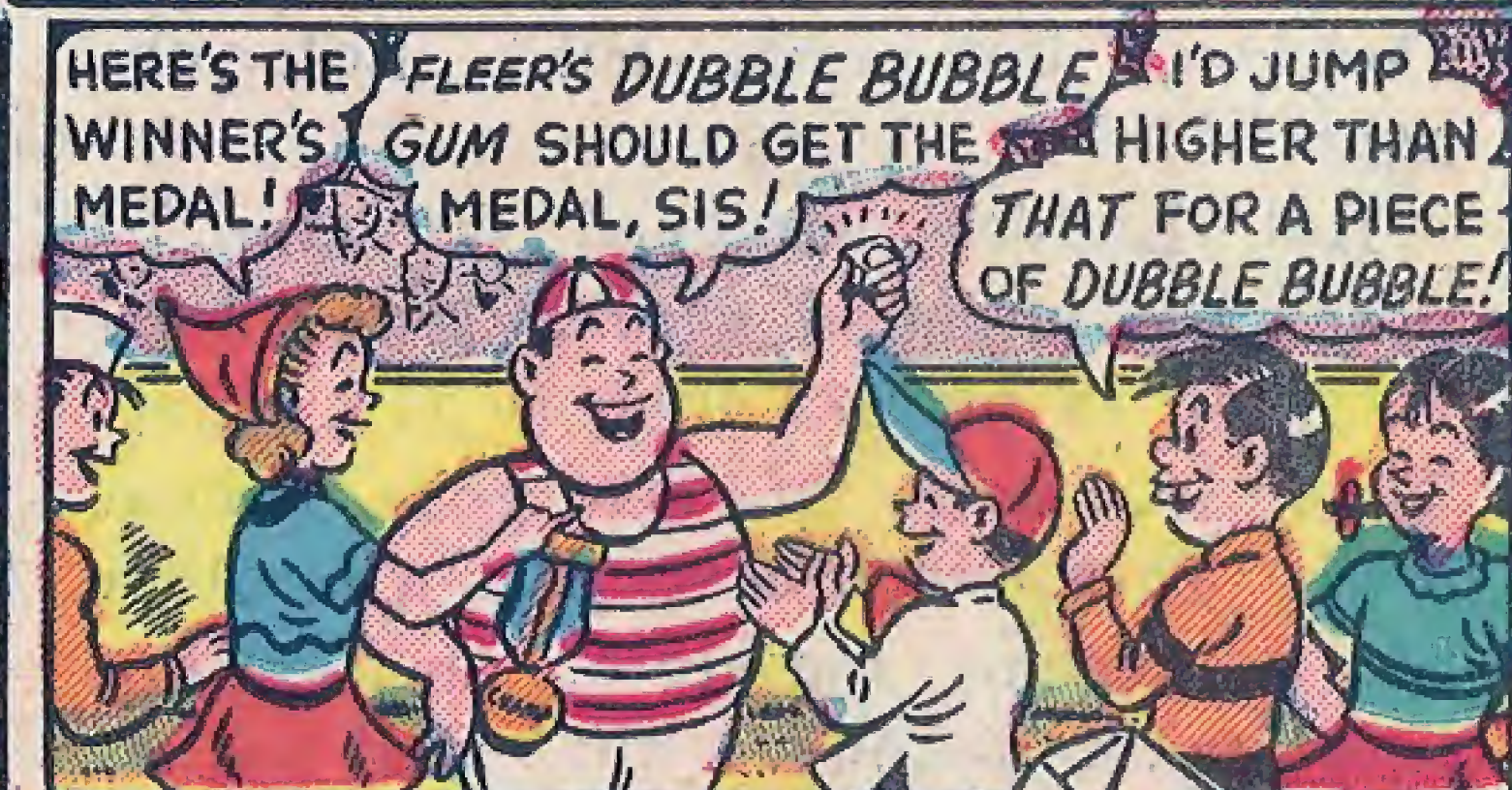
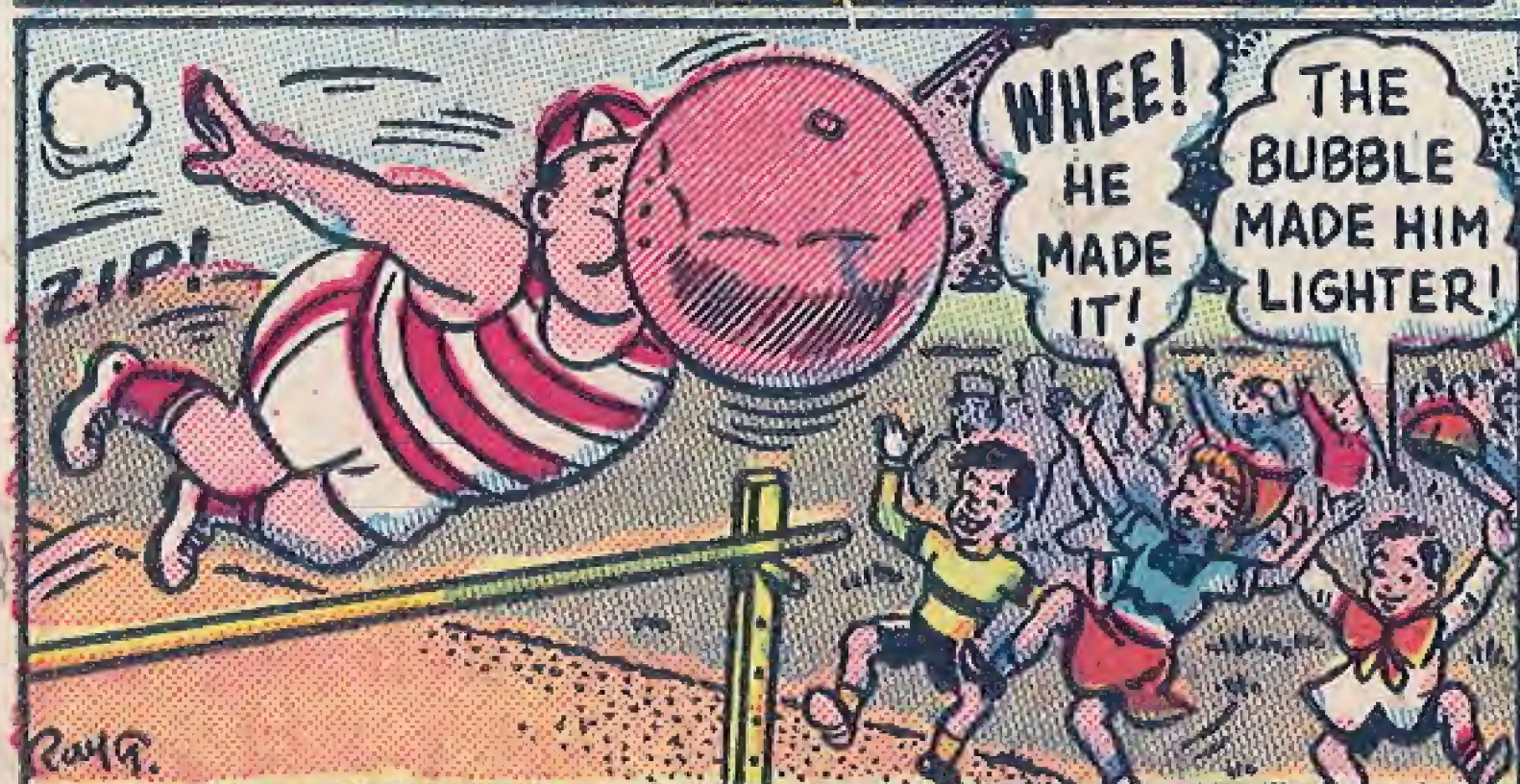
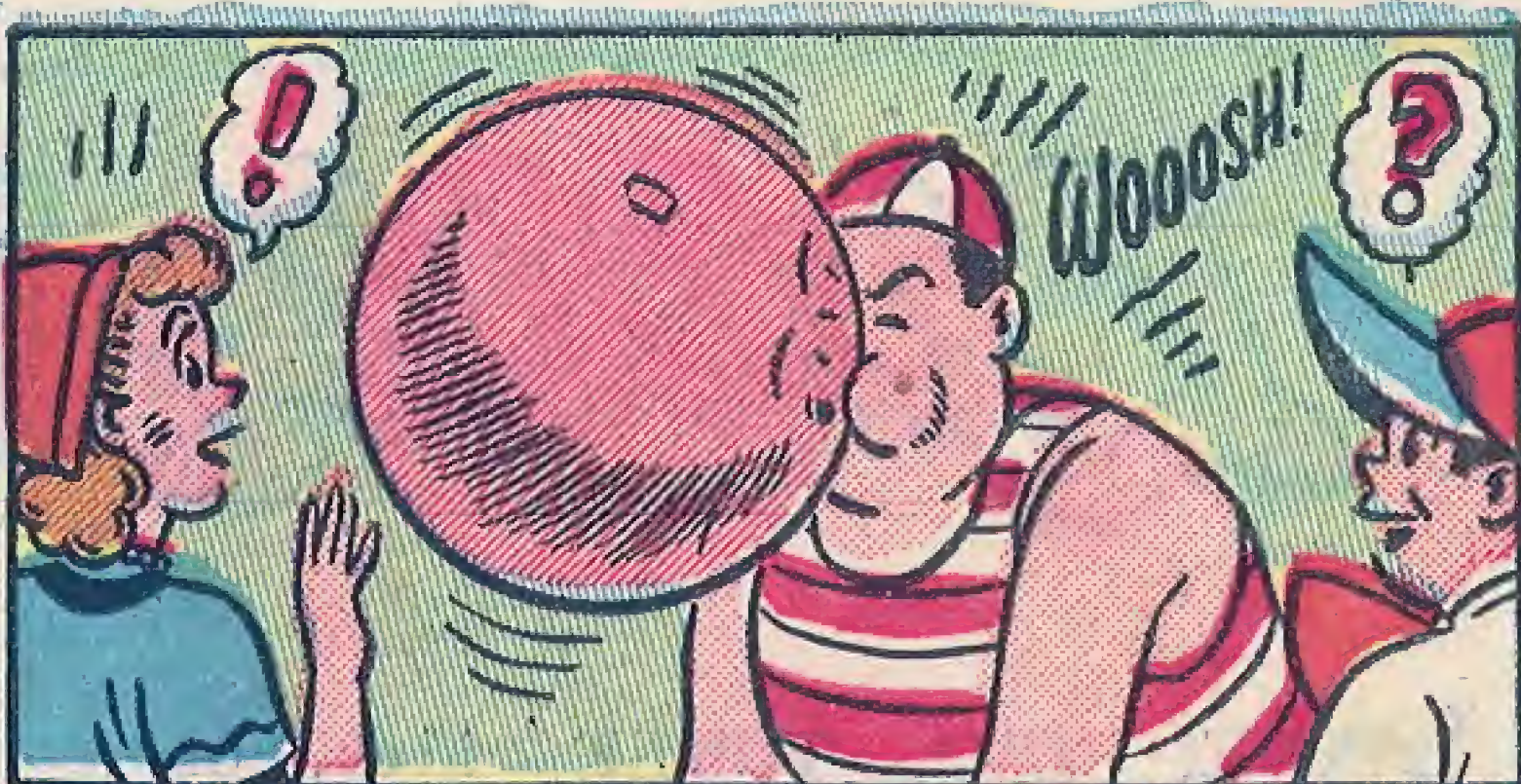
GOLLY, I HAVEN'T  
ANY **MONEY,**  
BUT---



JEEPERS, I'M **SMART!** I NOT ONLY  
KEPT MYSELF OUT OF **JAIL--** BUT I  
FOUND A **WHOLE NEW CAREER!**

THE  
END





The **GAYEST, GIDDIEST**  
TEEN-AGE COMIC  
YOU'VE EVER READ!

That's **COOKIE** the FUNNIEST KID IN TOWN!

GET TO KNOW COOKIE FOR GRINS GALORE!  
ROAR WITH JITTERBUCK AND ANGELPUSS...AND  
GAIN YOUR JOLLIES FROM THE MERRIEST,  
GROOVIEST GANG OF GUYS AND DOLLS EVER!

They're all in  
**COOKIE**

**10¢** ON ALL STANDS



# Little DOPE

"ONE, TWO, THREE, kick, one, two, three...oh, no! Not you, again!"

Hal Landey surveyed the line of precisely arranged chorus girls, each stepping in perfect time to his count. That is, each of the girls except one! This one kicked just a fraction of a second too late, making the line look ludicrous. What was worse, if possible, than her timing was the fact that when all the other girls kicked their right legs, she kicked her left. Now, that was impossible!

"You! Step out! Come over here!" Hal ordered the chorine at the end of the line to come forward, motioning the pianist to stop playing. "What's your name?"

"Marian, but my friends call me Mitzi!"

"Well, sister, I am not your friend, so spare me the details! For two solid weeks of rehearsal, you have been the one stand-out, the one noticeable girl in the line!"

"Oh, thank you!" Mitzi dimpled.

"Thank...thank you?" Hal almost shrieked. "This is supposed to be a precision chorus, with everyone working together! Everyone doing the same thing at the same time! But not you! Everybody faces front... you face the back! Everybody dances off right...you dance off left!"

Mitzi giggled, her dimples deepening in her full cheeks. "I never did know my right from my left!" she said. "Even in school!"

Hal looked at her as though he couldn't believe his ears. "You what? Why, you little dope, how'd you ever get this job in the first place? Who was dumb enough to

hire you?"

"Oh, he wasn't dumb, he was very nice," Mitzi said confidentially. "In fact, it was you!"

Hal gulped. "What made me do such a thing? Was I sleeping? Was I dreaming? Was I thinking of something else?"

"Oh, no, you were listening to me. Except...except that I told you a lot of lies about myself."

This frankness was so astonishing that Hal could only gasp helplessly, "Lies? Why?"

"Because I wanted the job...naturally!" Mitzi explained. "You see, I'm really a dramatic actress, but you didn't have a part for me and I needed the job, so I lied...naturally!"

"Oh, naturally!" Hal's voice was sarcastic, but he looked at Mitzi with sudden interest. "Well, you can't dance, so you're fired! You're off the chorus line!"

Tears came to Mitzi's eyes. "But, please..."

"And don't interrupt me! We could use an understudy for the female lead, and if you're as good an actress as you are a liar...turn up for an audition tomorrow morning!"

The dimples came back to Mitzi's cheeks. "Oh!" she said. "You couldn't...I mean you wouldn't...I mean if you're free tonight and if you'd care to rehearse me..."

"Meet you here at eight o'clock," Hal agreed brusquely. He watched her petite figure leaving the stage, her curls bouncing happily. "Did I call her a little dope?" he asked himself. "Something tells me I'll be changing my mind!"



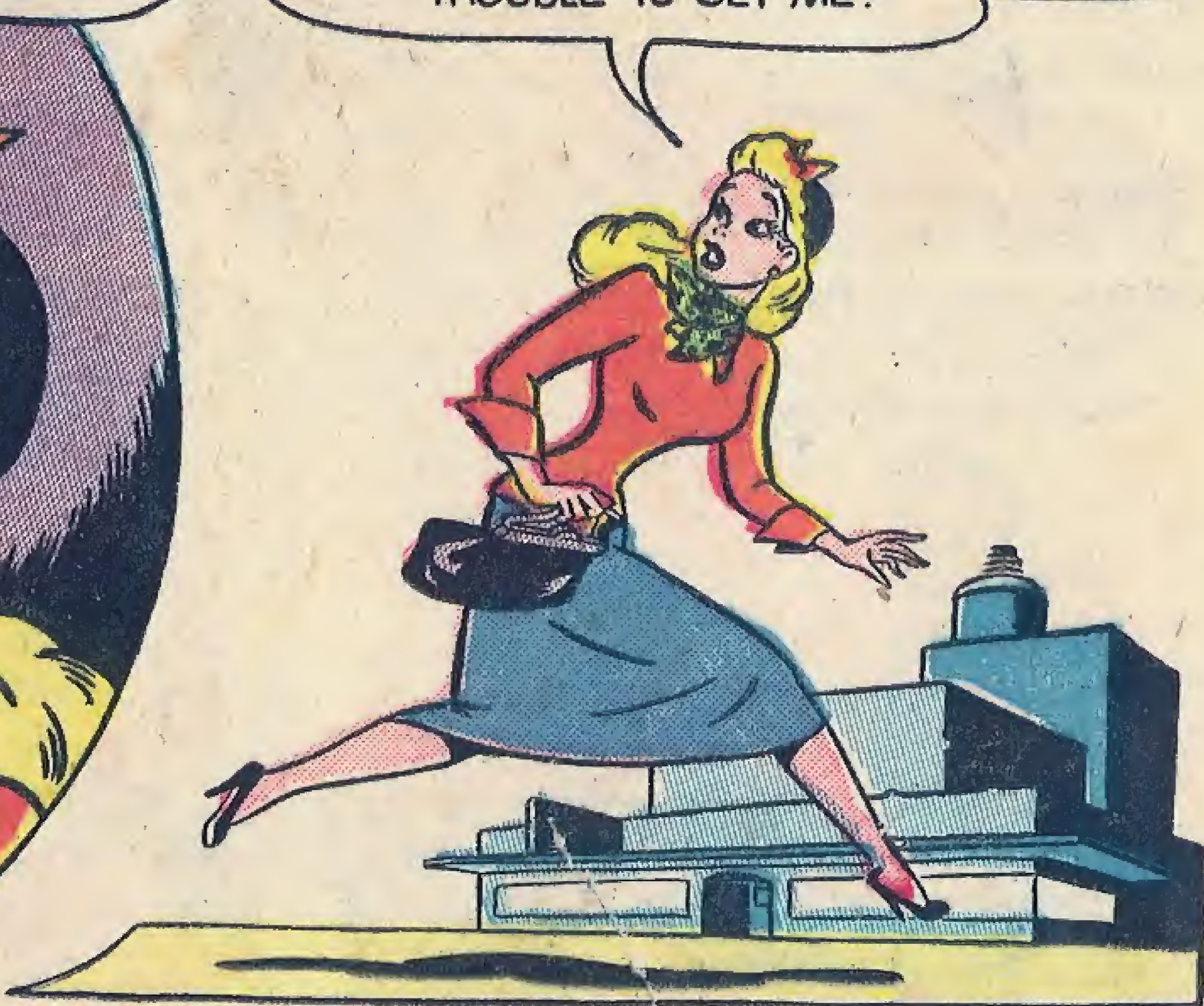
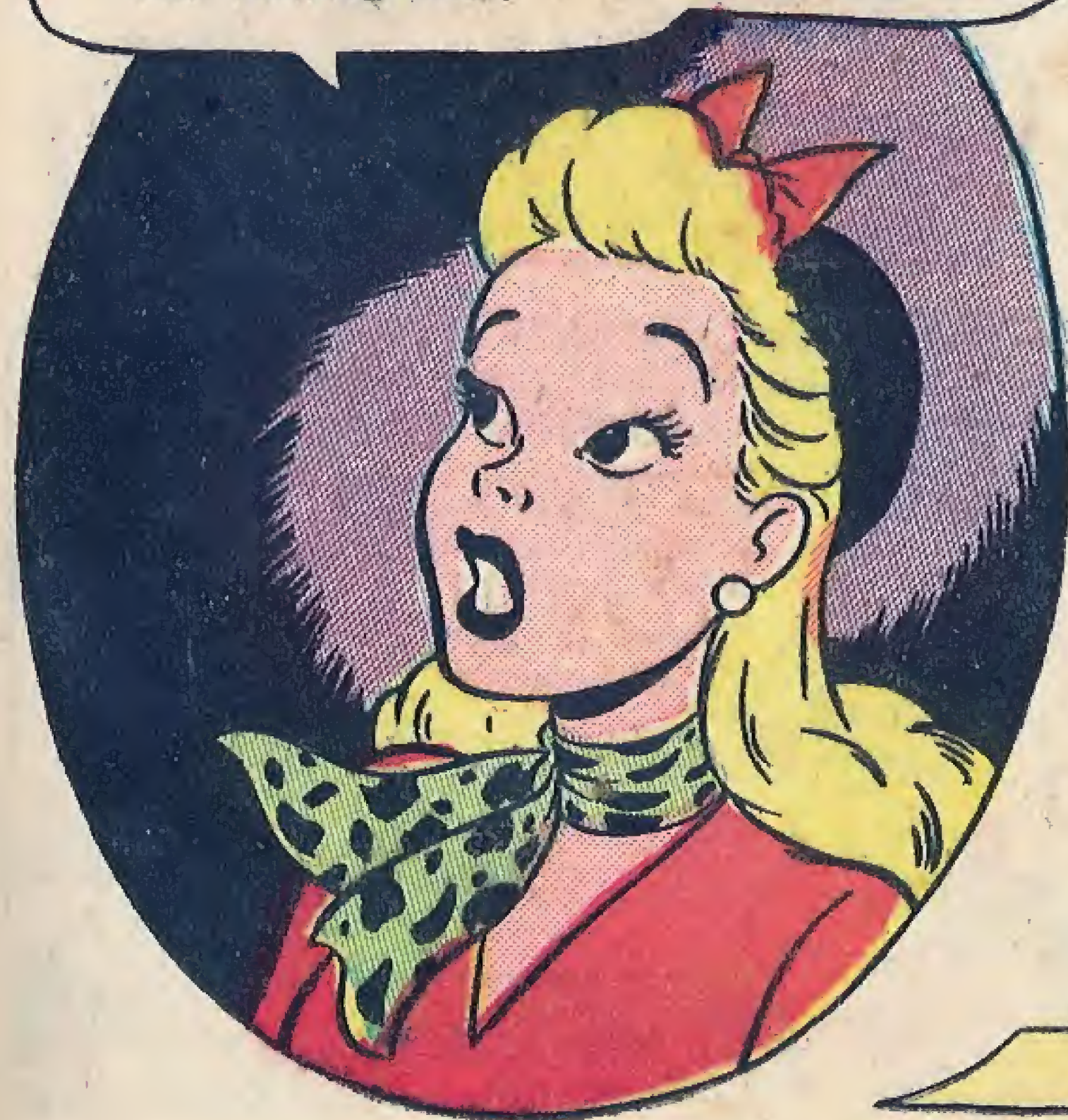
# KNOTHEAD

## Nancy

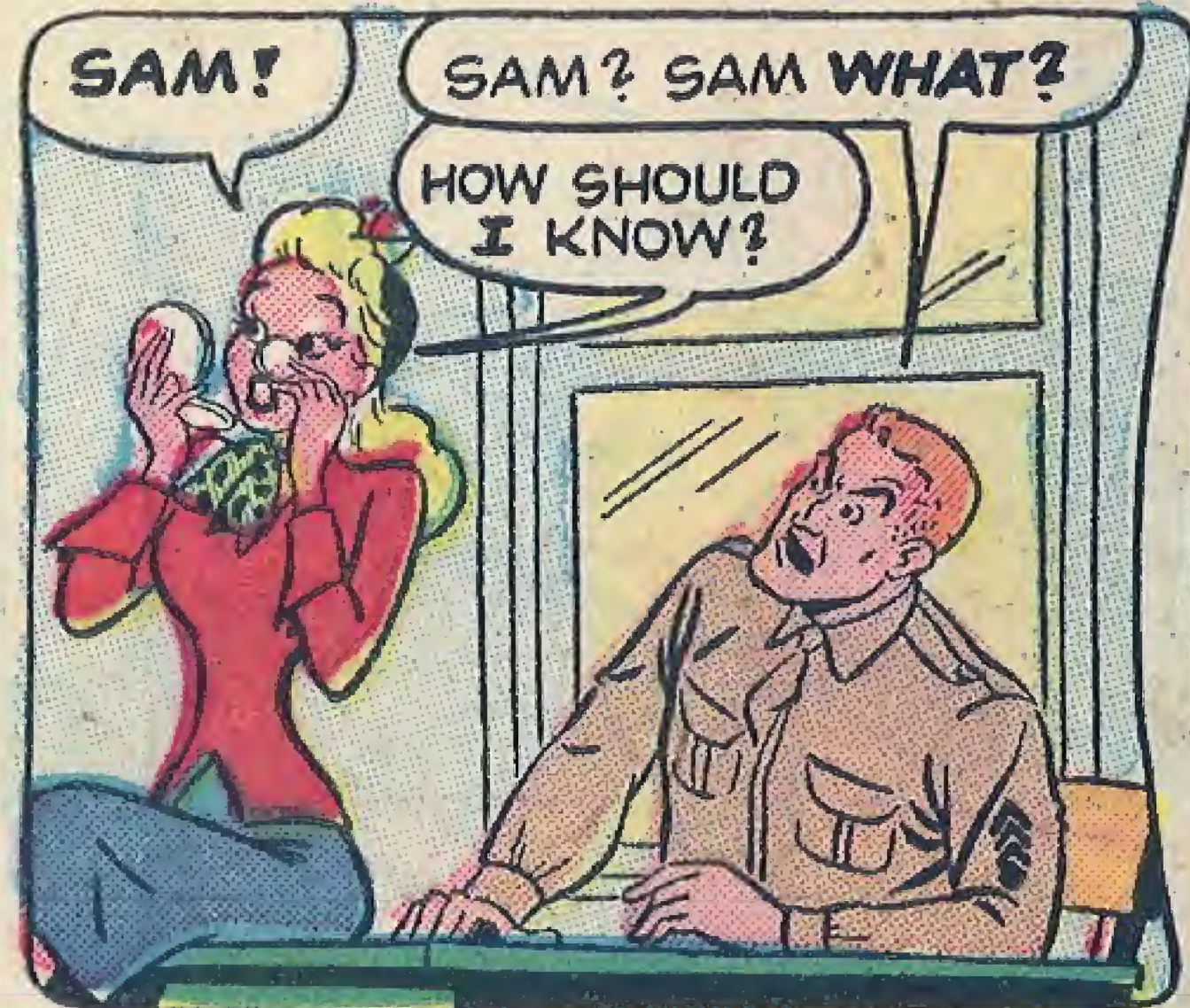
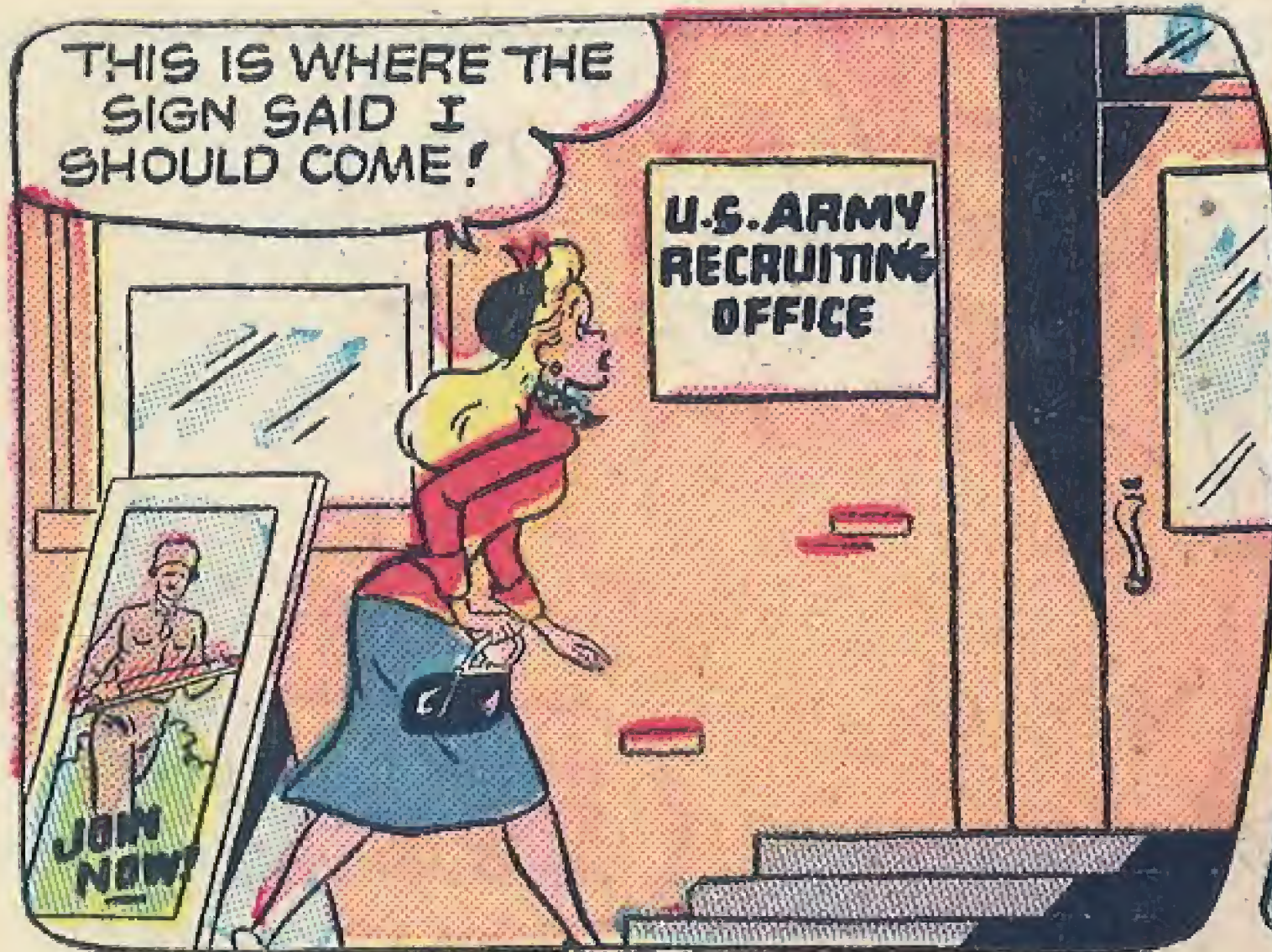


BUT I **MUST** HAVE -- AND WHAT'S MORE, HE KNOWS **ME**, EVEN IF I DON'T KNOW **HIM**! OTHERWISE, HE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD ALL THOSE SIGNS PUT UP SAYING HE WANTS ME!

GUESS I BETTER LOOK HIM UP RIGHT AWAY! IT MUST BE SOMETHING **IMPORTANT** OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO ALL **THIS** TROUBLE TO GET ME!









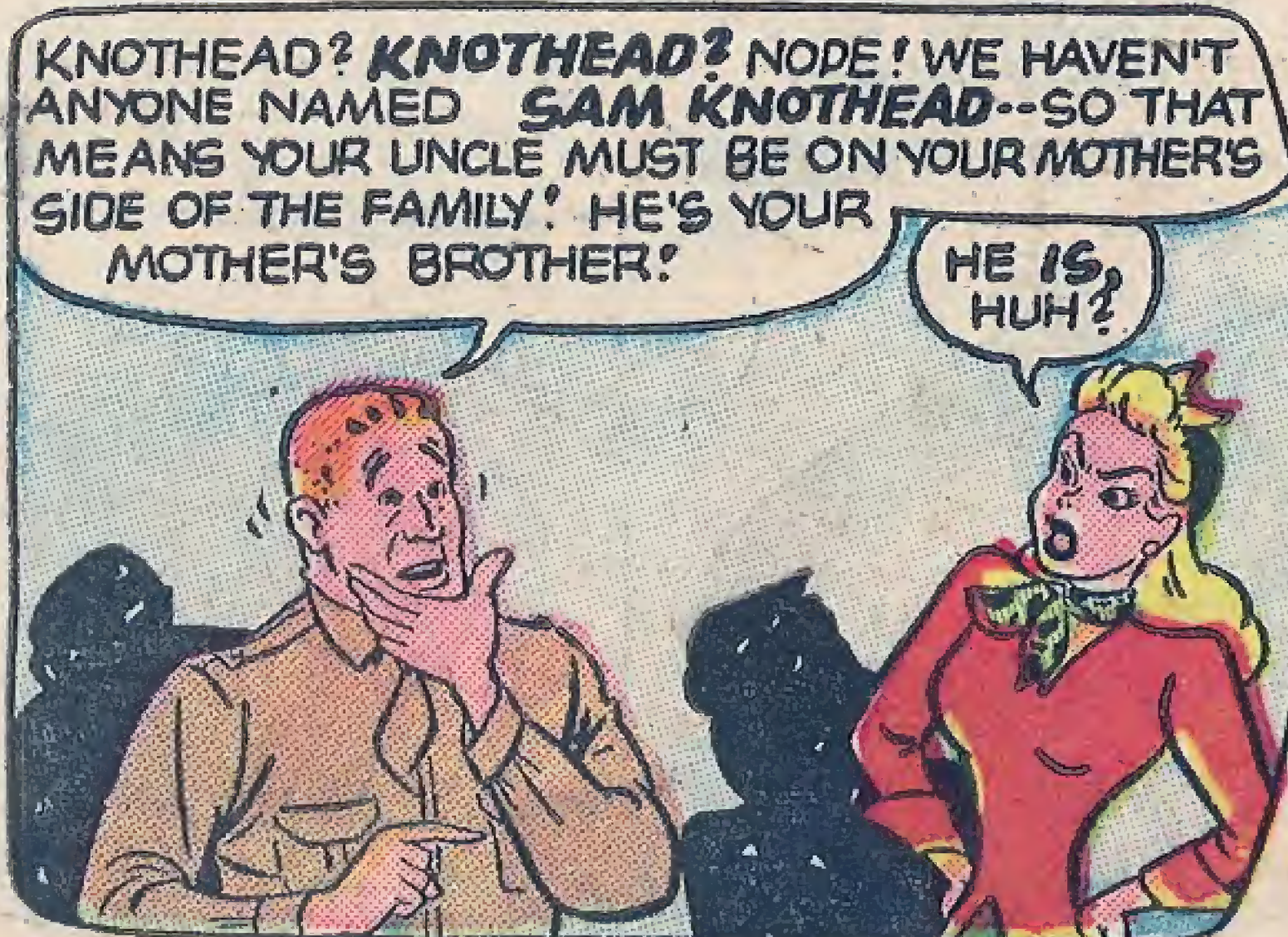


I CAN'T ASK HIM IF I DON'T KNOW  
-- OH, WHAT'S THE  
USE?



LOOK! LOOK, MISS! DO **THIS!** JUST TELL ME **YOUR**  
NAME! YOUR **FULL** NAME! **THAT** MIGHT HELP ME!

ALL RIGHT! MY NAME'S **NANCY**  
**KNITHEAD!**



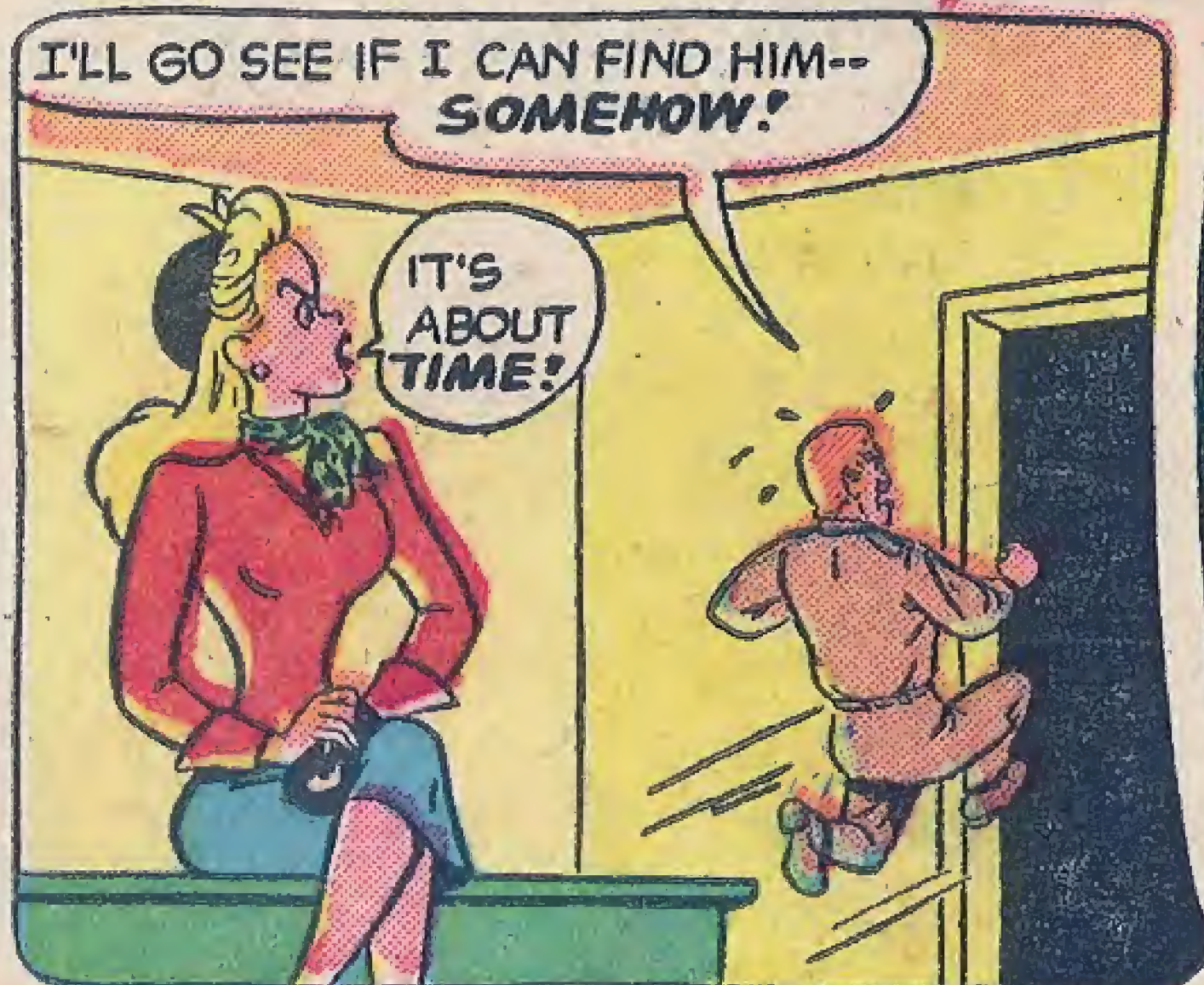
KNOTHEAD? **KNOTHEAD?** NOPE! WE HAVEN'T  
ANYONE NAMED **SAM KNOTHEAD**--SO THAT  
MEANS YOUR UNCLE MUST BE ON YOUR MOTHER'S  
SIDE OF THE FAMILY! HE'S YOUR  
MOTHER'S BROTHER?

HE IS,  
HUH?



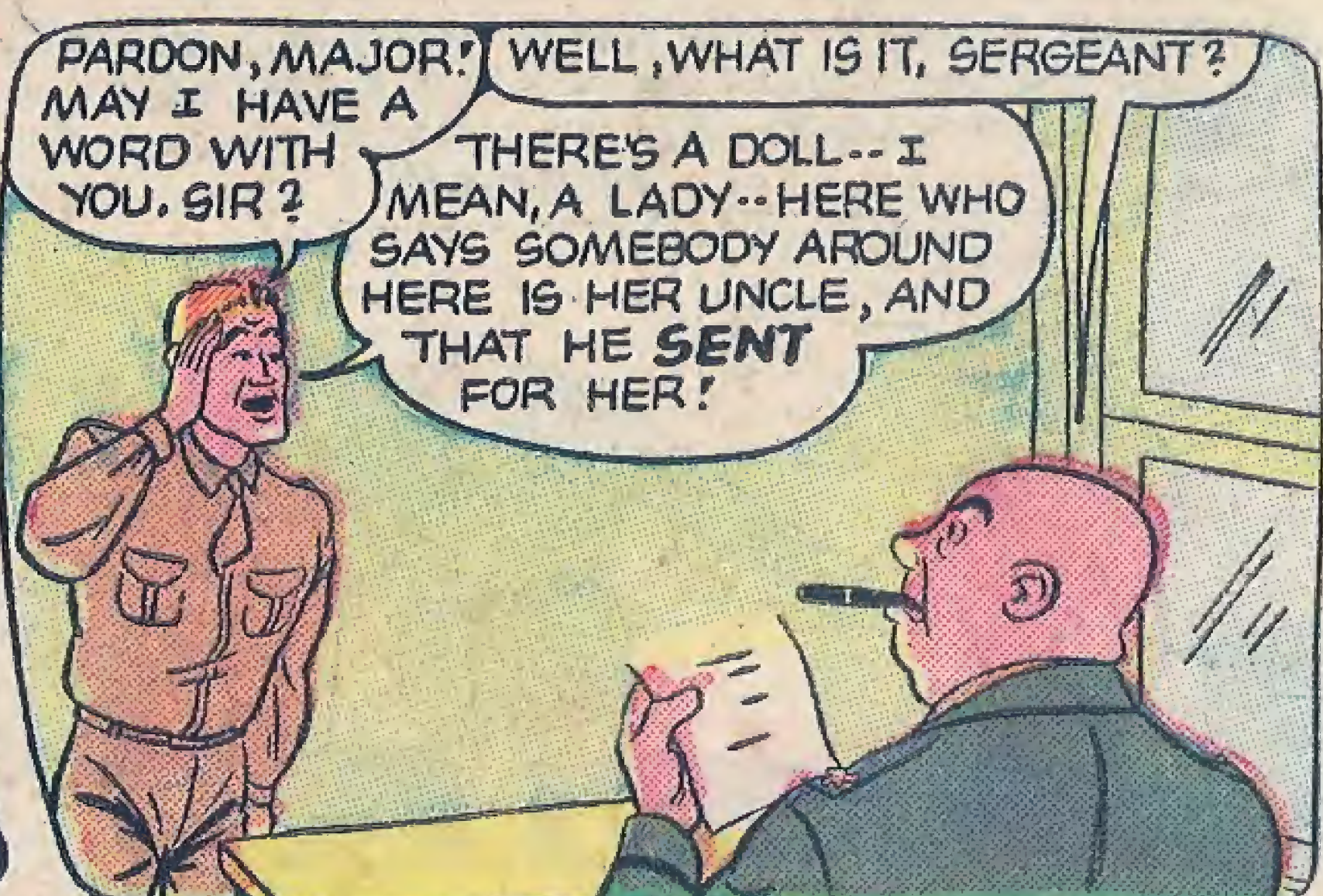
WELL, IF YOU KNOW SO  
MUCH ABOUT MY FAMILY,  
WHY DON'T YOU **GO**  
**GET MY UNCLE?**

BECAUSE **HIS** NAME  
ISN'T THE SAME AS  
YOURS, AND-- OH,  
SKIP IT! **SKIP IT!**



I'LL GO SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM--  
**SOMEHOW!**

IT'S  
ABOUT  
**TIME!**



PARDON, MAJOR! MAY I HAVE A  
WORD WITH YOU, SIR?

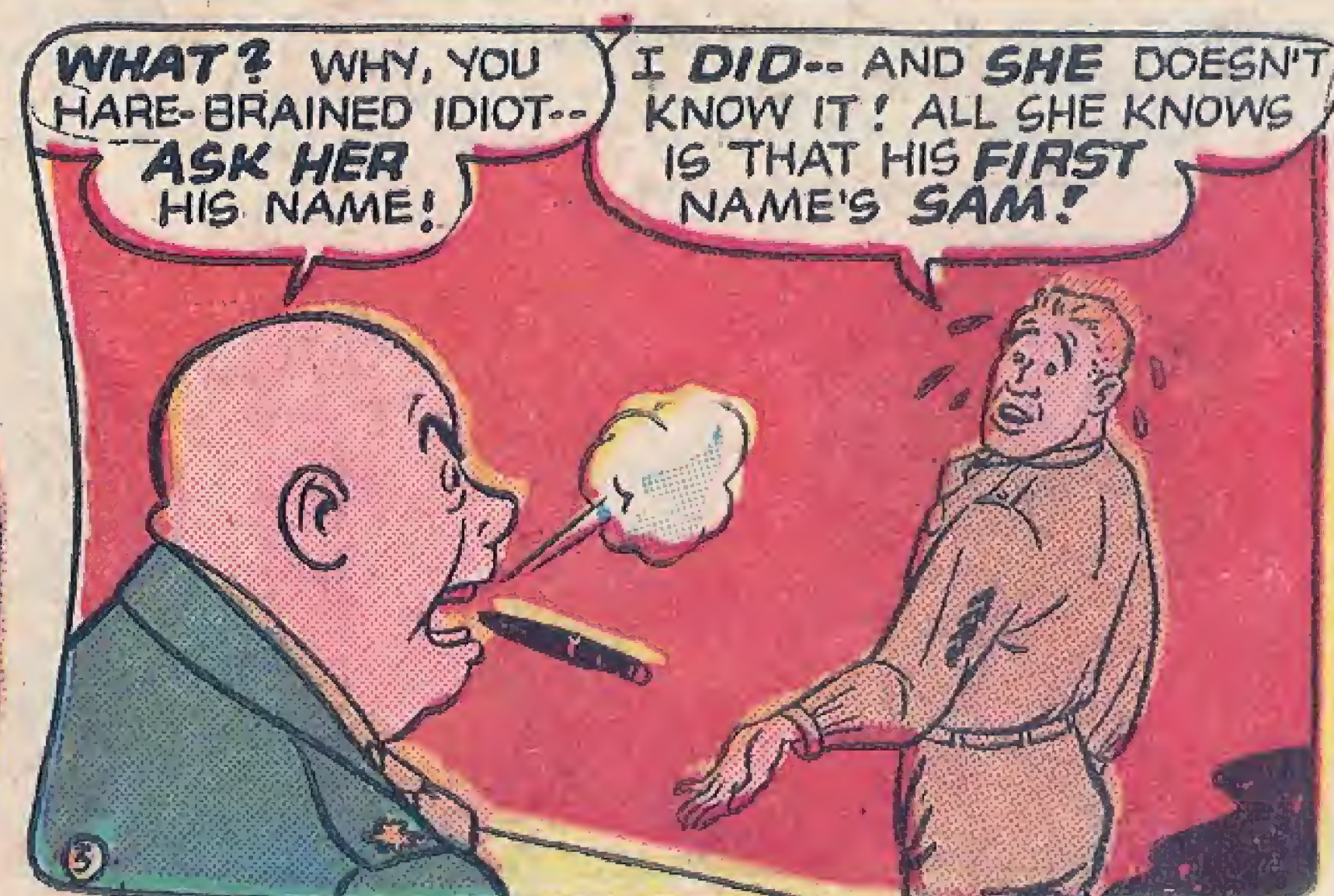
WELL, WHAT IS IT, SERGEANT?

THERE'S A DOLL-- I  
MEAN, A LADY-- HERE WHO  
SAYS SOMEBODY AROUND  
HERE IS HER UNCLE, AND  
THAT HE **SENT**  
FOR HER!



WELL, GO TELL **HIM**  
ABOUT IT! DON'T  
BOTHER **ME!**

I **CAN'T!** I DON'T  
KNOW HIS **NAME!**



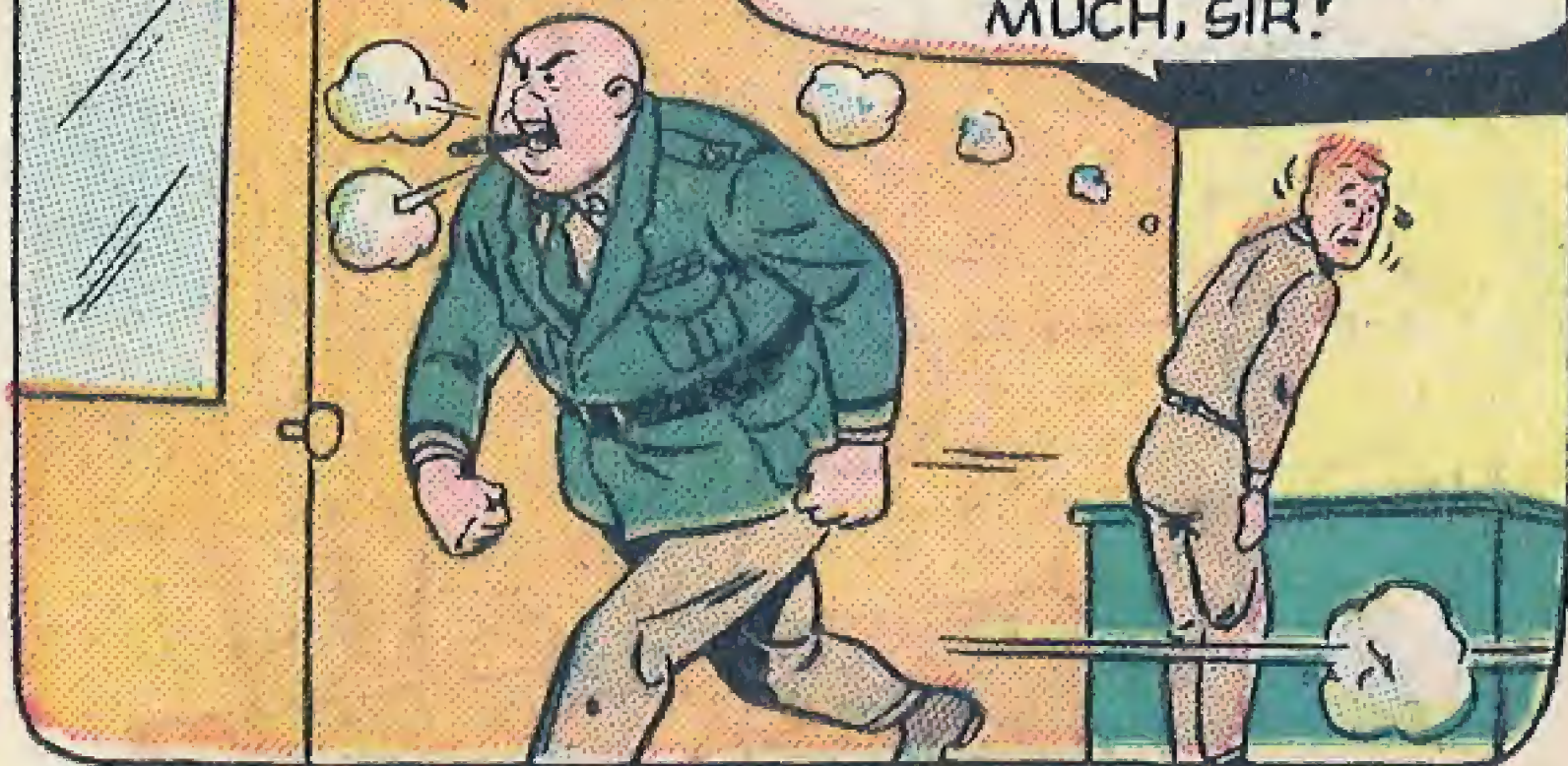
**WHAT?** WHY, YOU  
HARE-BRAINED IDIOT--  
**ASK HER**  
HIS NAME!

I **DID**-- AND **SHE** DOESN'T  
KNOW IT! ALL SHE KNOWS  
IS THAT HIS **FIRST**  
NAME'S **SAM!**



I'LL HANDLE THIS! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE OFFICERS OF THIS MAN'S ARMY GET THINGS DONE!

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR!



YOUNG LADY, UNLESS YOU CAN TELL US YOUR UNCLE'S **FULL NAME**, WE CAN'T NOTIFY HIM THAT YOU'RE HERE! SO UNTIL YOU DO, DON'T BOTHER US FURTHER!

NOW LISTEN TO **ME**, YOU OLD CODGER! IF YOU DON'T GET MY UNCLE FOR ME, I'LL NOTIFY **WASHINGTON!**



NOTIFY **WASHINGTON?**

GULP! THIS MUST BE SOMETHING **BIG!** I DON'T WANT TO GET **BUSTED** FOR ANYTHING!

WELL?

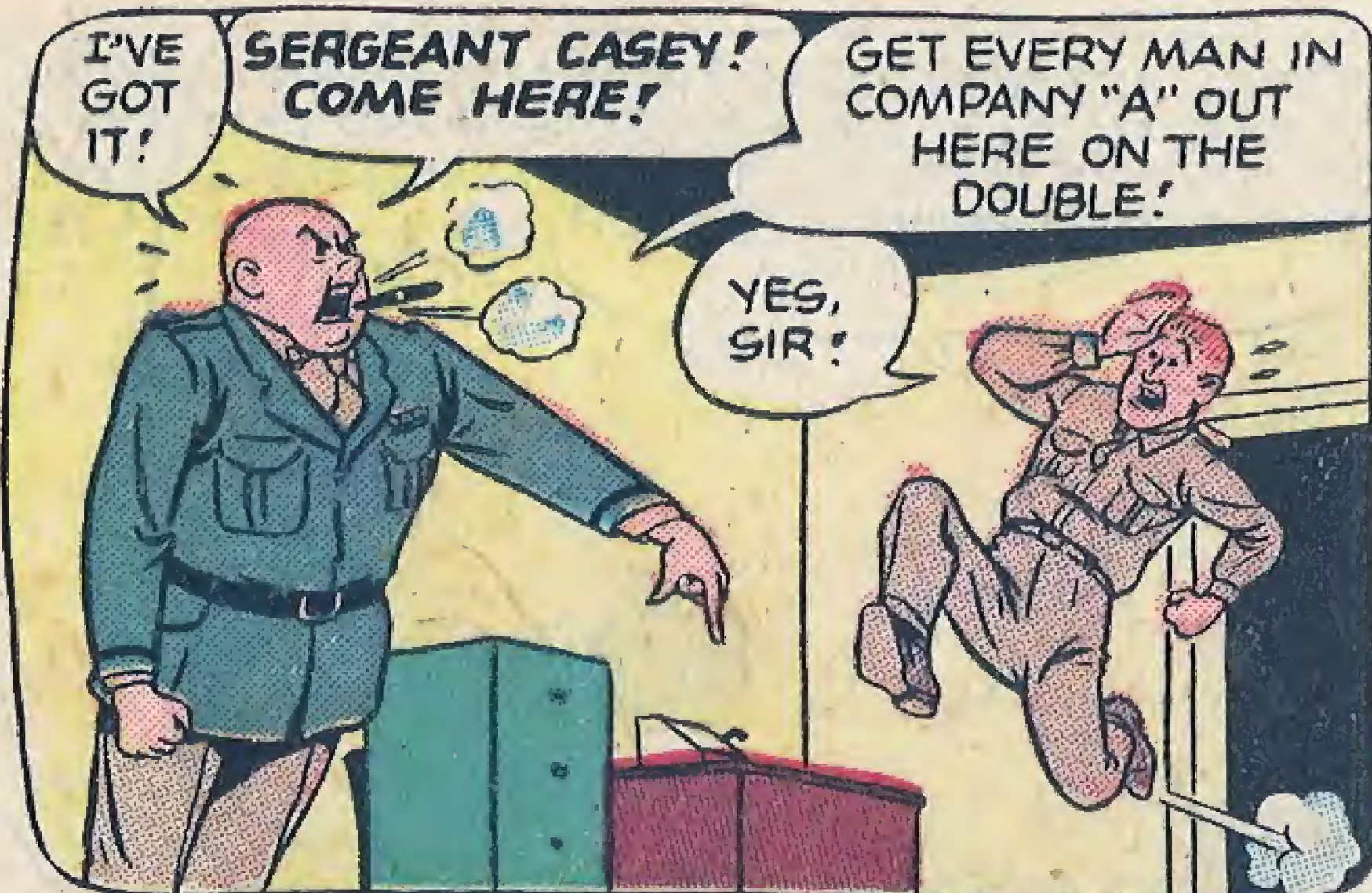


I'VE GOT IT!

SERGEANT CASEY! COME HERE!

GET EVERY MAN IN COMPANY "A" OUT HERE ON THE DOUBLE!

YES, SIR!



AWRIGHT, MEN! ONE OF YOU IS THIS GIRL'S UNCLE! ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT HIS NAME IS **SAM**! SO EVERY MAN NAMED SAM WILL **STEP FORWARD!**

I'D LIKE TO BE HER UNCLE-- EVEN HER **COUSIN!**

WODDA DOLL!

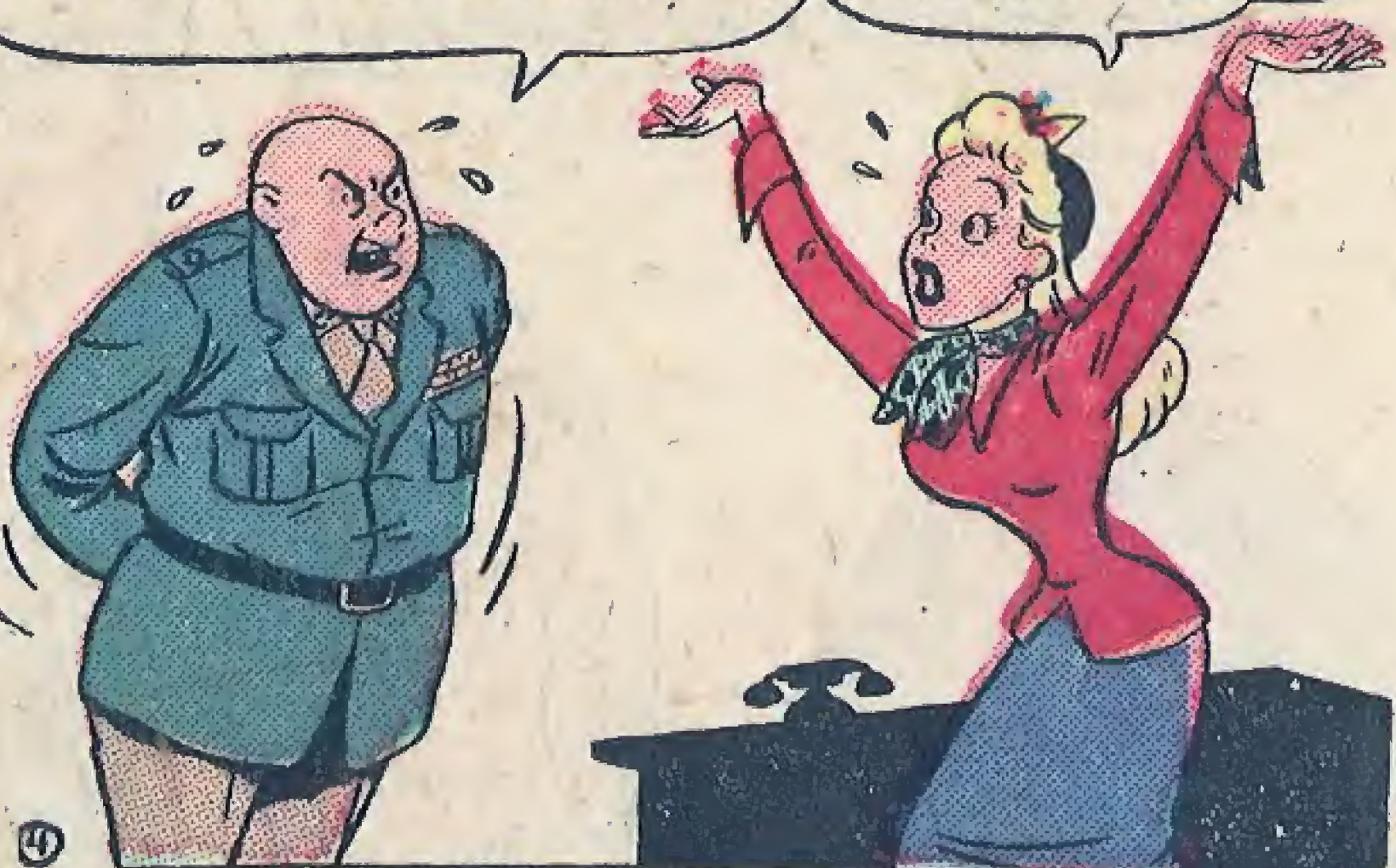
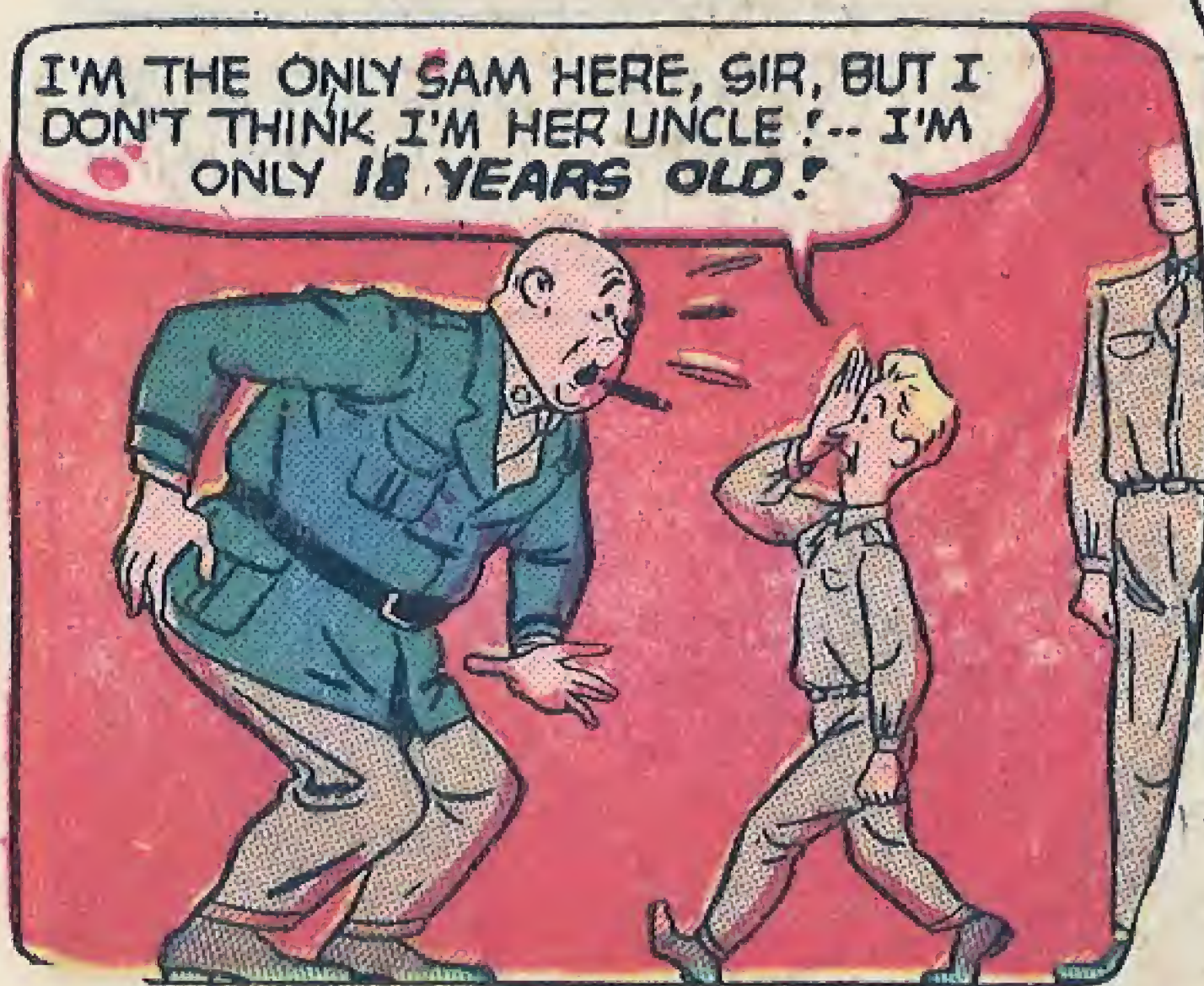
SOME DISH!



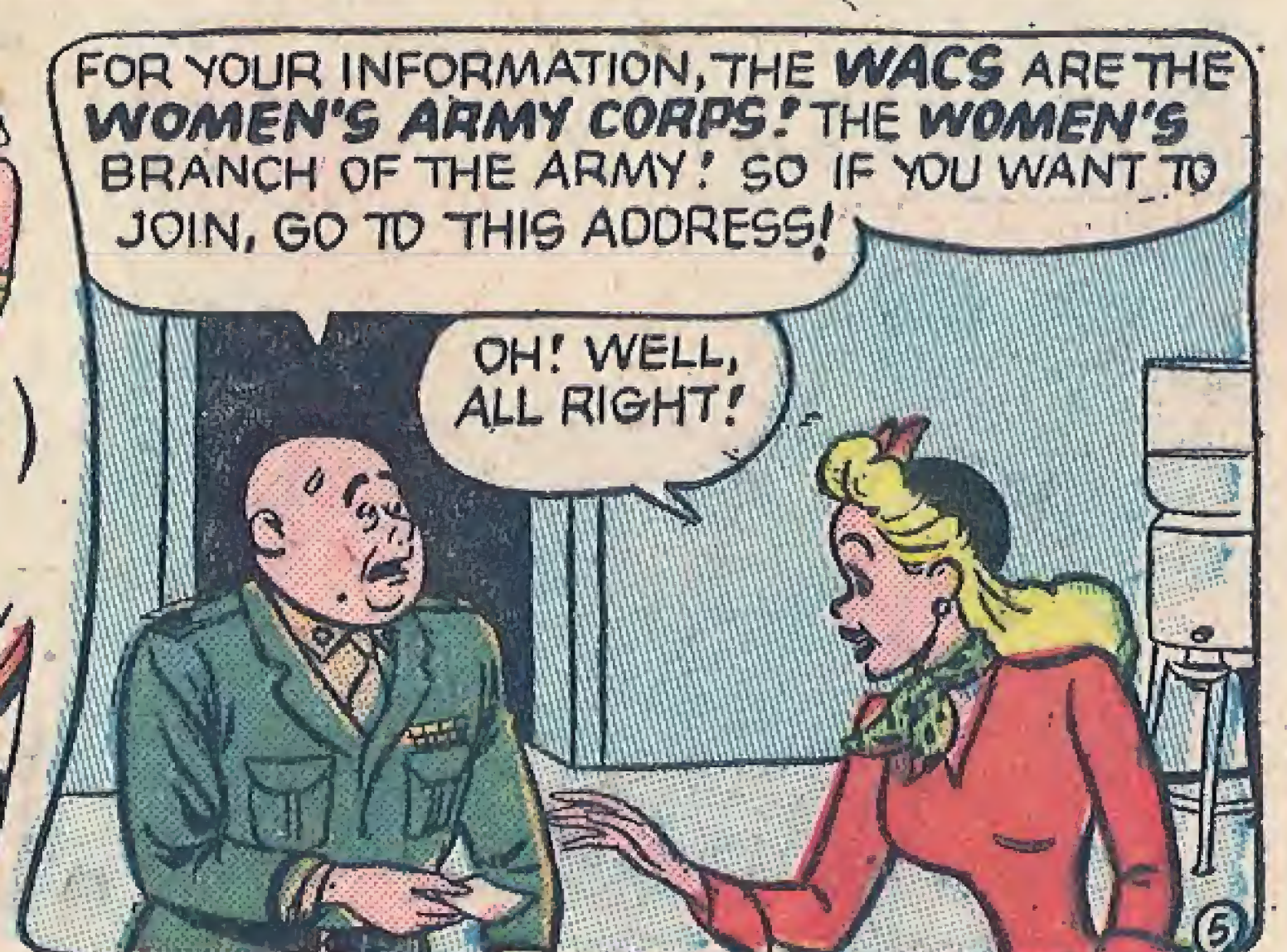
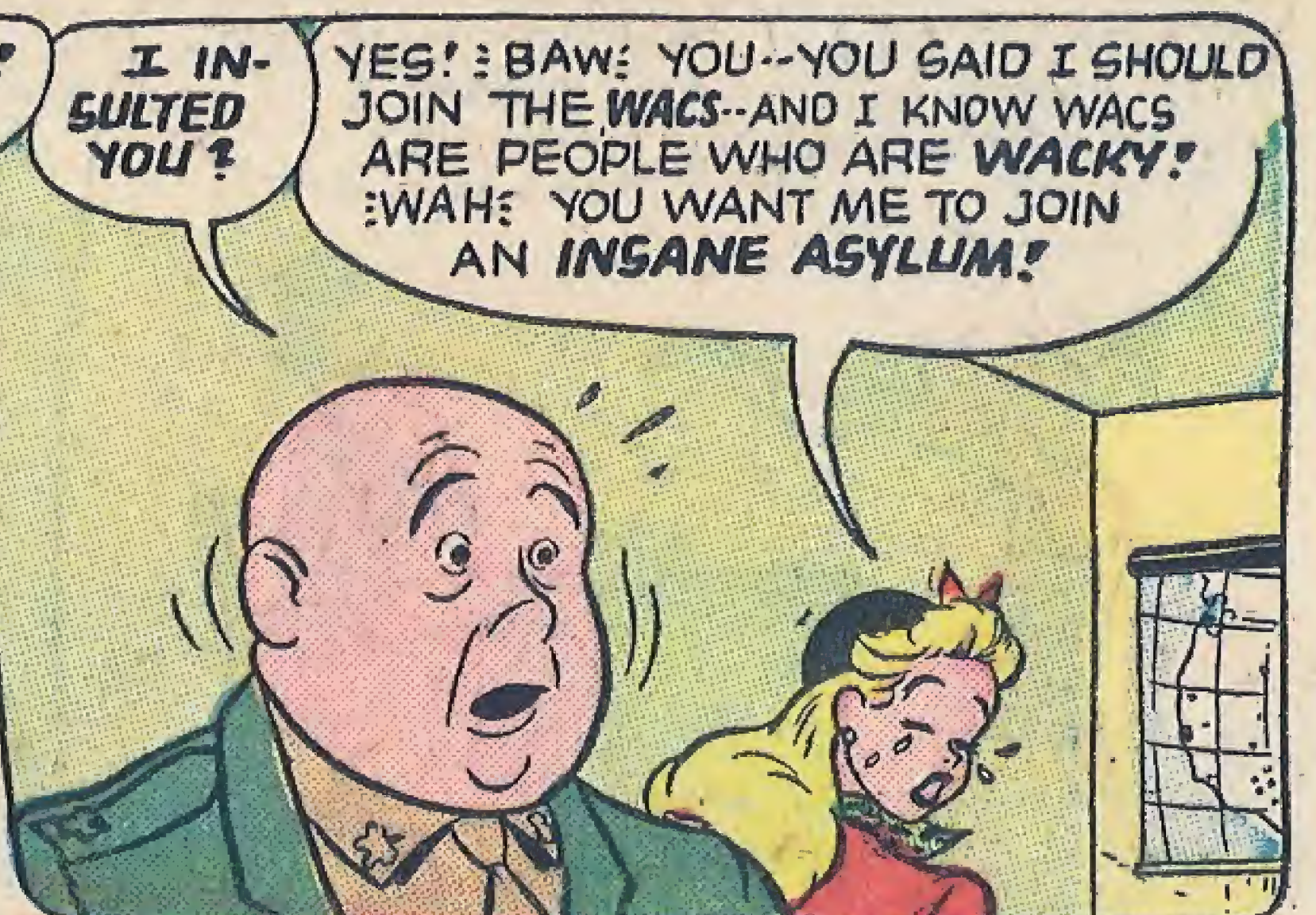
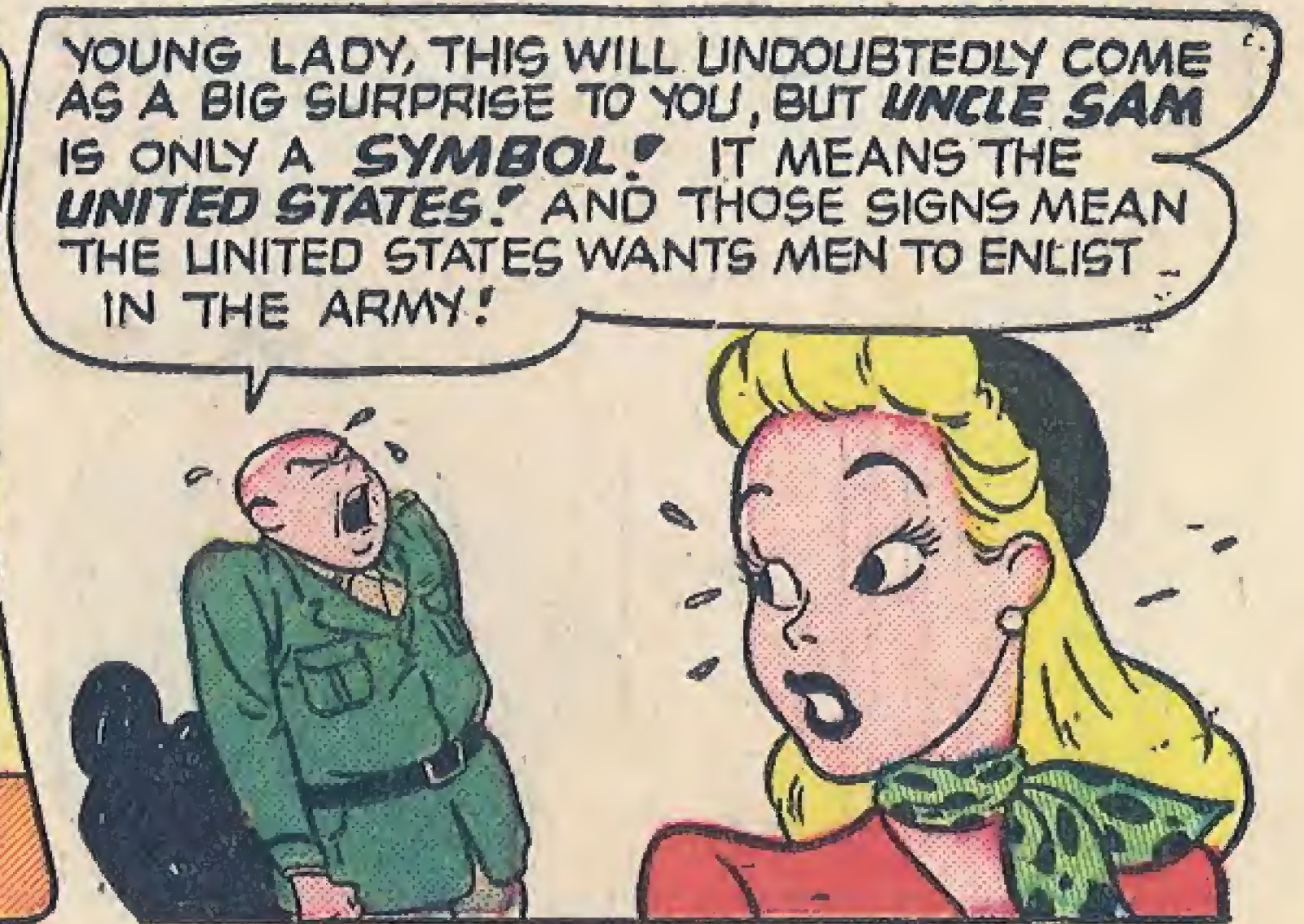
WELL, YOUNG LADY! AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUR UNCLE IS **NOT HERE!** YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG PLACE!

BUT HE **MUST** BE HERE-- AND I **HAVEN'T** GOT THE WRONG PLACE!

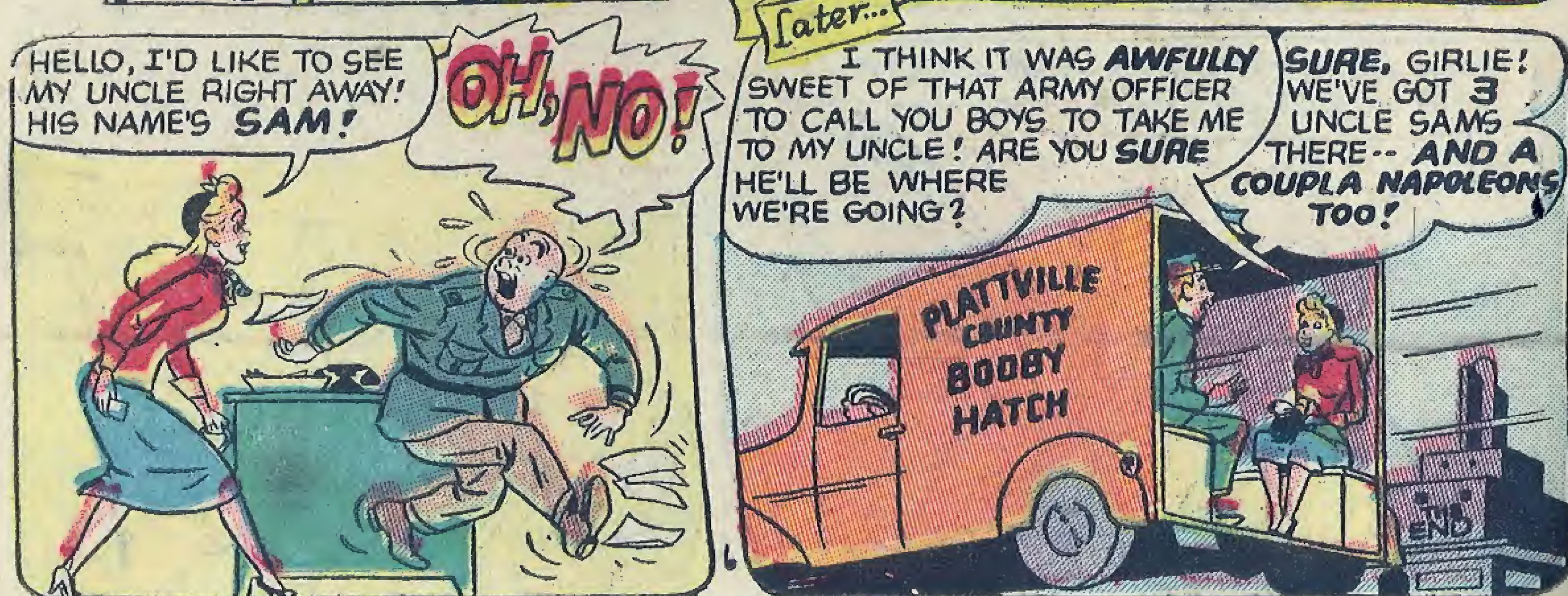
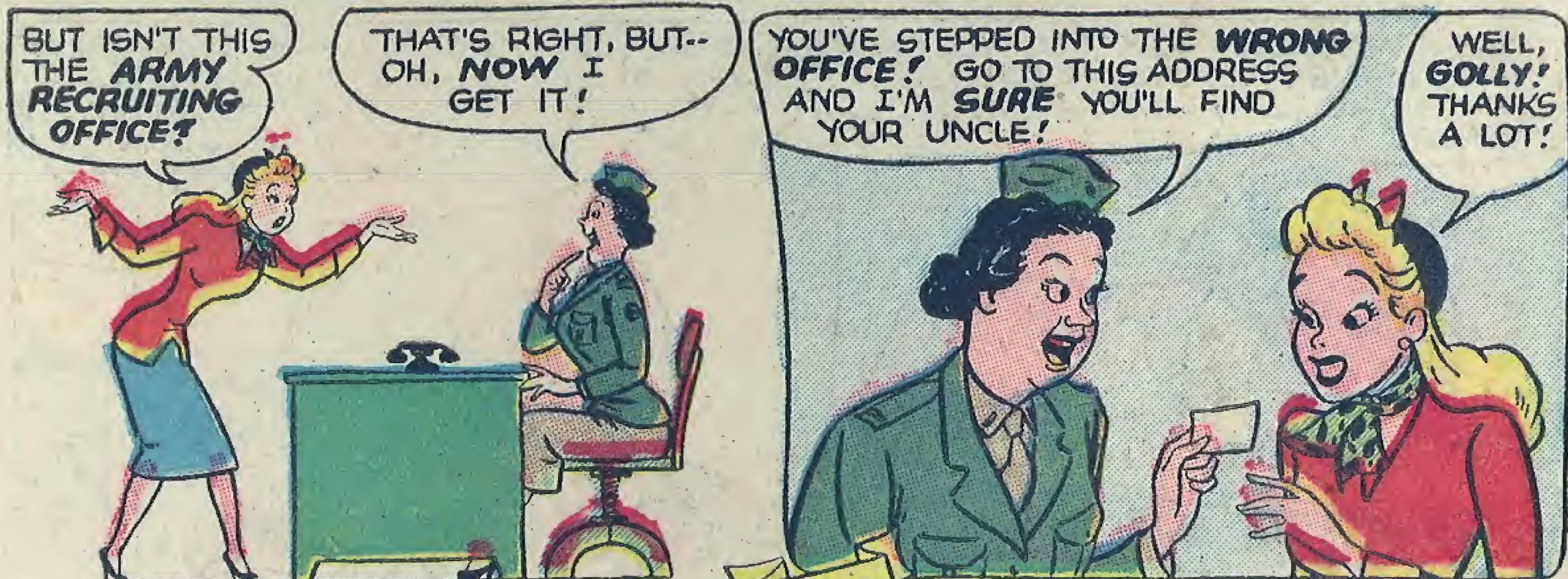
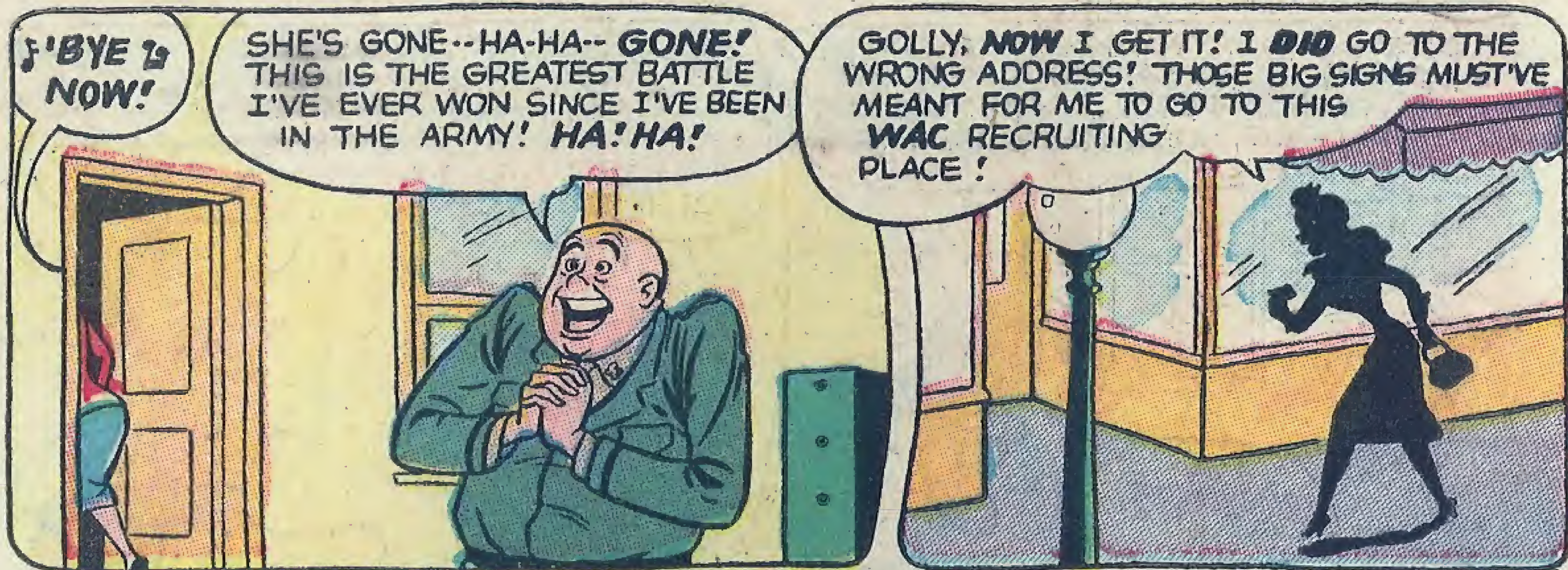
I'M THE ONLY SAM HERE, SIR, BUT I DON'T THINK I'M HER UNCLE!-- I'M ONLY **18 YEARS OLD!**







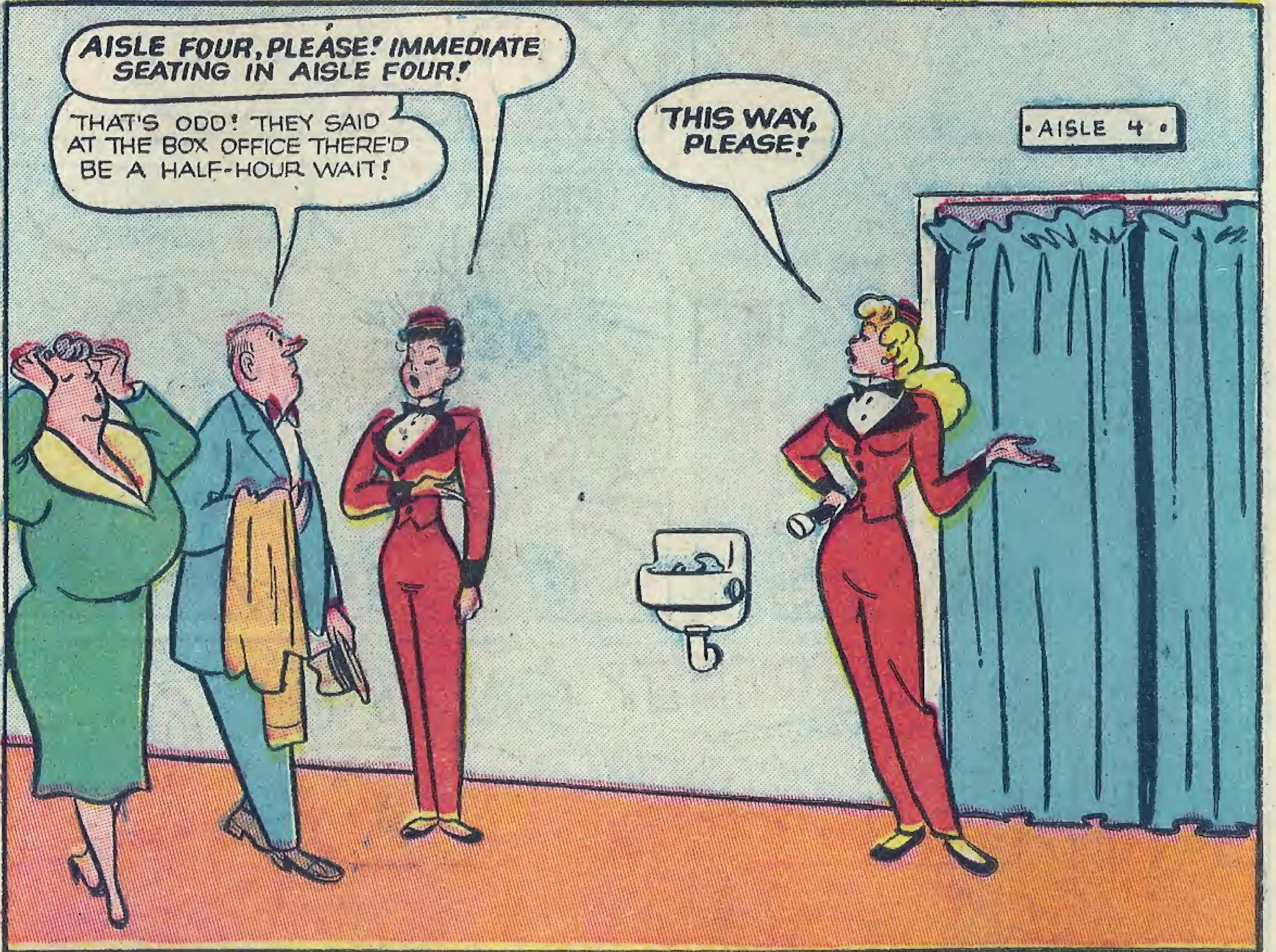






# BROADWAY BABES

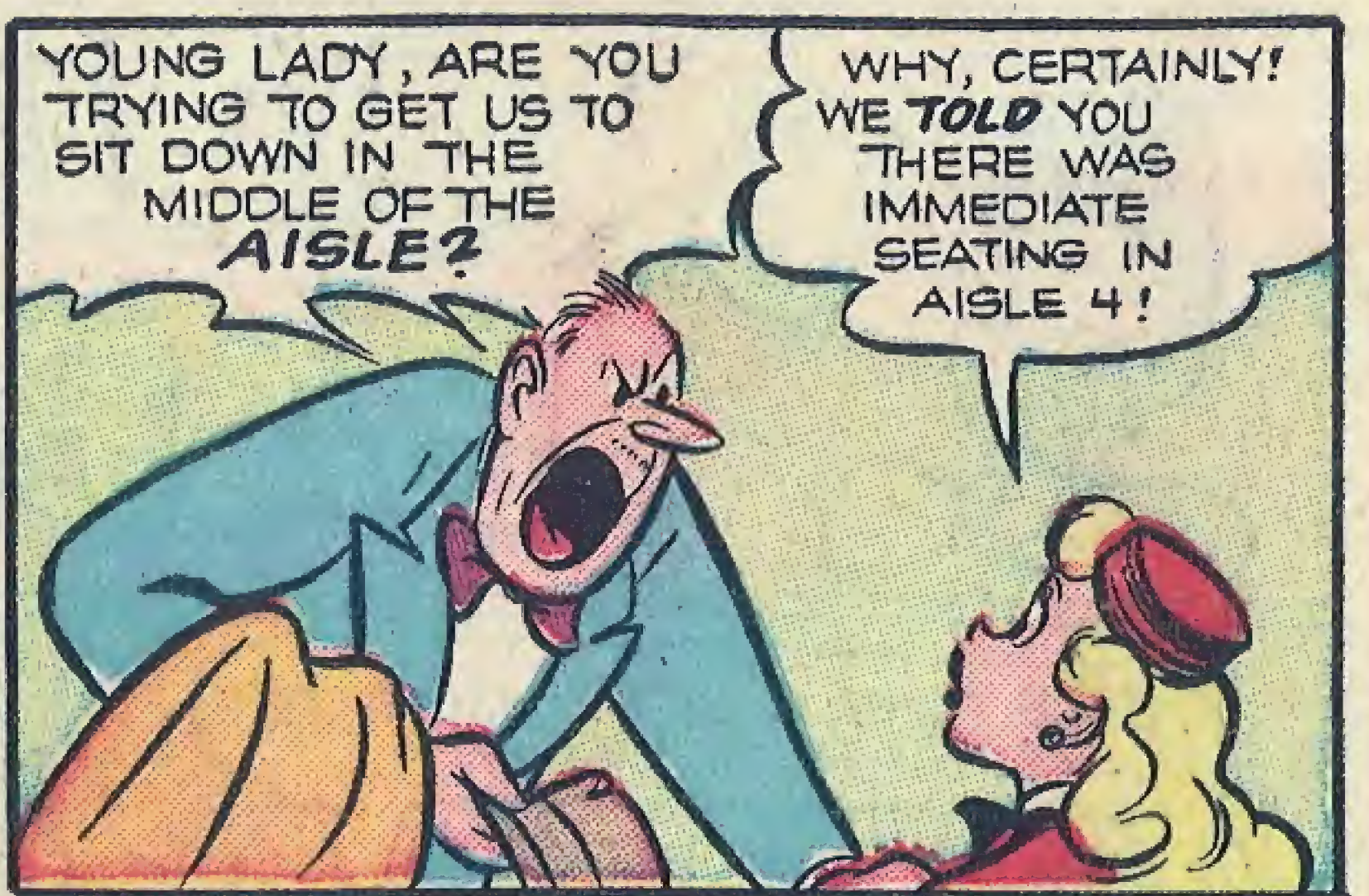






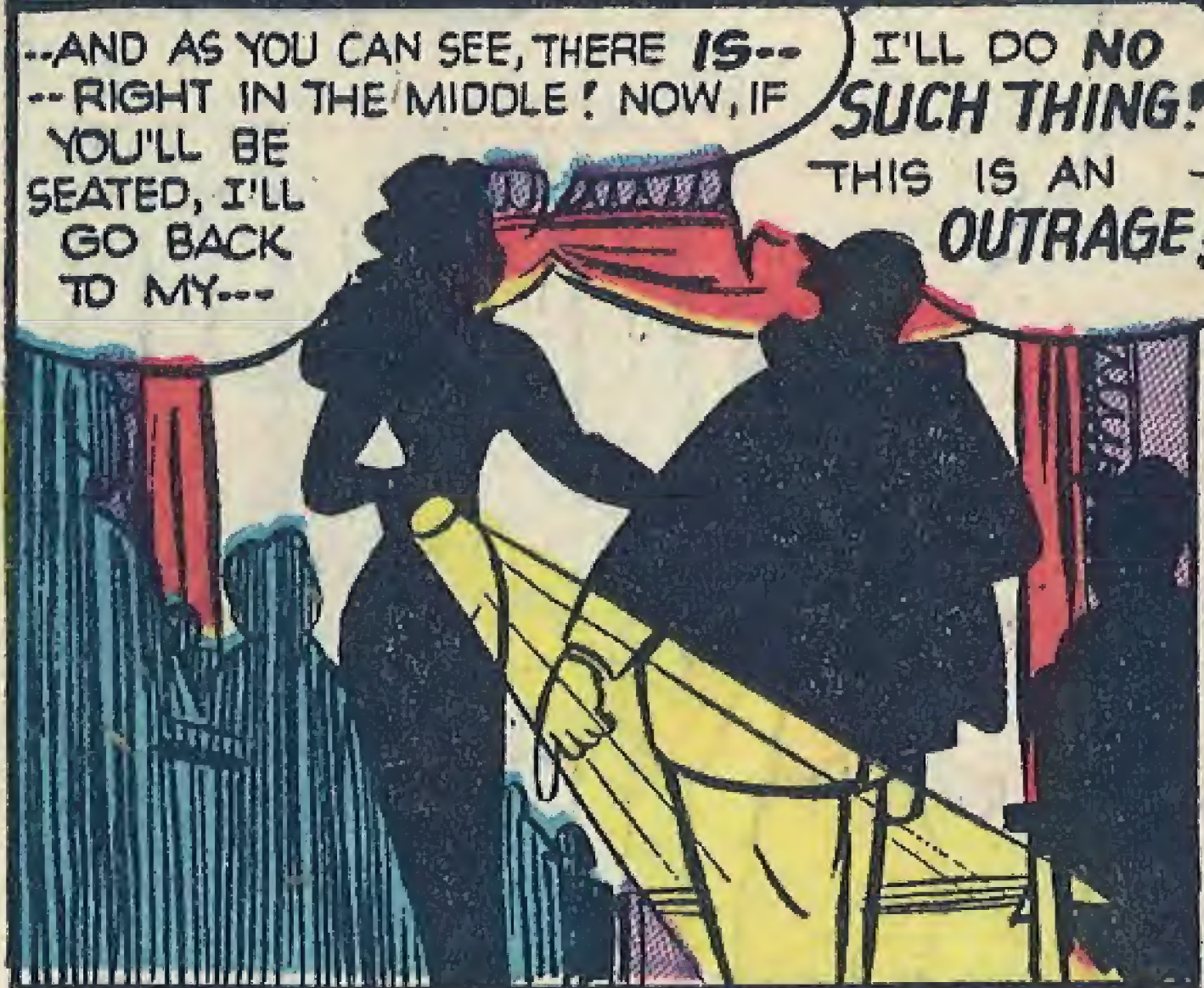


WHY, **RIGHT HERE!**



YOUNG LADY, ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US TO SIT DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE **AISLE?**

WHY, CERTAINLY! WE **TOLD** YOU THERE WAS IMMEDIATE SEATING IN  **AISLE 4!**



--AND AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE **IS**--  
--RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE! NOW, IF YOU'LL BE SEATED, I'LL GO BACK TO MY--

I'LL DO **NO SUCH THING!**  
THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE!**



I PAID FOR TWO SEATS ON THE AISLE, AND---

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU **GOT!** NOW **SIT DOWN!**



**SHH! QUIET! SHUT UP! QUIET!**

I WON'T SHUT UP!

SIR, YOU'RE A **TROUBLE-MAKER!**

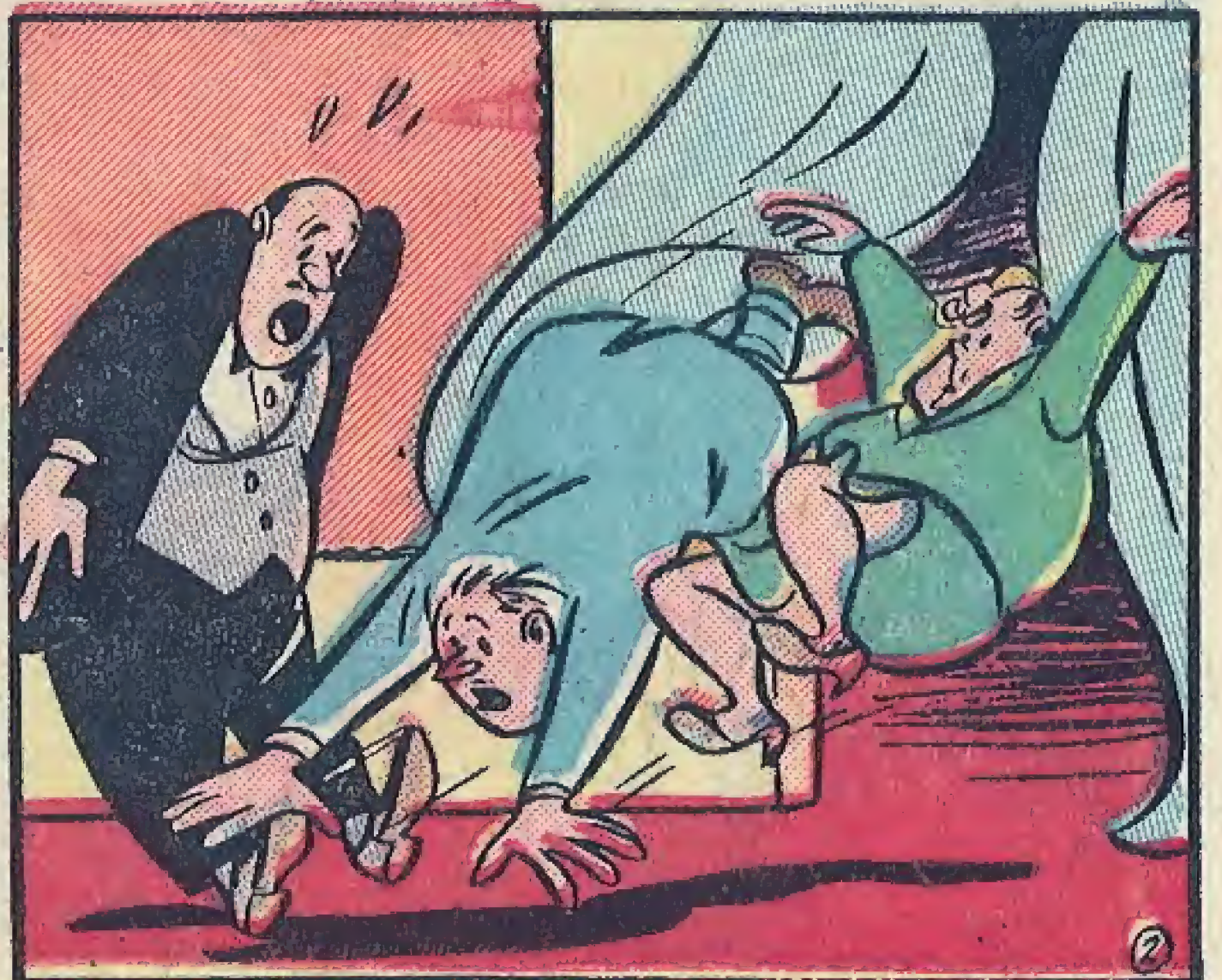


**HOLY SMOKE!** WHAT'S GOING ON IN AISLE 4, DENISE? IT SOUNDS LIKE A **RIOT!**

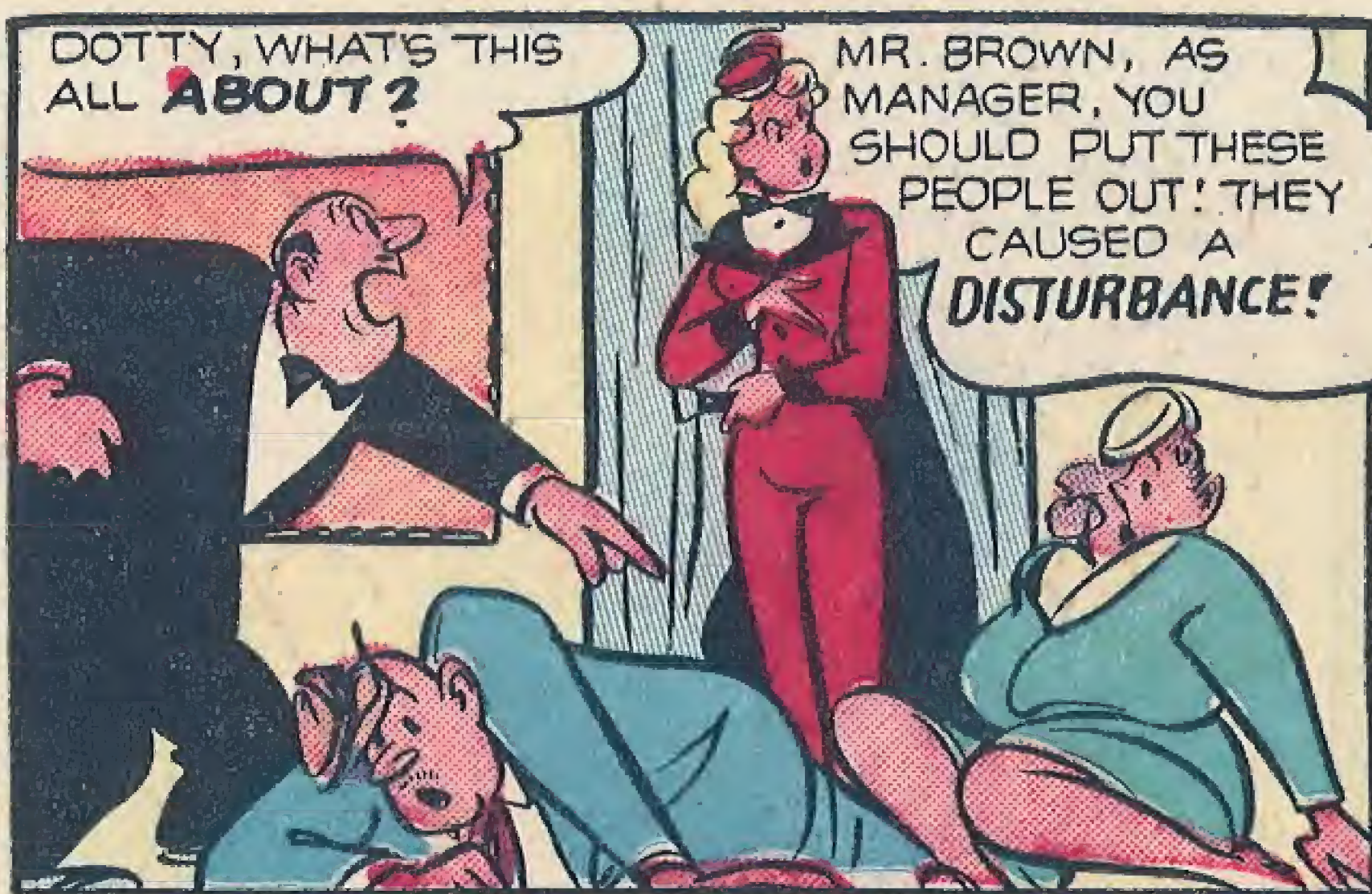
I DON'T KNOW, SIR!

**THROW 'EM OUT!**

**TOSS THEM OUTA HERE!**





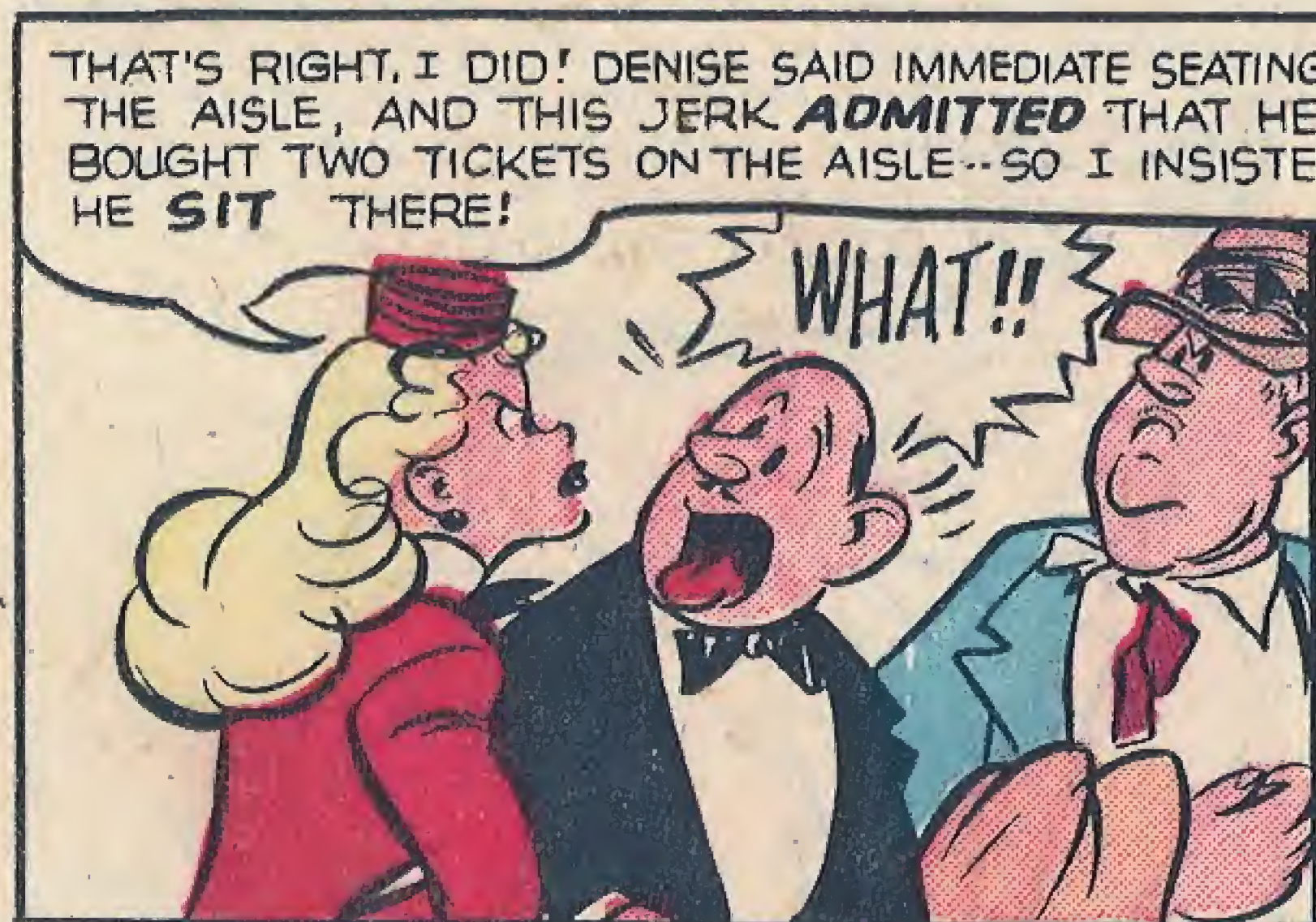


DOTTY, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

MR. BROWN, AS MANAGER, YOU SHOULD PUT THESE PEOPLE OUT! THEY CAUSED A DISTURBANCE!

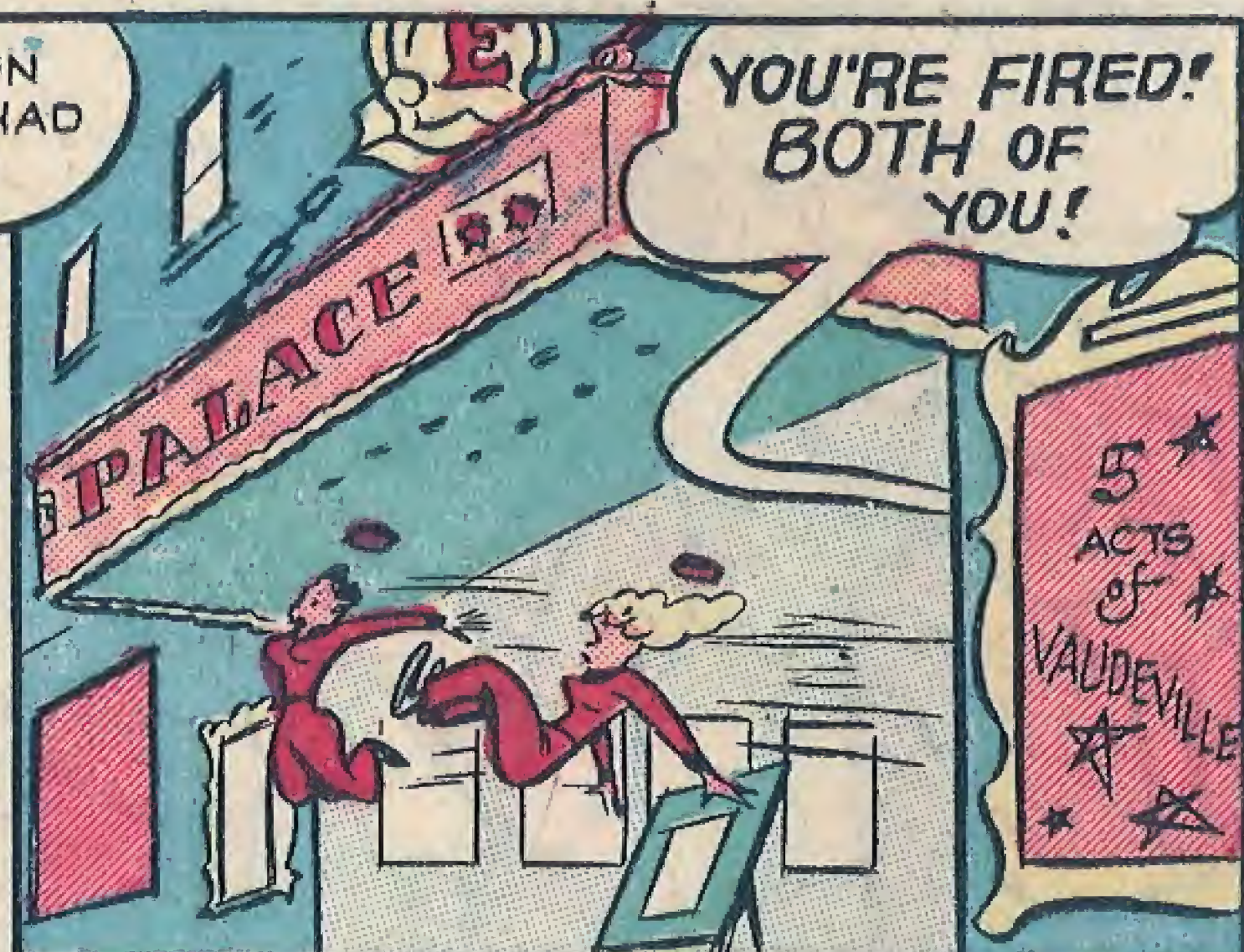


THAT'S A LIE! THIS NIT-WIT USHERETTE TRIED TO MAKE US SIT IN THE AISLE! THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE!

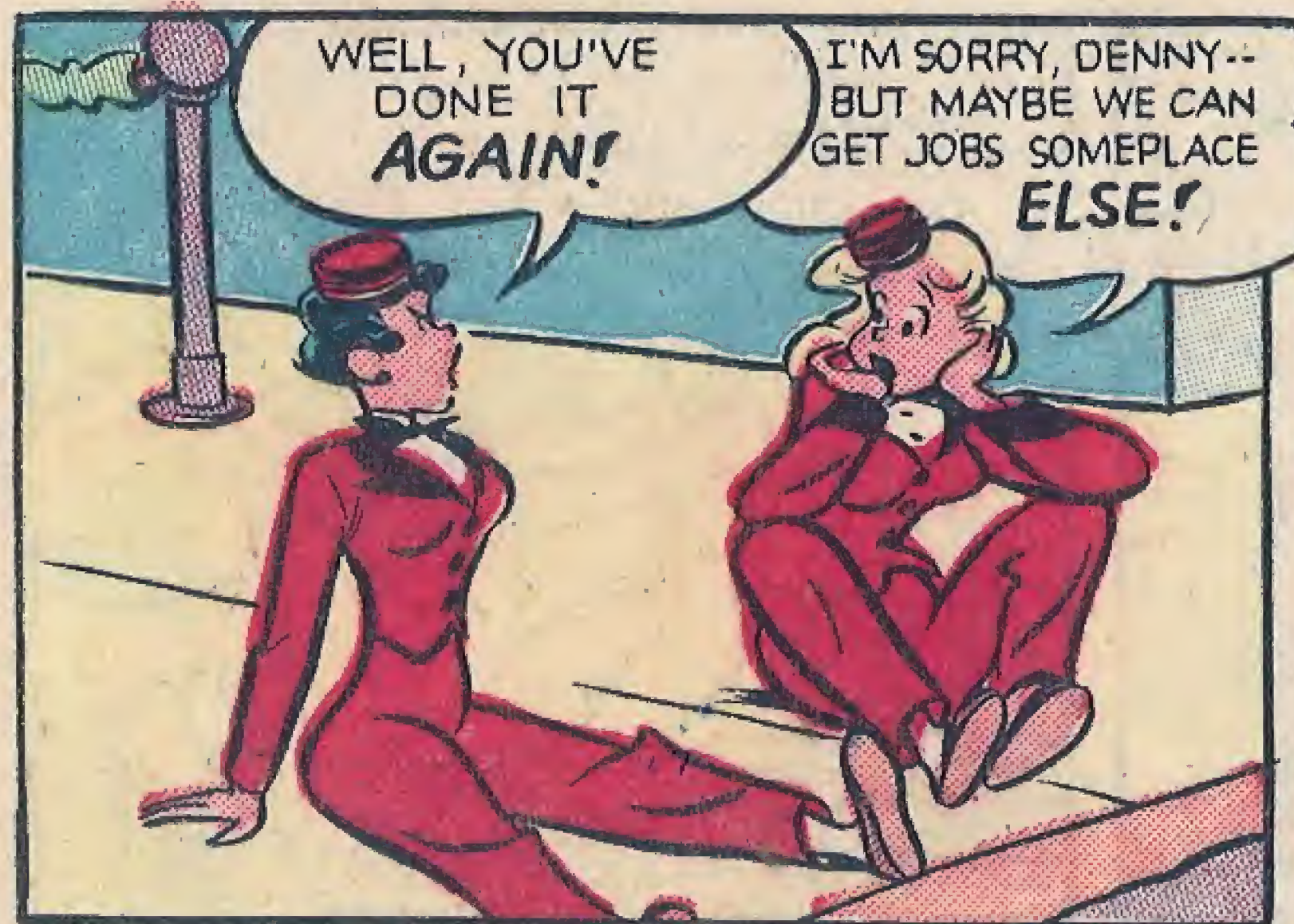


THAT'S RIGHT, I DID! DENISE SAID IMMEDIATE SEATING IN THE AISLE, AND THIS JERK **ADMITTED** THAT HE HAD BOUGHT TWO TICKETS ON THE AISLE--SO I INSISTED HE **SIT** THERE!

WHAT!!



YOU'RE FIRED! BOTH OF YOU!



WELL, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

I'M SORRY, DENNY-- BUT MAYBE WE CAN GET JOBS SOMEPLACE ELSE!



THAT'S **NOT THE POINT!** I GOT US JOBS IN THAT THEATRE IN THE HOPE THAT **SOMEHOW** WE COULD GET OUR ACT ON THE STAGE, REMEMBER?

OH... YEAH!



WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET IN SHOW BUSINESS AND HAVE OUR NAMES ON BROADWAY FOR YEARS, AND THOSE USHERETTE JOBS MIGHT HAVE LED TO SOMETHING SOONER OR LATER-- BUT **NOT NOW**-- THANKS TO YOU!

YOU'RE WELCOME!



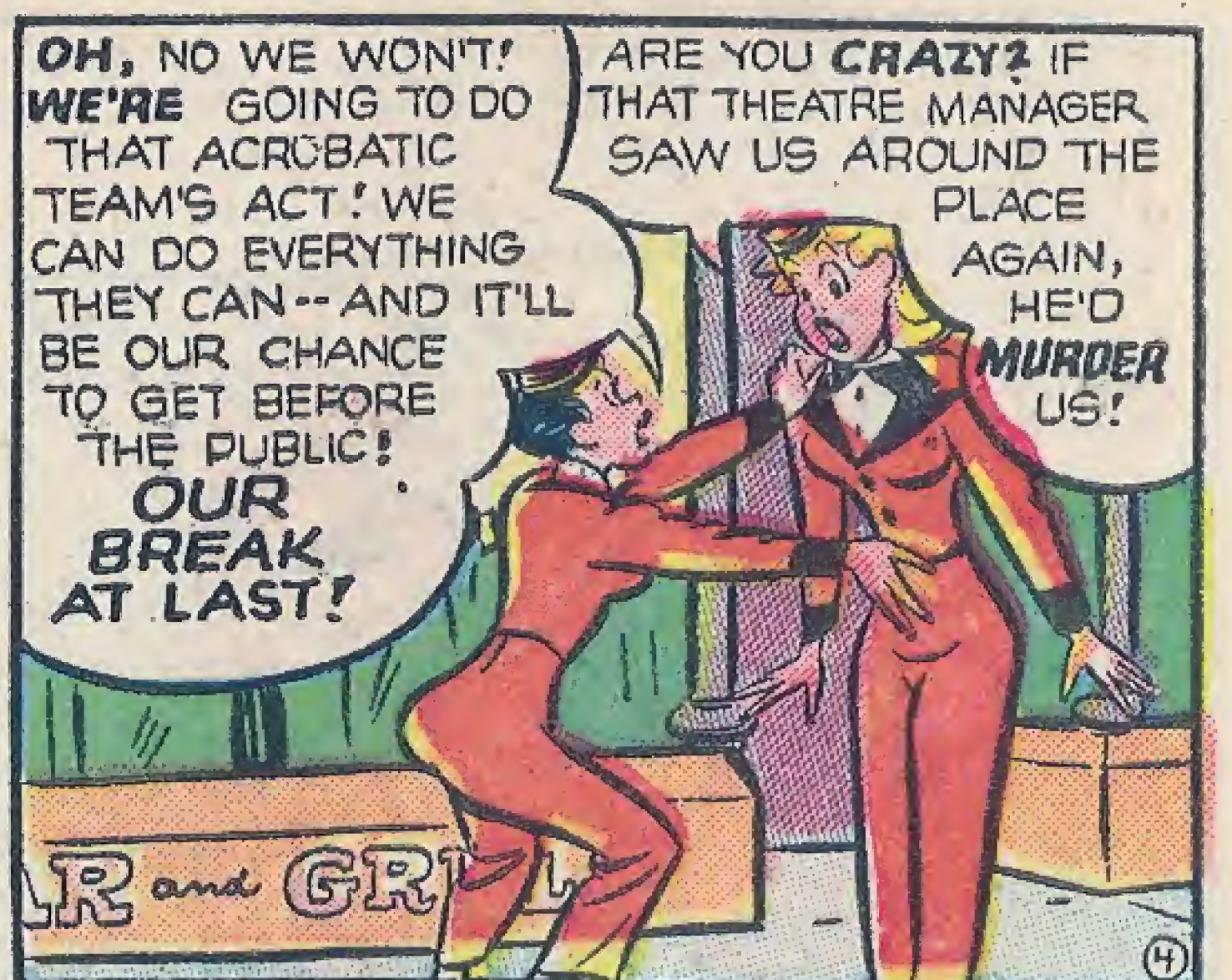
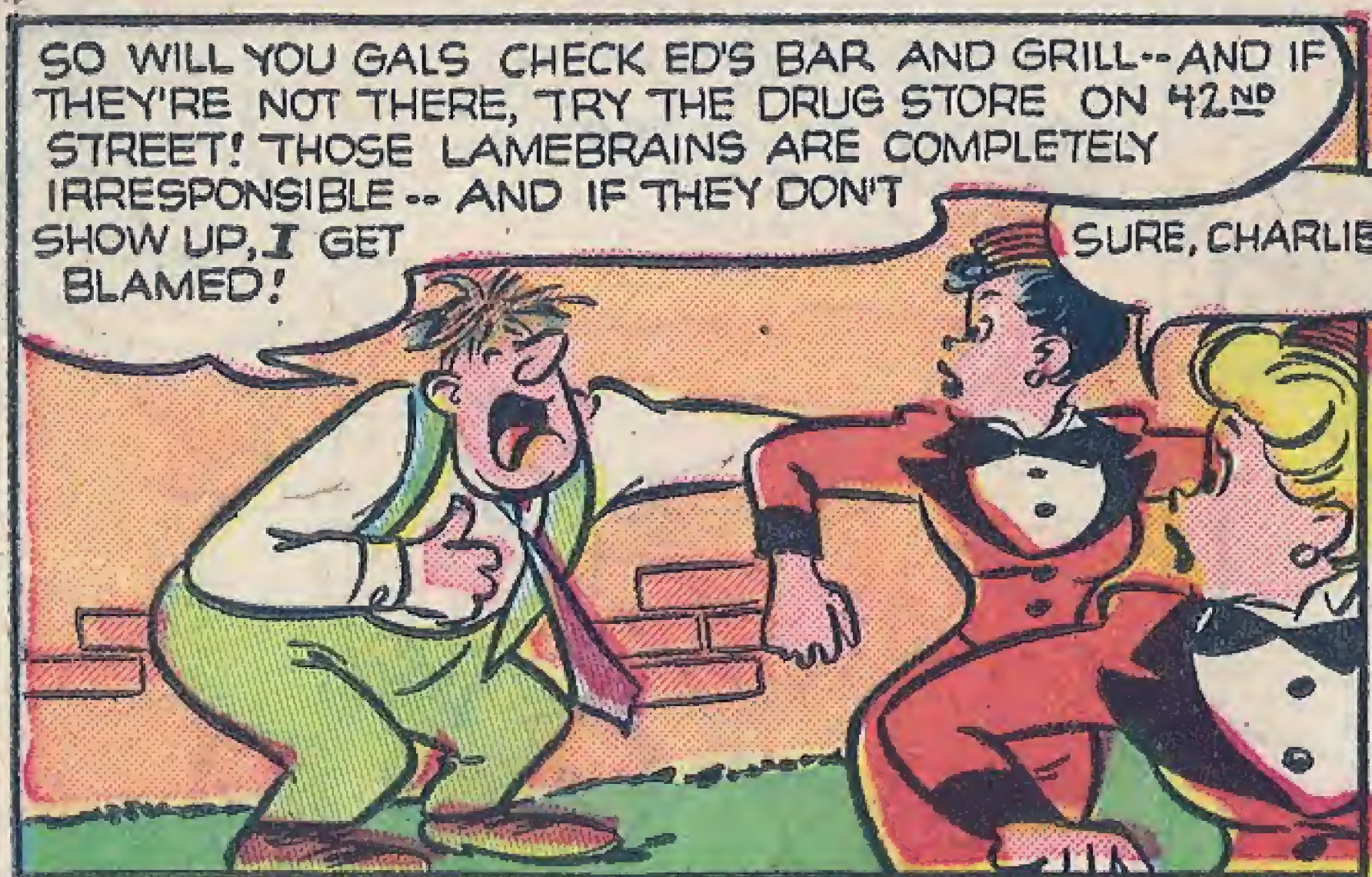
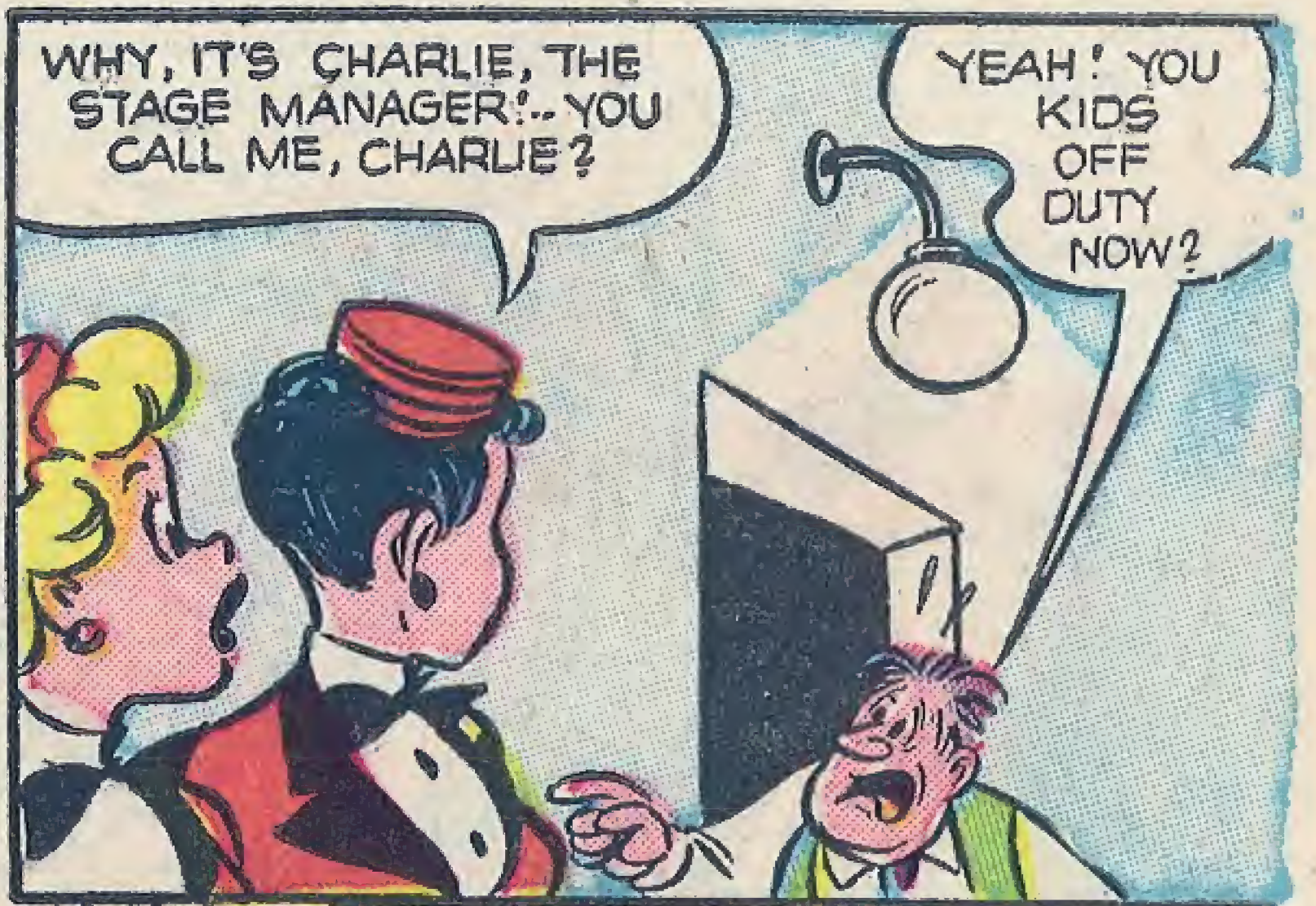
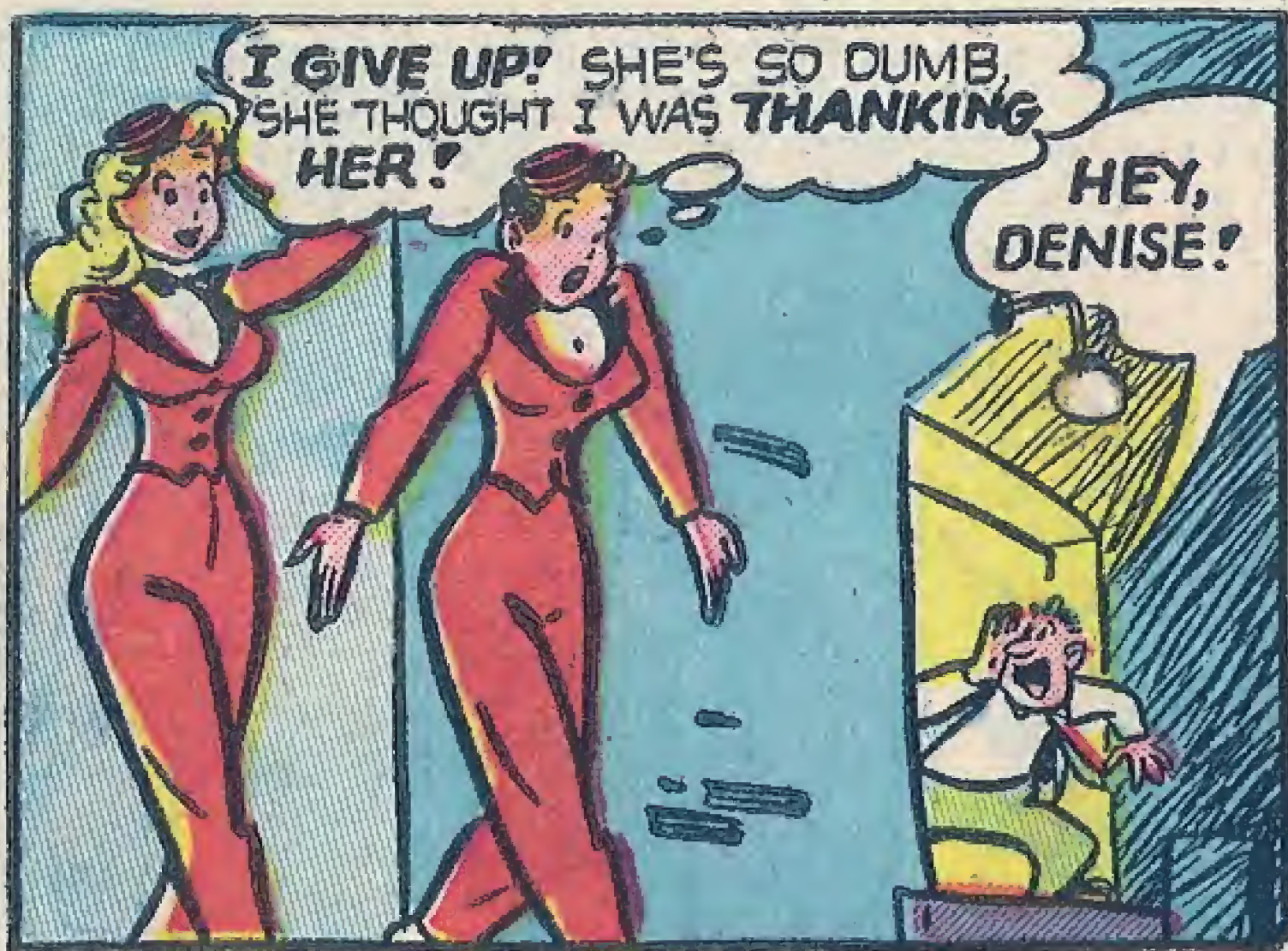
WHAT'D YOU SAY?

I SAID YOU'RE WELCOME!

WHY'D YOU SAY THAT?

BECAUSE YOU SAID, "THANKS TO YOU", SO I SAID, "YOU'RE WELCOME!"

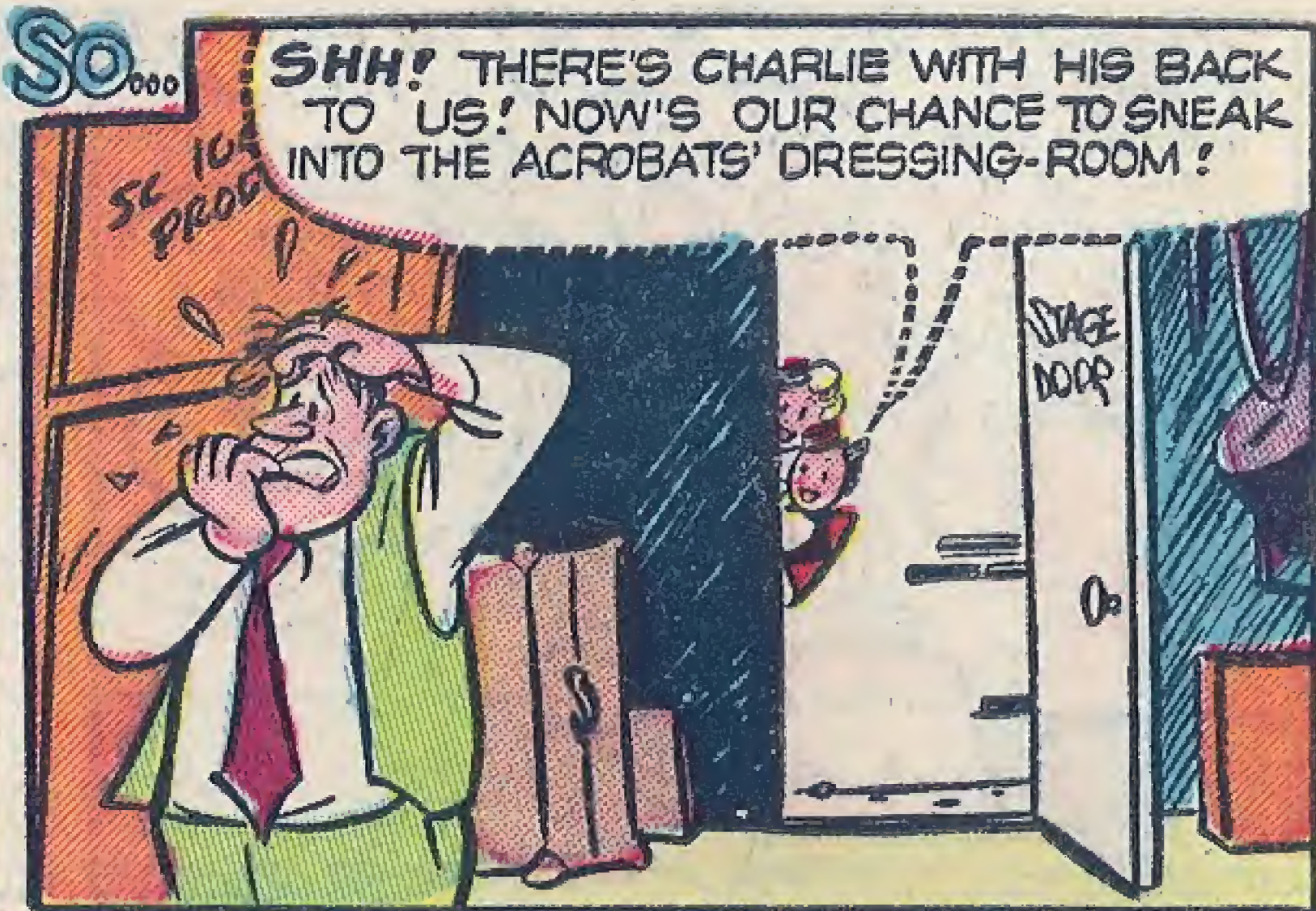








HE'S NOT **GONNA** SEE US! WE'LL HIDE IN THE DRESSING-ROOM UNTIL IT'S TIME TO GO ON!... **C'MON!**



**SO**... **SHH!** THERE'S CHARLIE WITH HIS BACK TO US! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO SNEAK INTO THE ACROBATS' DRESSING-ROOM!



**WHEW!** WE MADE IT! NOW CHARLIE'LL THINK WE'RE STILL LOOKING FOR THEM!

YEAH, BUT WHEN IT COMES TIME TO GO ONSTAGE, HE'LL

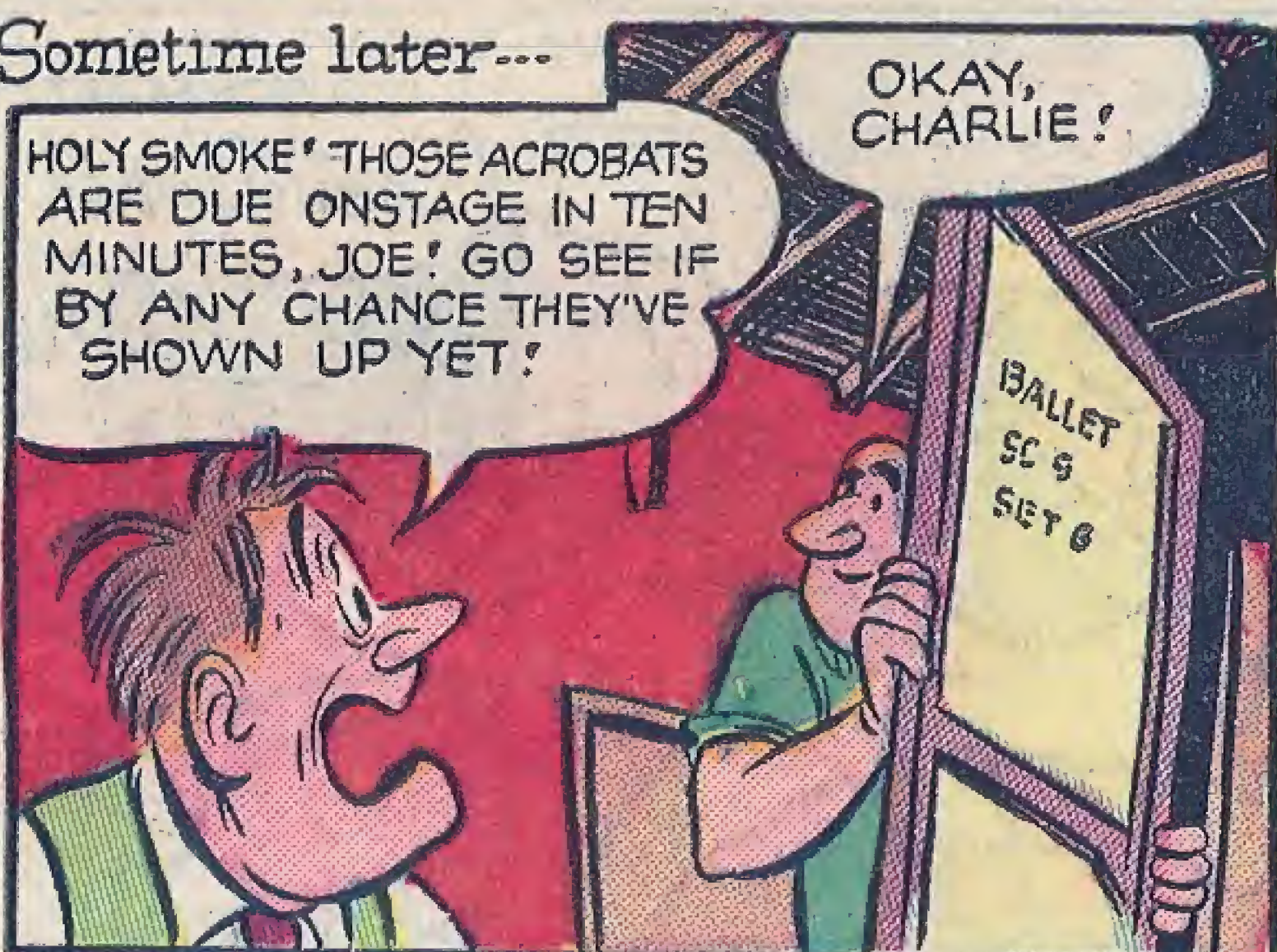
**STOP** US, YOU DOPE!



NO, HE WON'T! YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT THOSE ACROBATS DO THE FIRST PART OF THEIR ACT IN THIS SILLY **HORSE GET-UP!** HE WON'T KNOW WE'RE IN IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT!

Sometime later...



HOLY SMOKE! THOSE ACROBATS ARE DUE ONSTAGE IN TEN MINUTES, JOE! GO SEE IF BY ANY CHANCE THEY'VE SHOWN UP YET!

OKAY, CHARLIE!

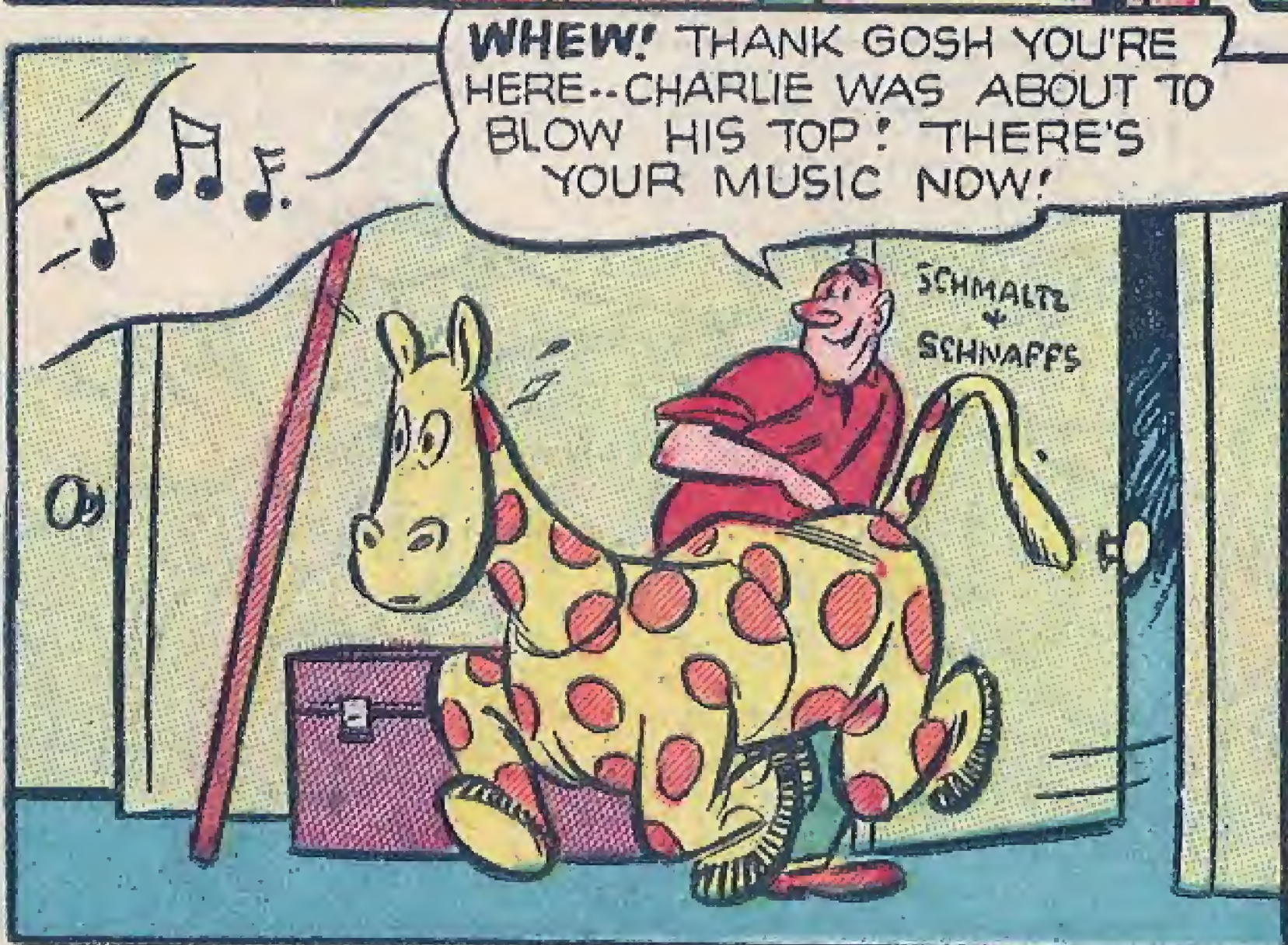


**HEY! YOU GUYS IN THERE! YOU'RE DUE ONSTAGE!**

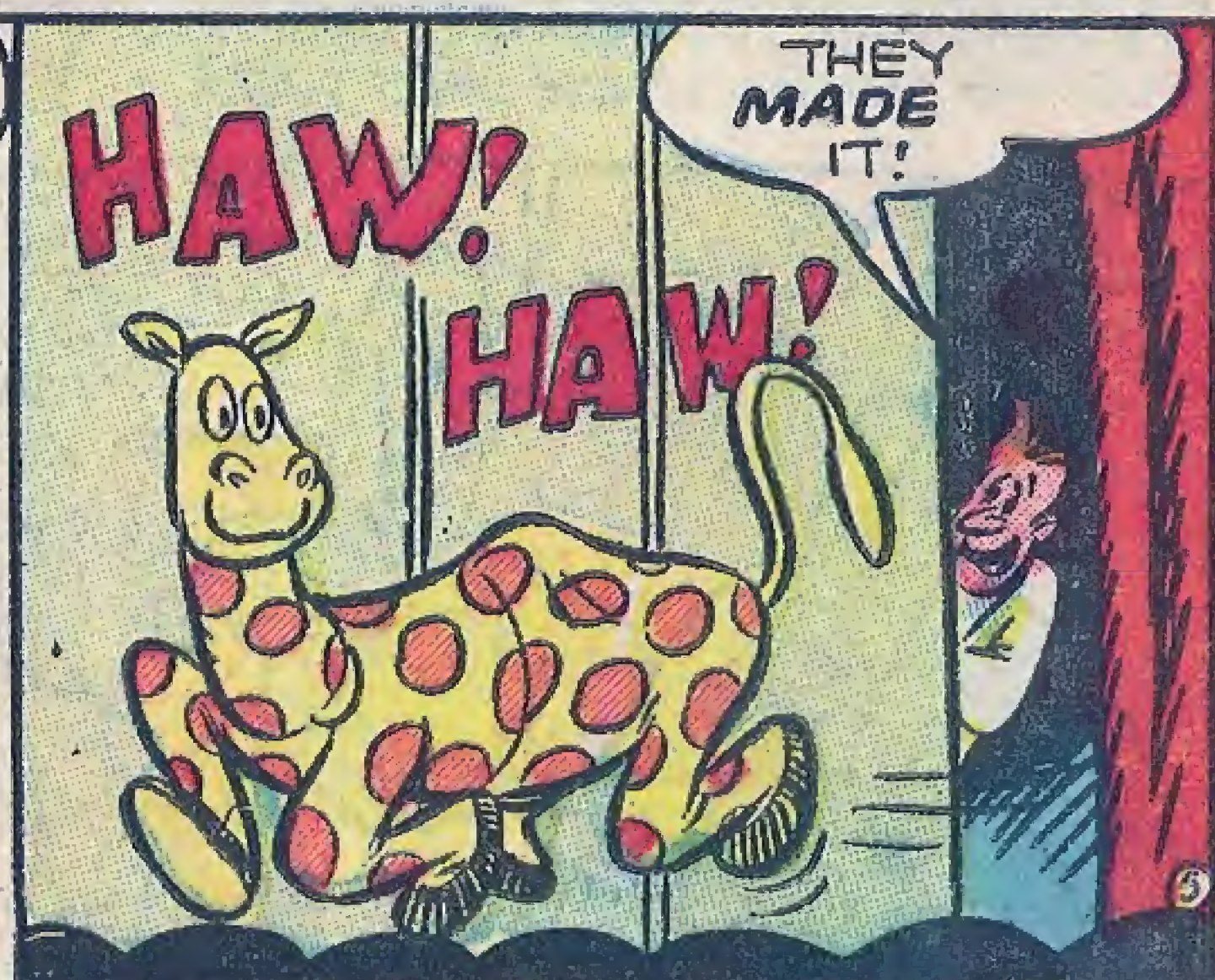
THIS IS IT! COME ON, LET'S GO!

OKAY!

**BAM! BAM! BAM!**



**WHEW!** THANK GOSH YOU'RE HERE--CHARLIE WAS ABOUT TO BLOW HIS TOP! THERE'S YOUR MUSIC NOW!



**HAW! HAW!**

THEY MADE IT!





PSSST! REMEMBER THE ROUTINE! WE DO A HAND STAND NOW!

I'M DOIN' IT!

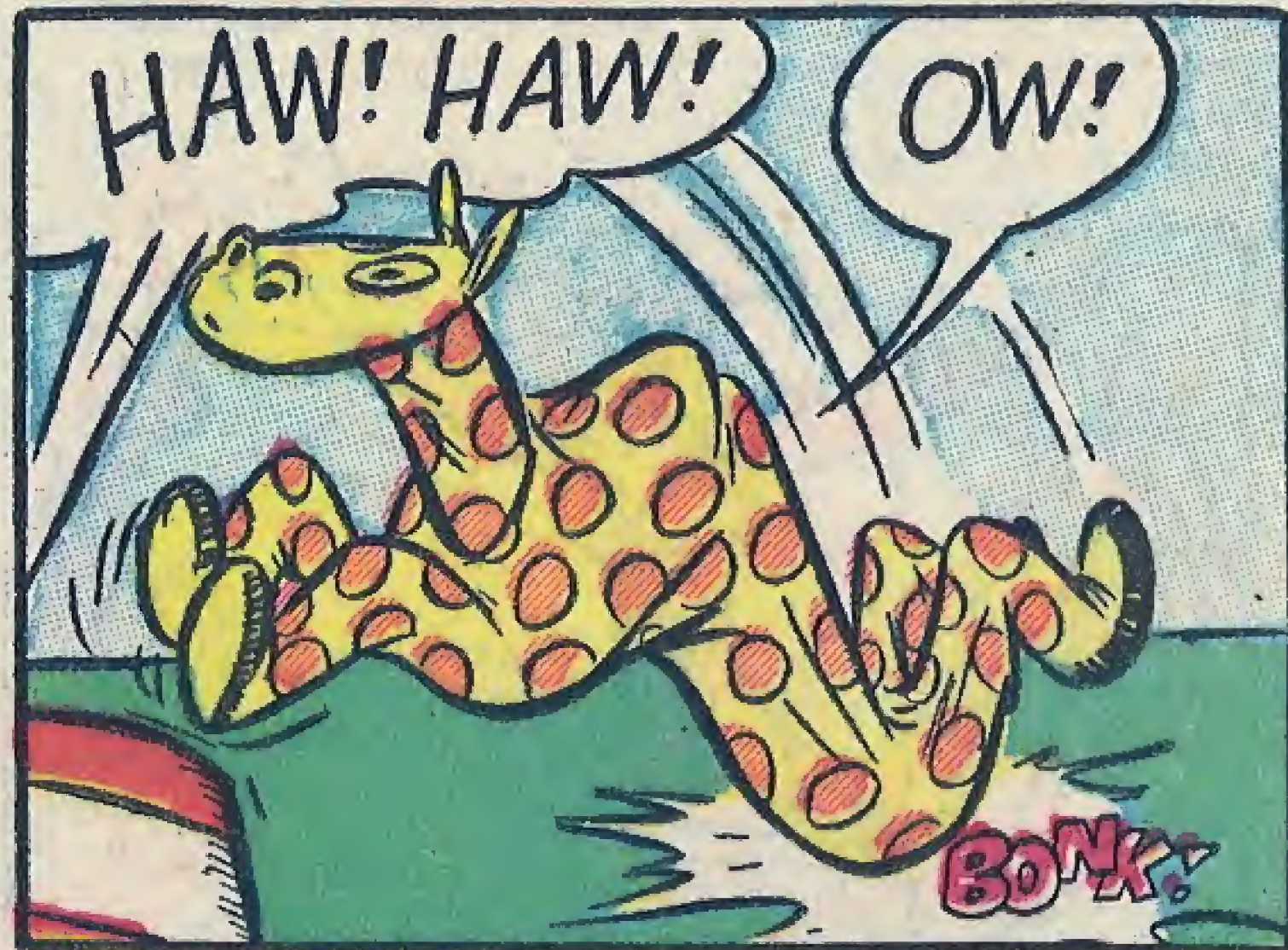
HMM... THE BOYS LOOK A LITTLE SLOPPY TONIGHT!



GET OFF MY HEAD!

HEY, DENNY! HOW DO I GET BACK DOWN?

WOT TH... THOSE TWO ARE CHANGING THEIR ACT!



HAW! HAW!

OW!

BONK!



WHAT AN ACT! HO-HO-HO!

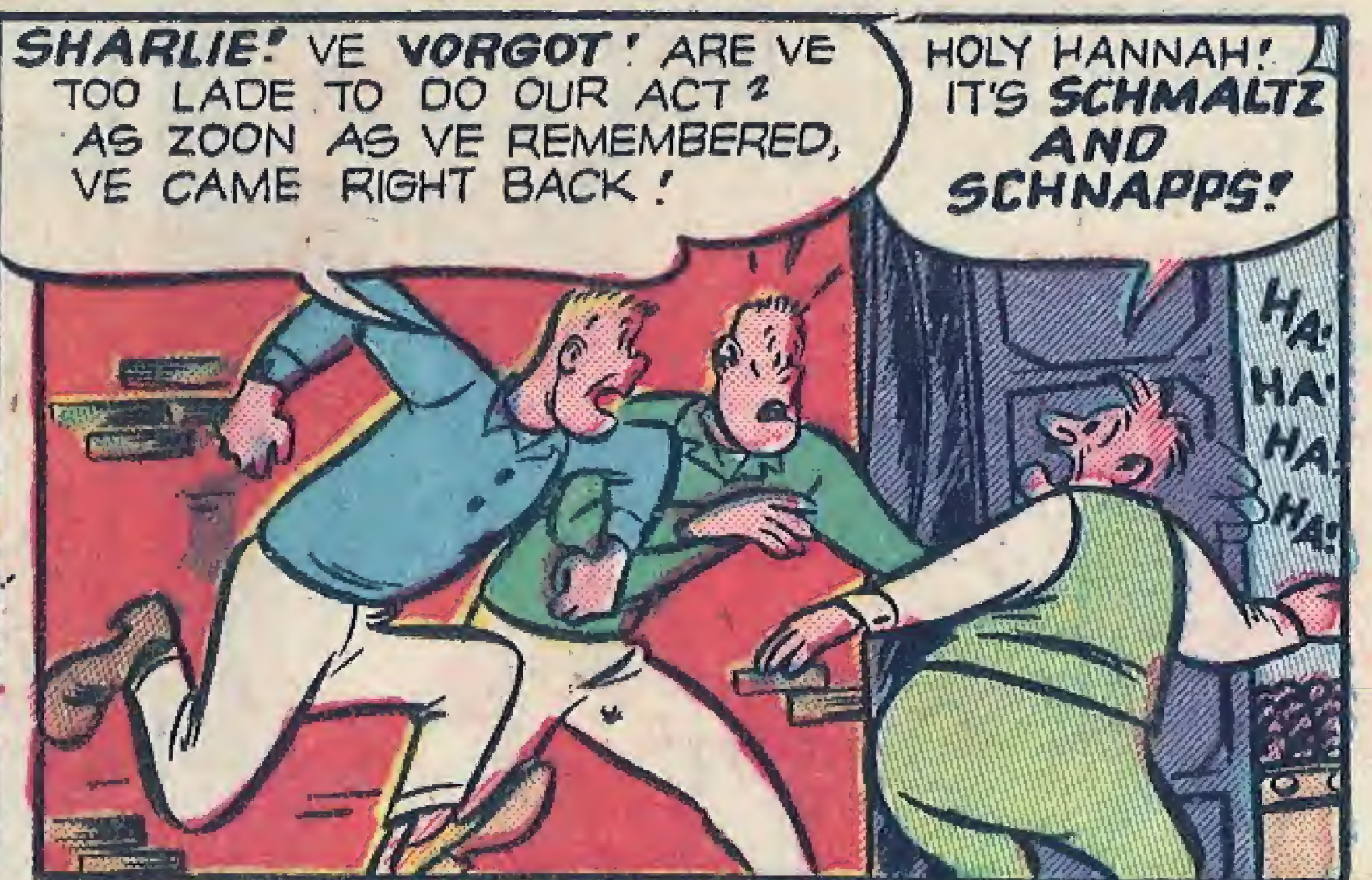
ULP! YOU OKAY, DOTTY?

I THINK SO!



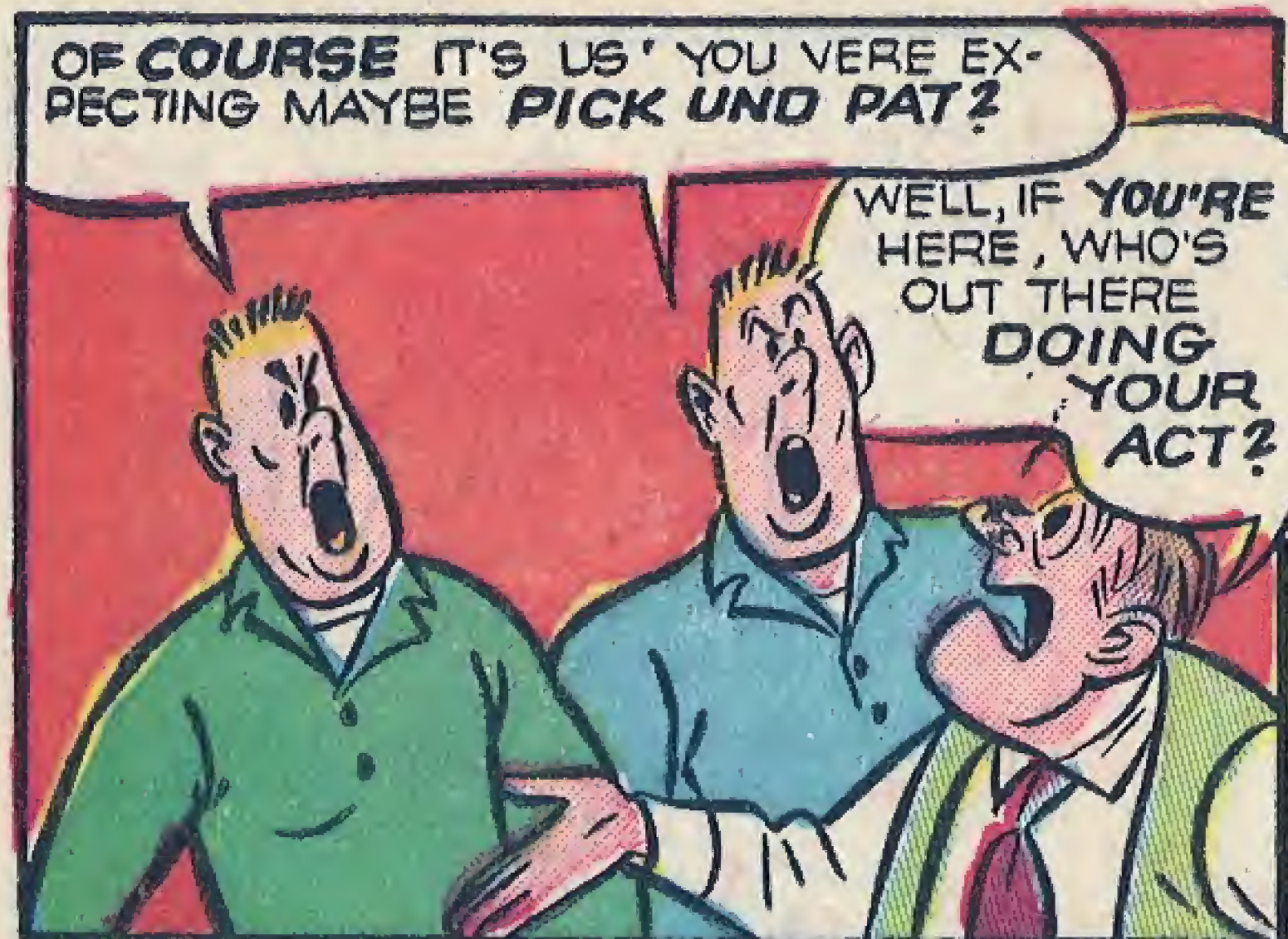
HAW! HAW! HAW!

THOSE TWO HAVE A GREAT NEW ACT! THEY AREN'T DOING ANY ACROBATICS, BUT THEY'RE AS FUNNY AS ALL GET-OUT!



SHARLIE! VE VORGOT! ARE VE TOO LADE TO DO OUR ACT? AS ZOON AS VE REMEMBERED, VE CAME RIGHT BACK!

HOLY HANNAH! IT'S SCHMALTZ AND SCHNAPPS!



OF COURSE IT'S US! YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE PICK UND PAT?

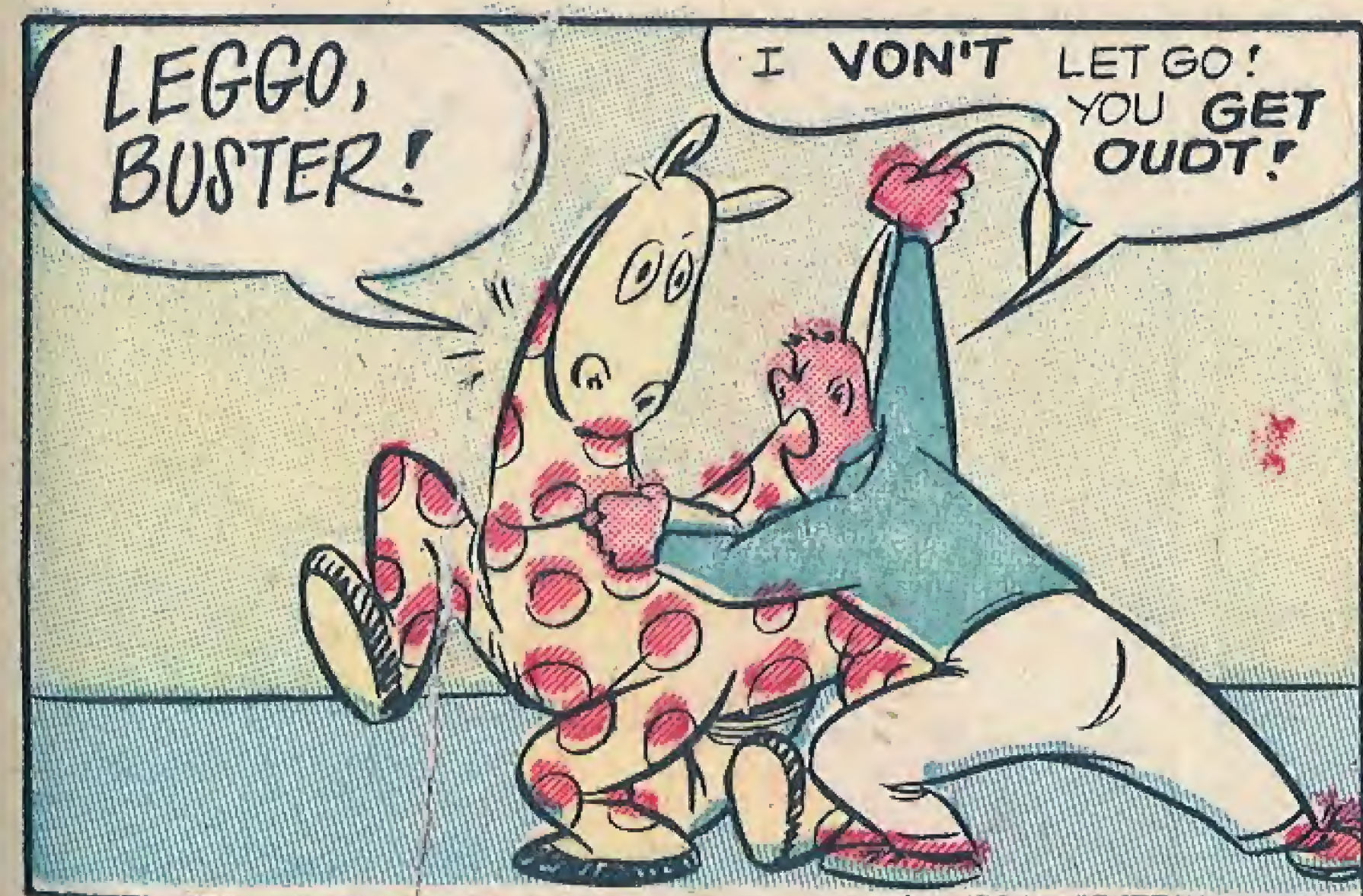
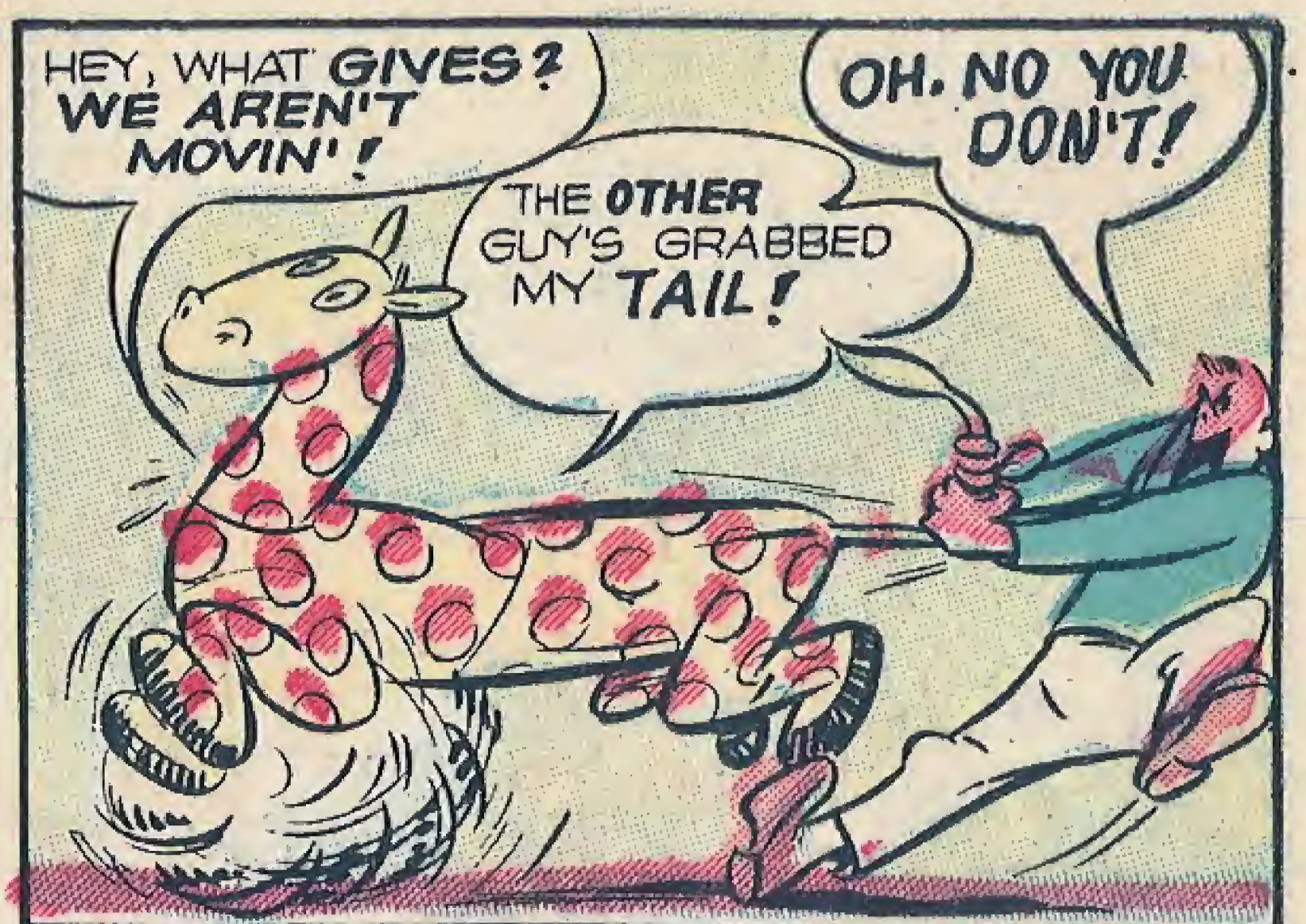
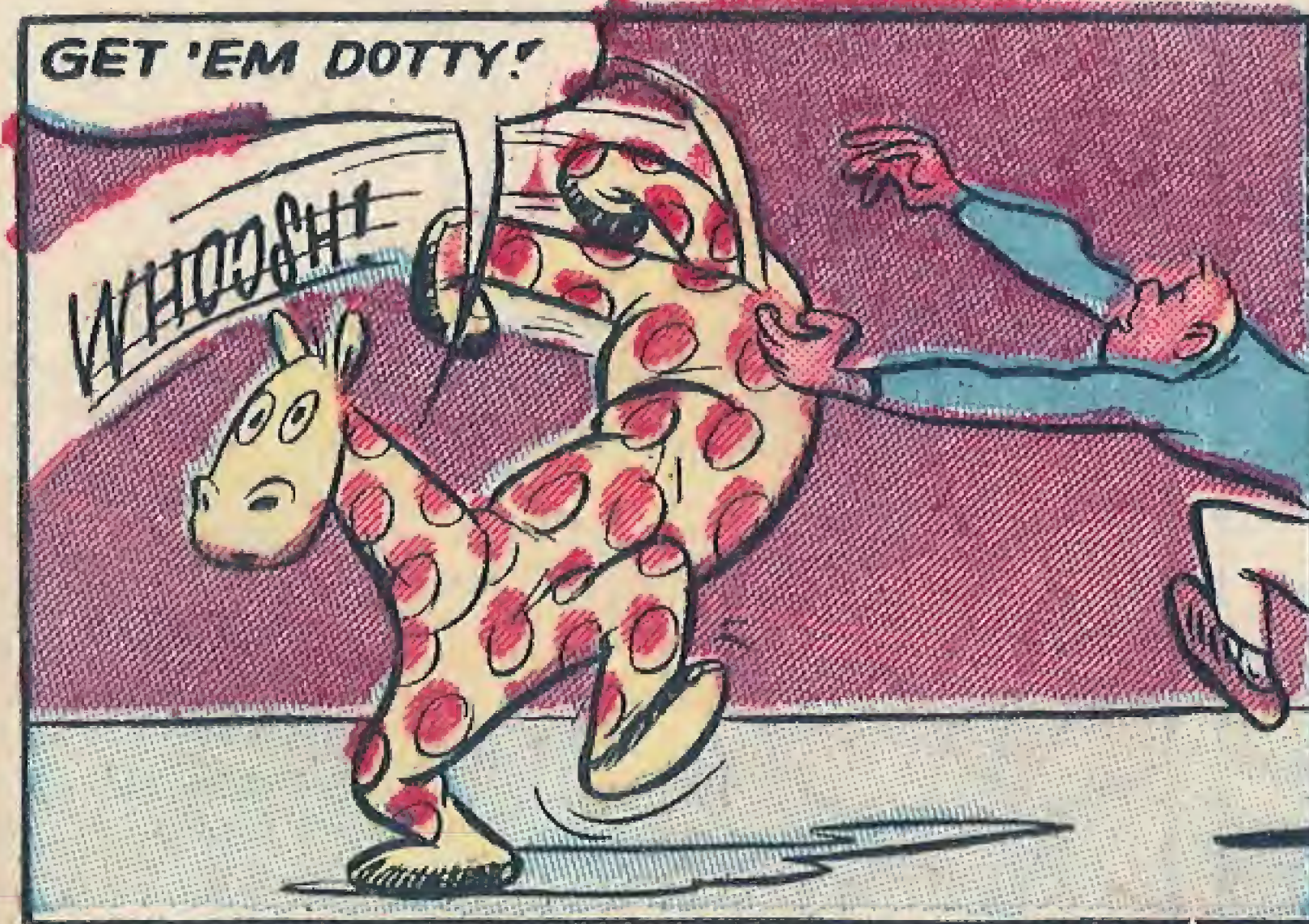
WELL, IF YOU'RE HERE, WHO'S OUT THERE DOING YOUR ACT?



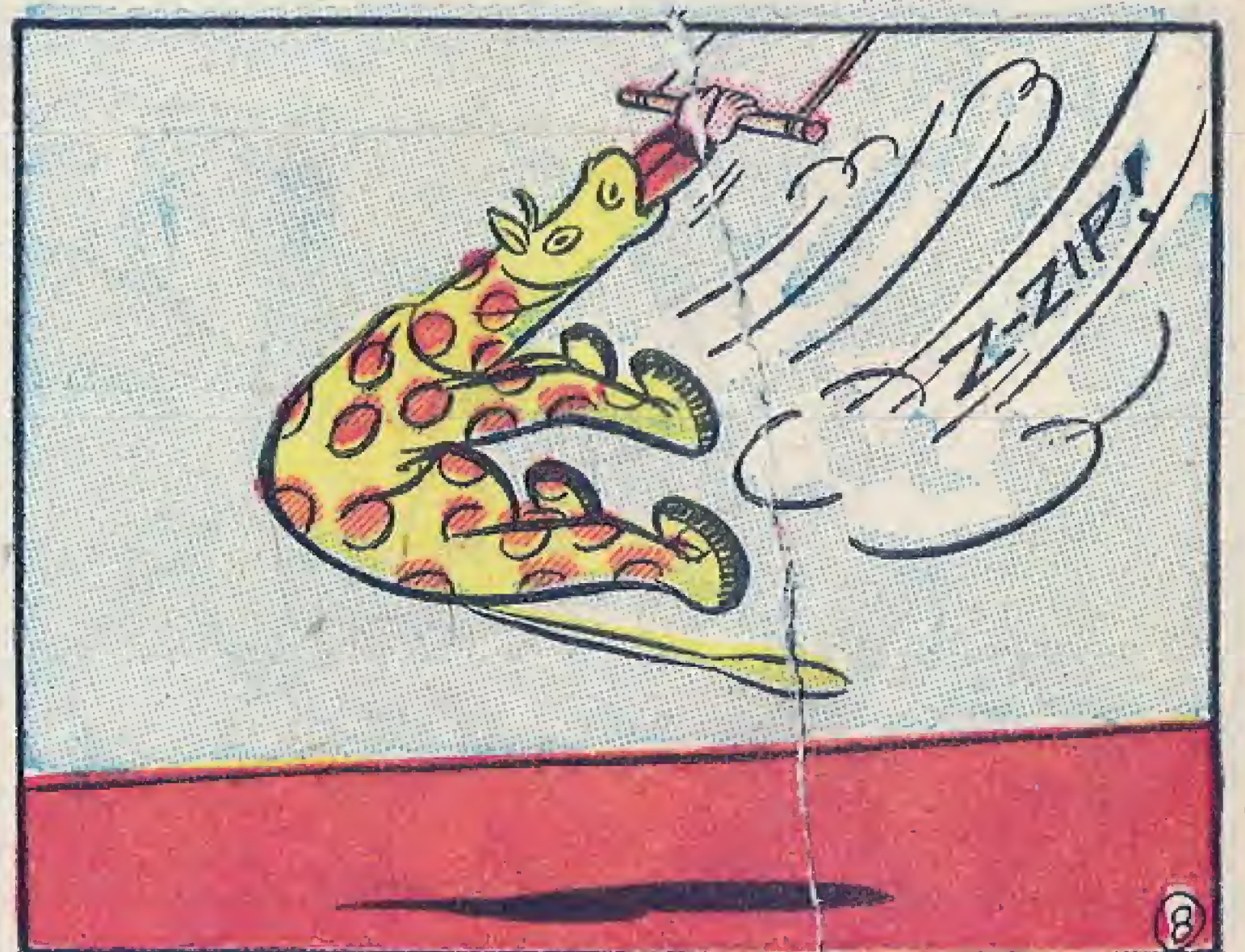
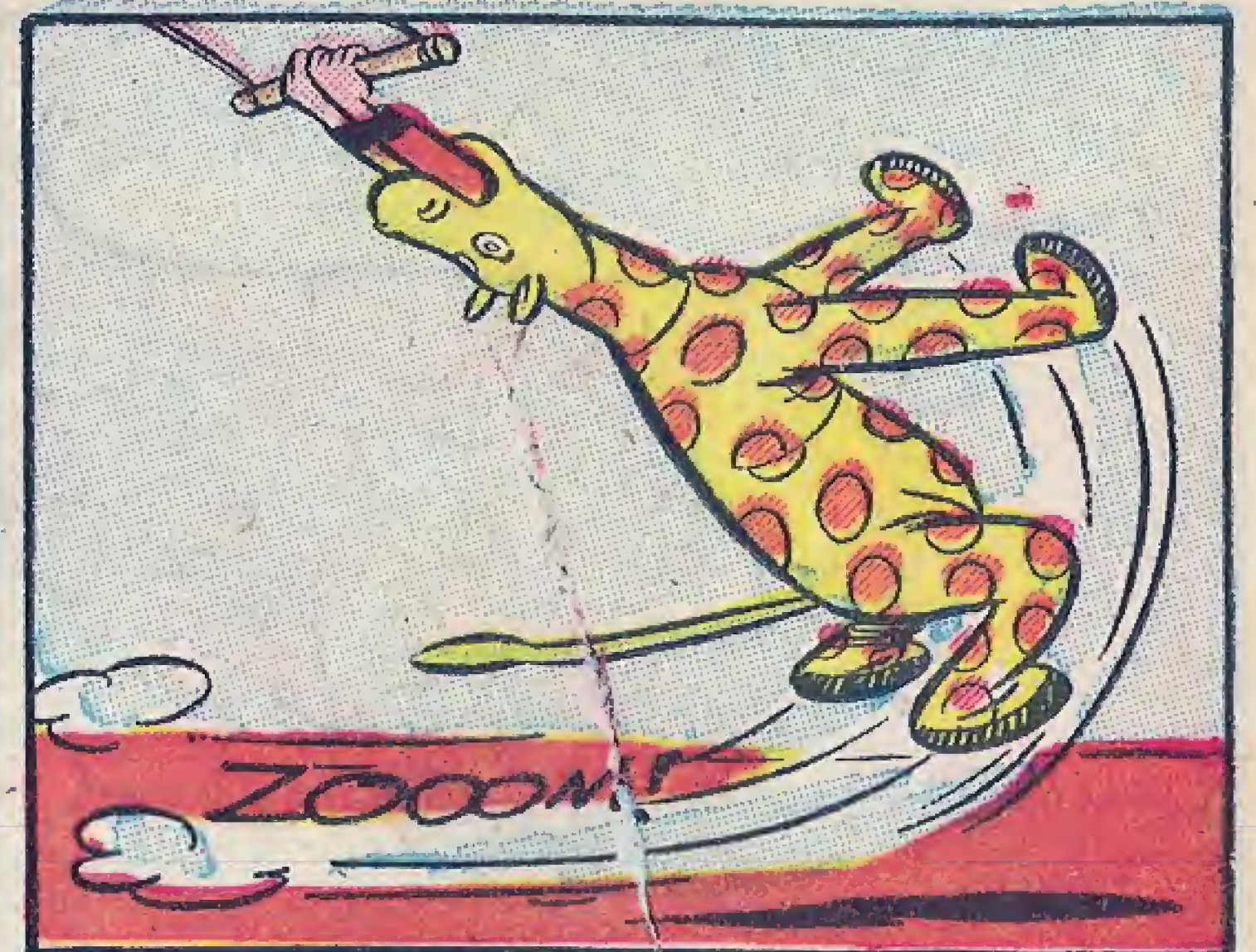
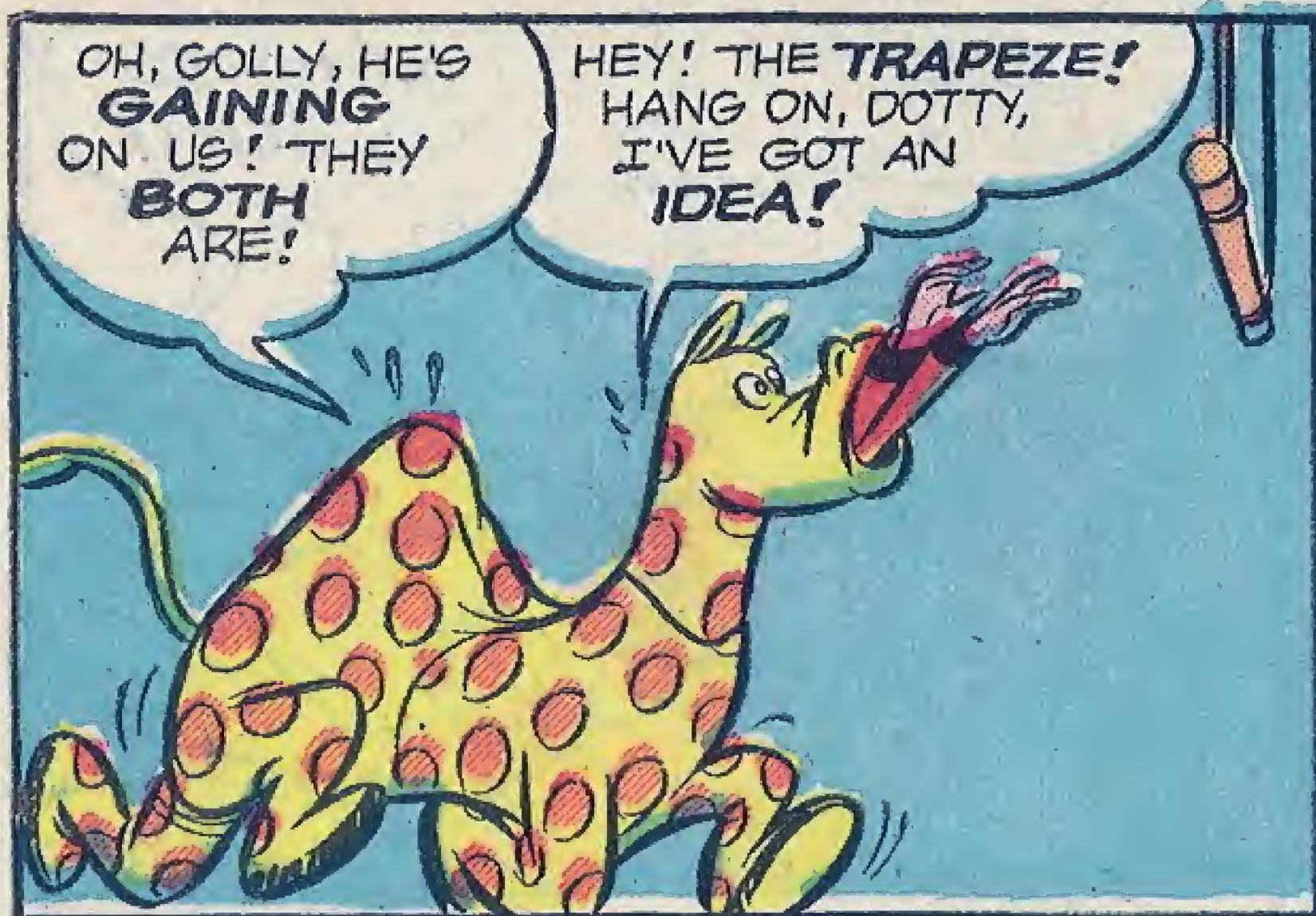
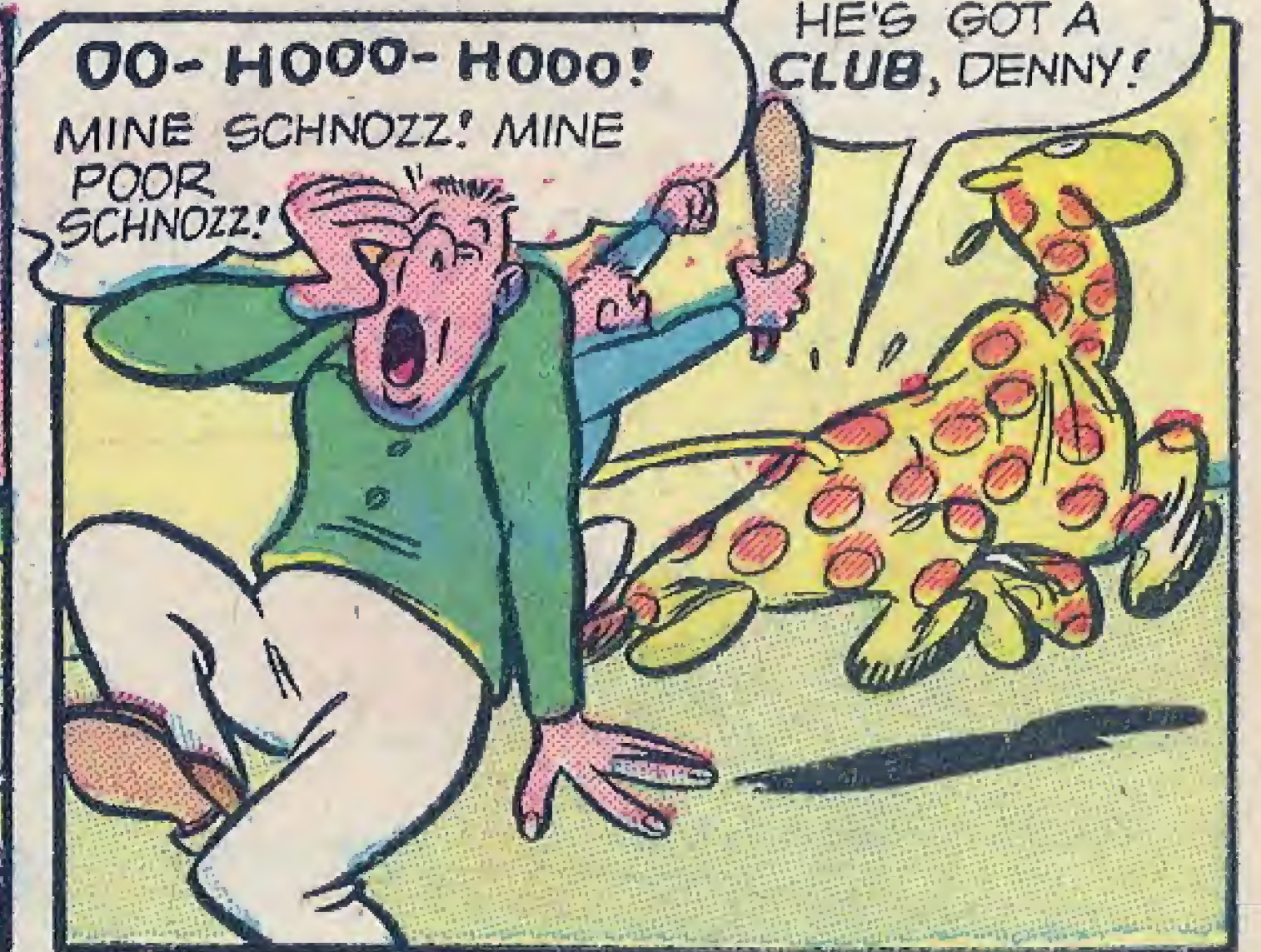
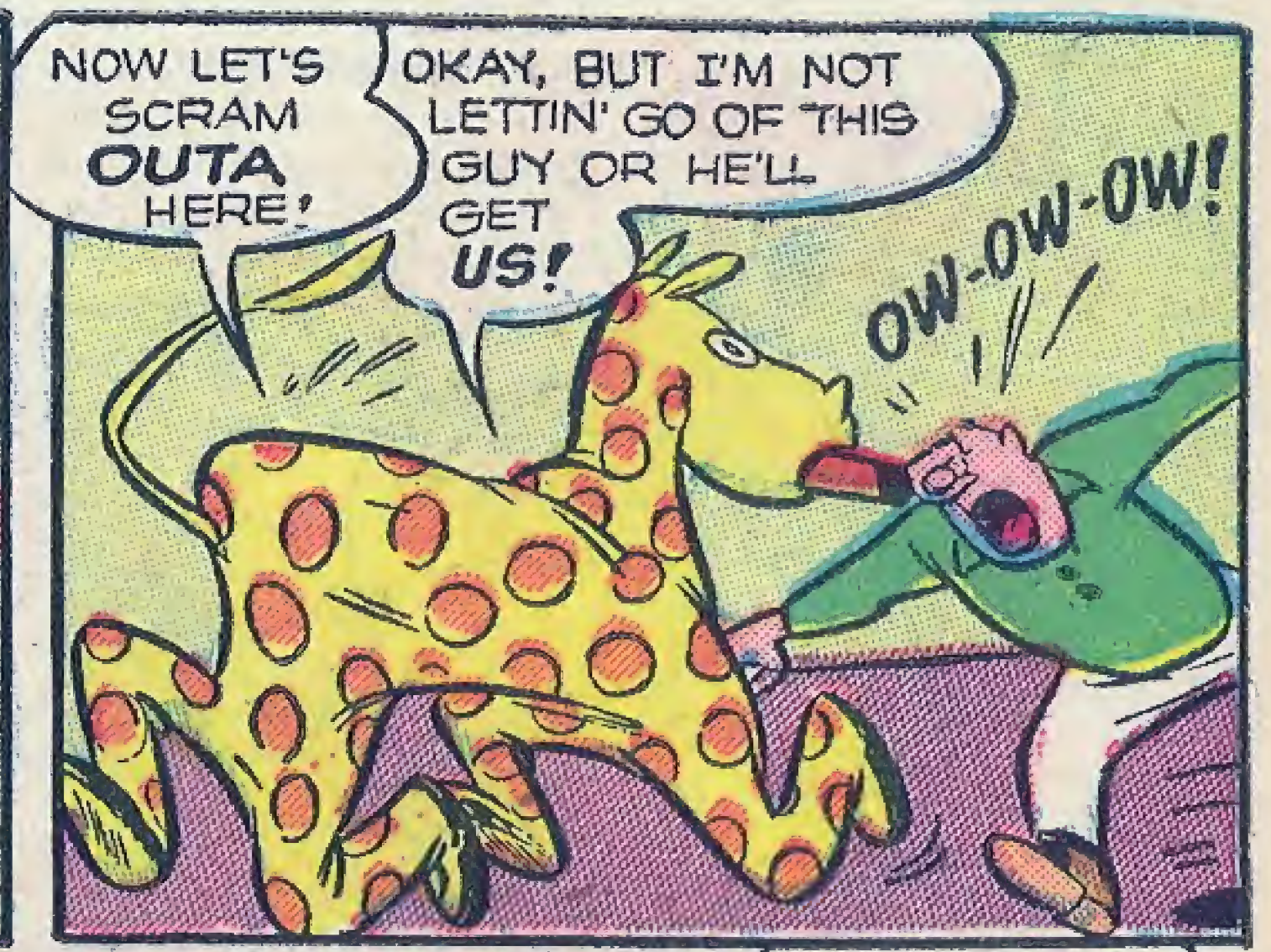
VOT?? DEY'RE IMPOSTERS! FAKERS HAVE STOLEN OUR ACT, UND OUR COSTUMES TOO!

DON'T JUST SHTAND DERE, DUMKOPF! GRAB DEM!

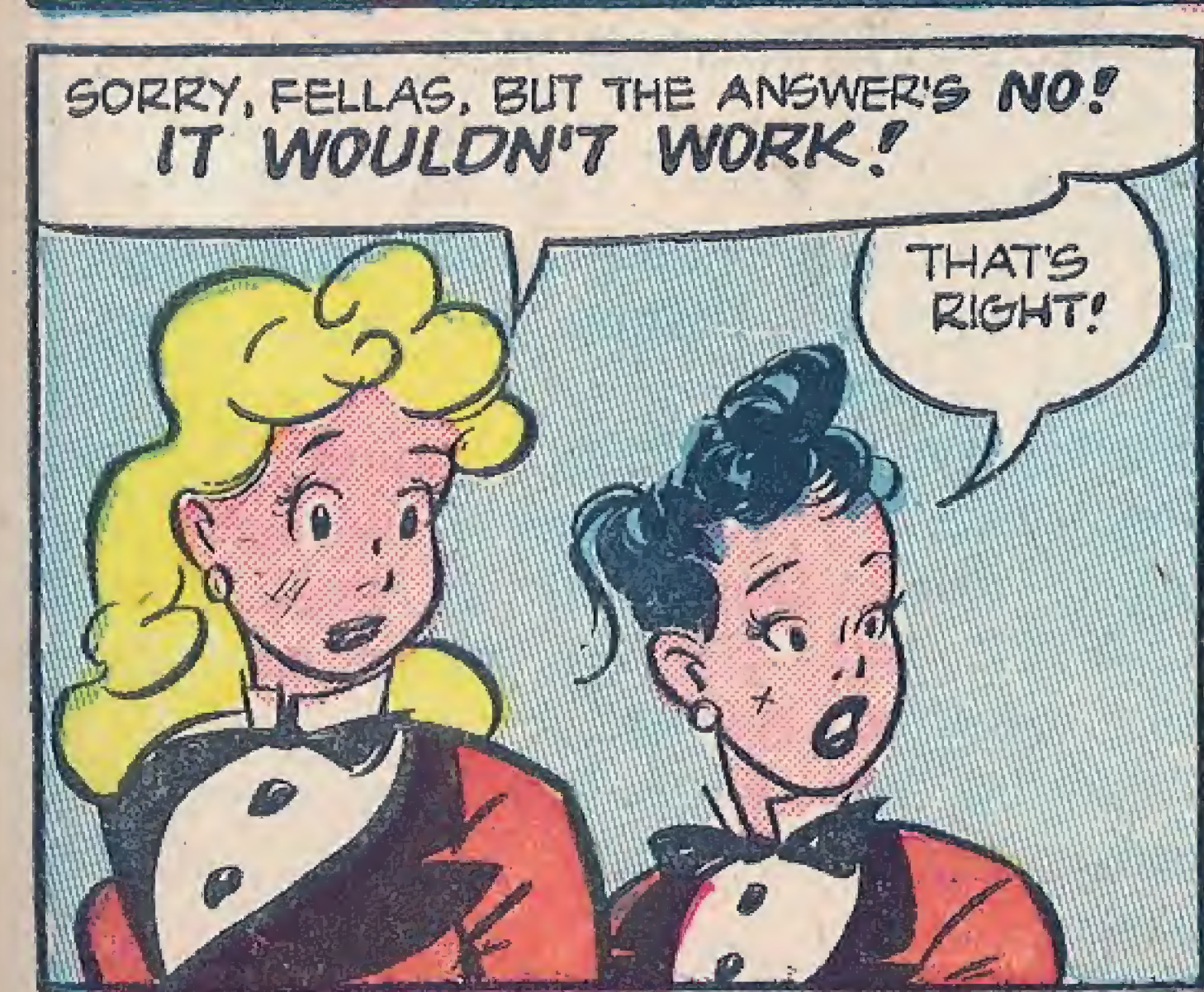
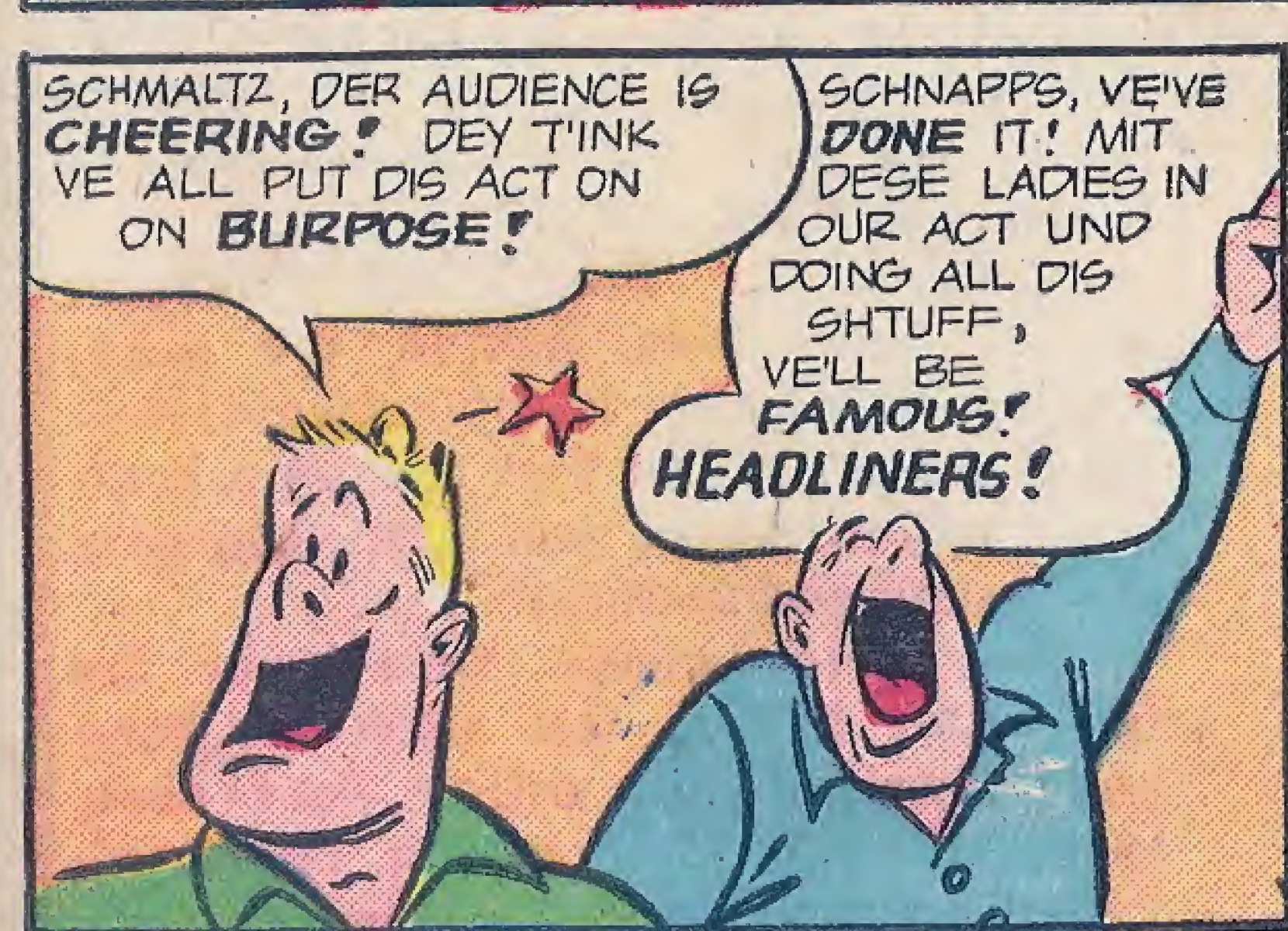
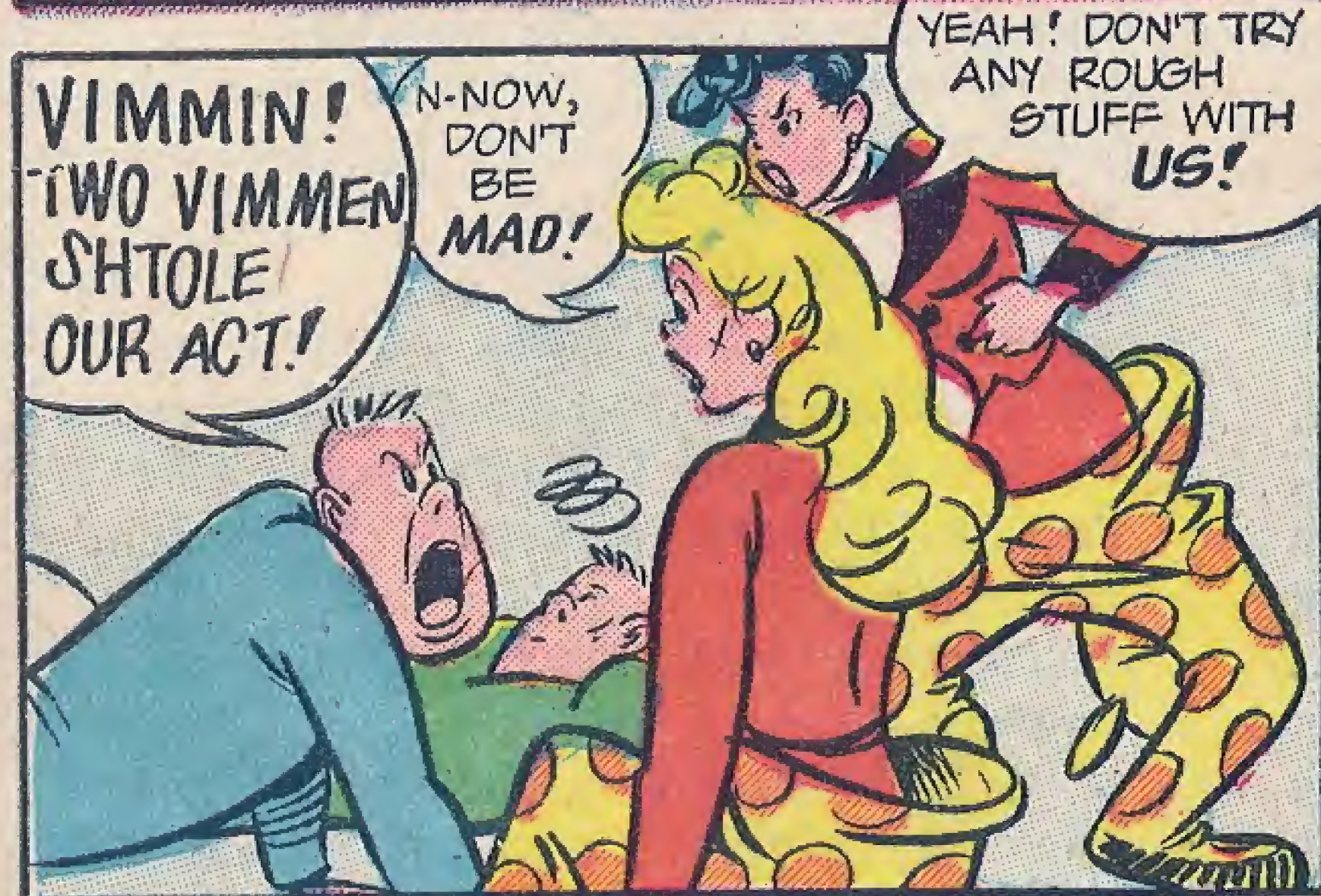
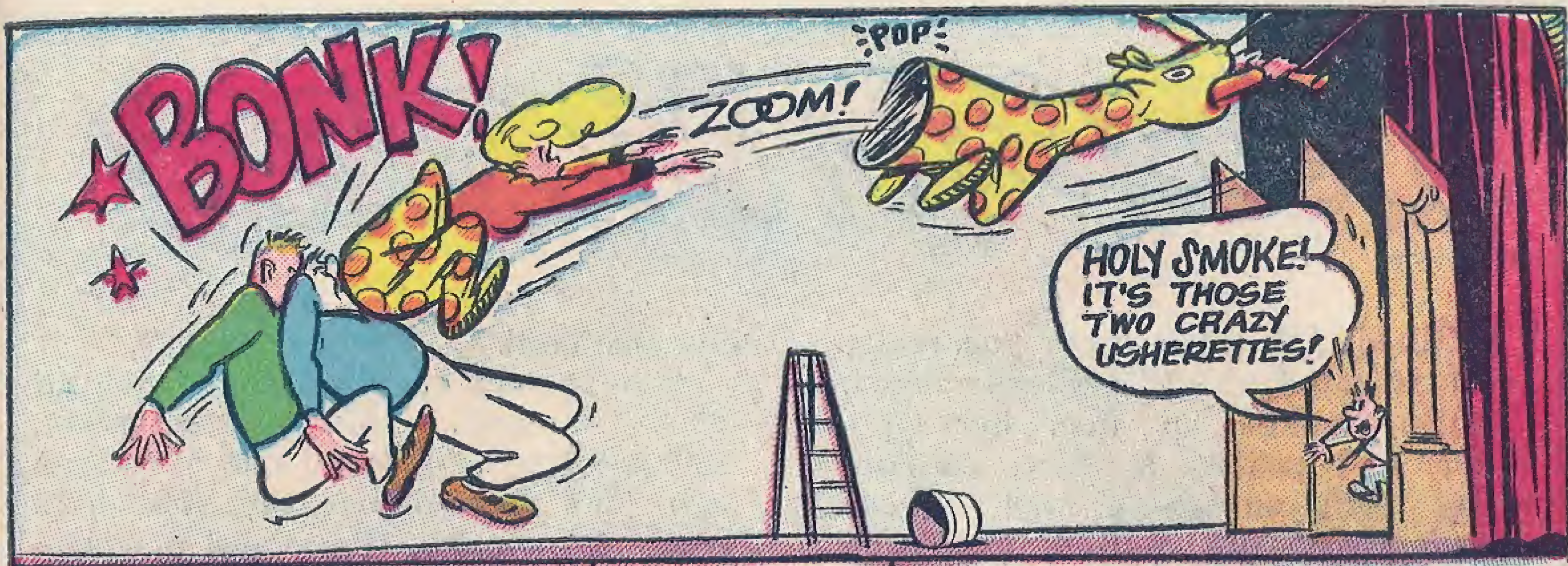














# Woman of MYSTERY

"YOU MEAN...YOU mean you really fascinated him?" Clara asked.

Millie looked up from her typewriter and smiled a slow, superior smile. "I enchanted him! I enslaved him!" she replied, examining a spot where her nail polish had chipped a bit. "I told you I could get any man I wanted by following my simple method!"

"Gosh! Tell me about it! What happened? How'd you do it?"

Millie looked pityingly at Clara, for she, Millie, considered herself a woman of the world, while Clara was nothing but a poor helpless creature with little or no understanding of... men!

The girls had long discussions about men at their jobs and over the lunch counter. Clara was of the opinion that the only way to snare a man was to wait for one to turn up and then to hope that he'd keep turning up. But Millie, checking to see that every curl was in place on her blonde, giddy head, had another theory entirely.

"Mystery!" she maintained. "Be a woman of mystery and that'll make him wonder about you...who you are...what you're really like...you know, the real you! So I did it... last night!"

Clara poked two sticks of gum into her mouth and listened enthralled as Millie began to recount her romantic triumph. "So I went to this party at my girl friend Ruby's house last night. I wore my black. With perfume. At first, none of the guys looked like anything to me and then, he came in! Roy! Is he handsome!"

Here, Millie paused dramatically and looked at her left hand, obviously seeing a large diamond ring on her engagement finger.

"So?" Clara urged her, chewing

her gum hard.

"So it was easy! I asked him all about himself. He's a salesman. Haberdashery. I found out his name, age and occupation and that he's free! No strings, like a girl or something! Then, I went to work!"

"Yeah?" Clara hitched her chair closer to Millie, so as not to miss a word of the fateful story.

"He asked me my name, so I answered in the words of the poet, 'What's in a name, hub?' He wanted to know where I come from, what I do, do I have a steady boy friend, everything!"

"What'd you say?" Millie asked eagerly.

"I answered him, but I didn't tell him anything. I was surrounding myself in a veil of romance, see? And I could tell that he was getting more and more interested in me, so I laid it on thick and..."

"Ladies!" The boss' sarcastic voice came from behind the girls, making them jump to their typewriters. "May I remind you that this is a business office where you are, theoretically, employed to work?"

The girls' hands flew over the typewriter keys. But when the boss had slammed his office door shut, Millie stopped her typing and said, "Him! Who cares for him? Soon, I'll be away from all this, with Roy, married..."

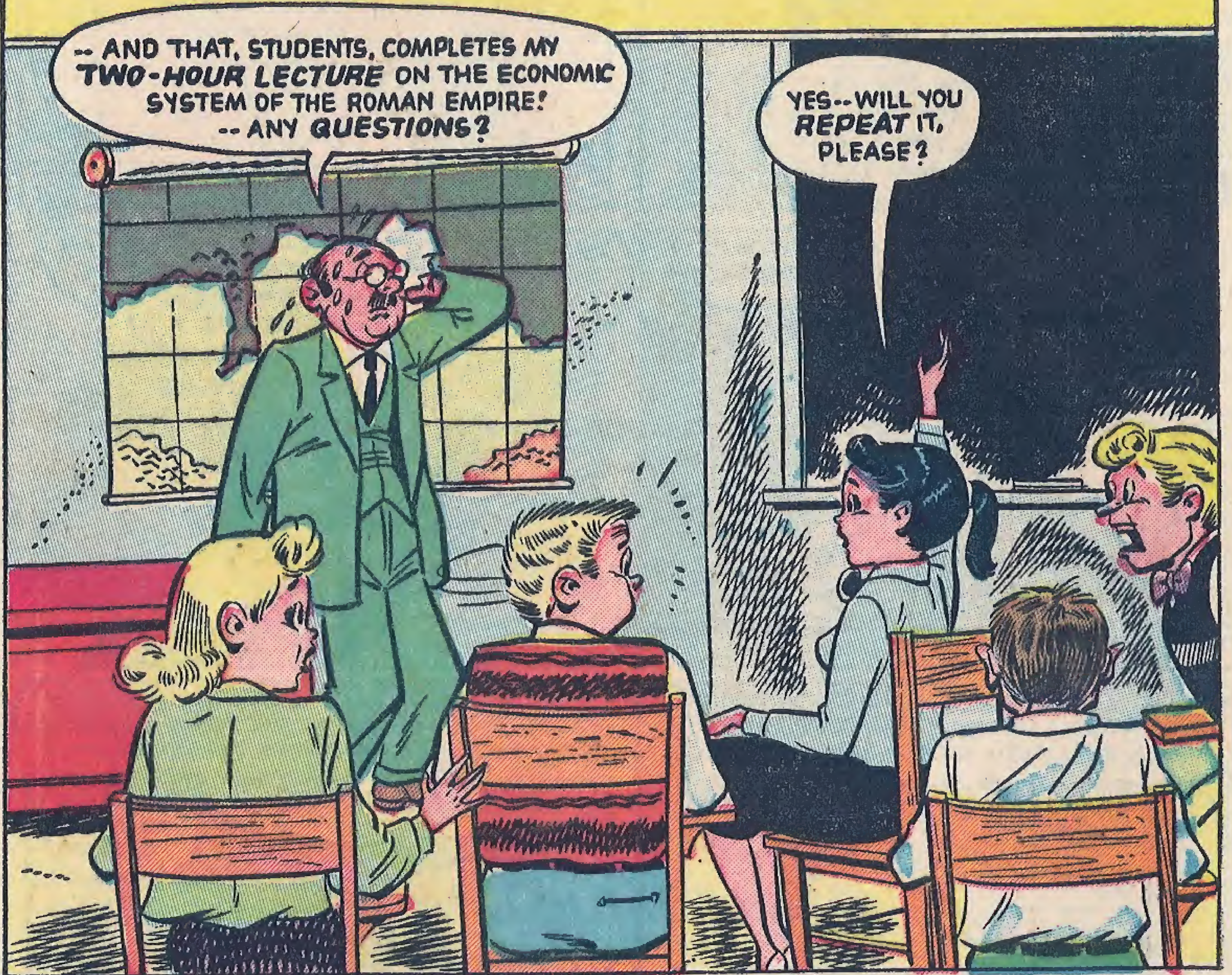
"Honest?" Clara was so impressed that her mouth hung open, endangering the gum. "When are you gonna see him again?"

Suddenly, Millie's mouth hung open, too. "I...I never thought of that," she stammered at last. "I d...didn't tell him my name or anything! Maybe...maybe..."

"Maybe you were too mysterious!" Clara said smugly, resuming her typing.



# SCREWBALL SAL



-- AND THAT, STUDENTS, COMPLETES MY  
**TWO-HOUR LECTURE** ON THE ECONOMIC  
SYSTEM OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE?  
-- ANY QUESTIONS?

YES-- WILL YOU  
**REPEAT IT,**  
PLEASE?



**REPEAT**  
IT?

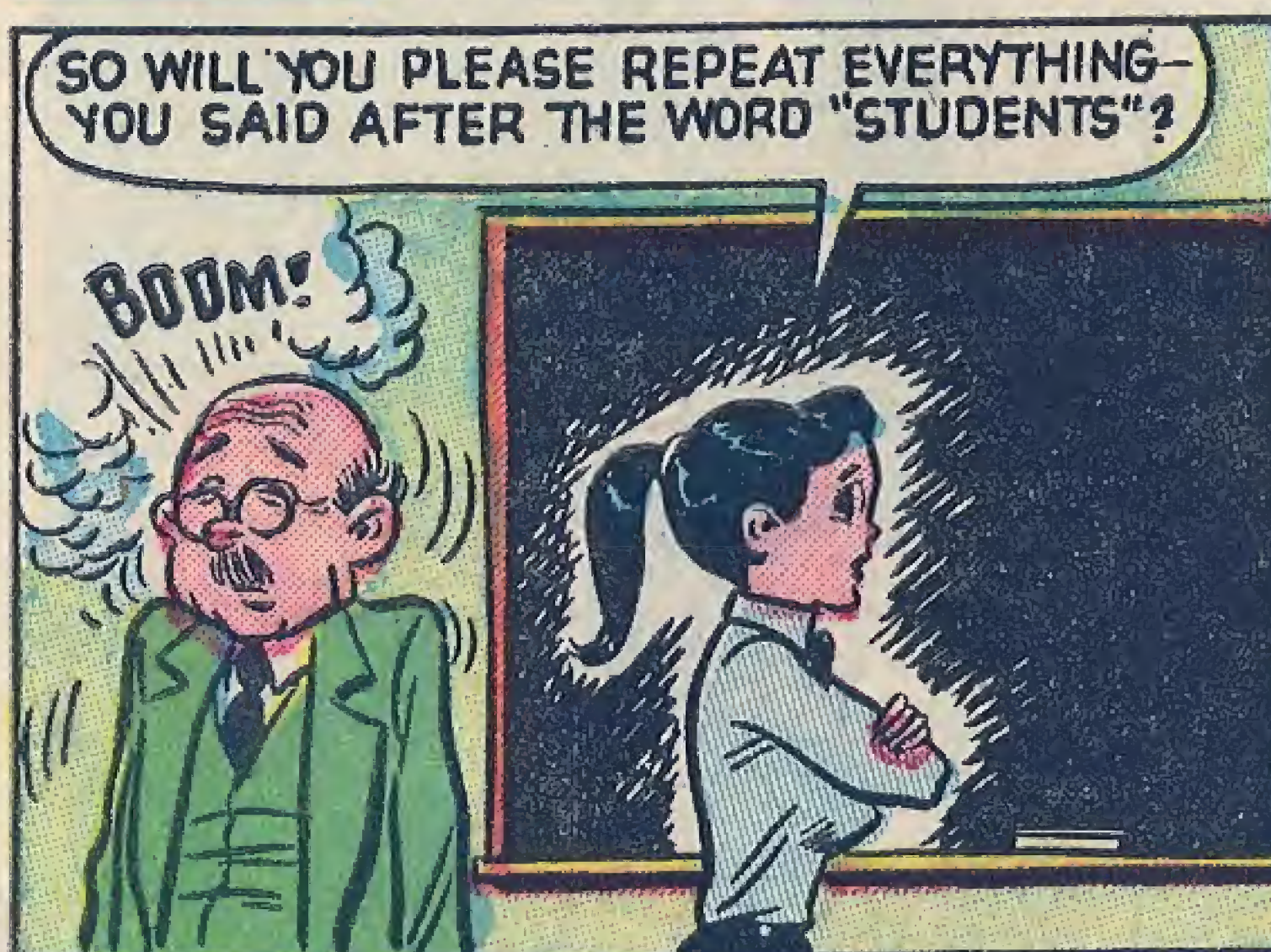
YESSIR-- I  
DIDN'T  
GET IT!



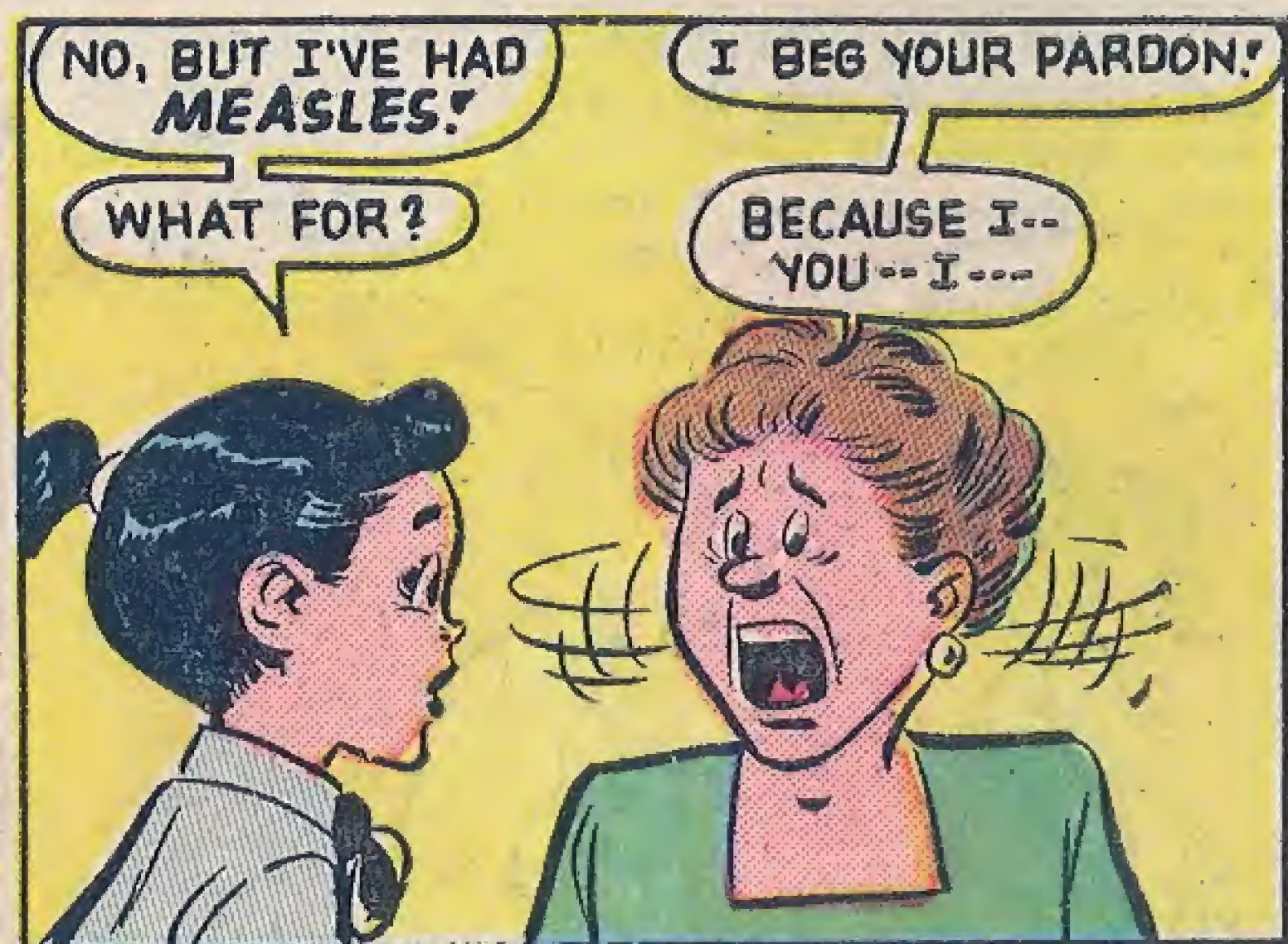
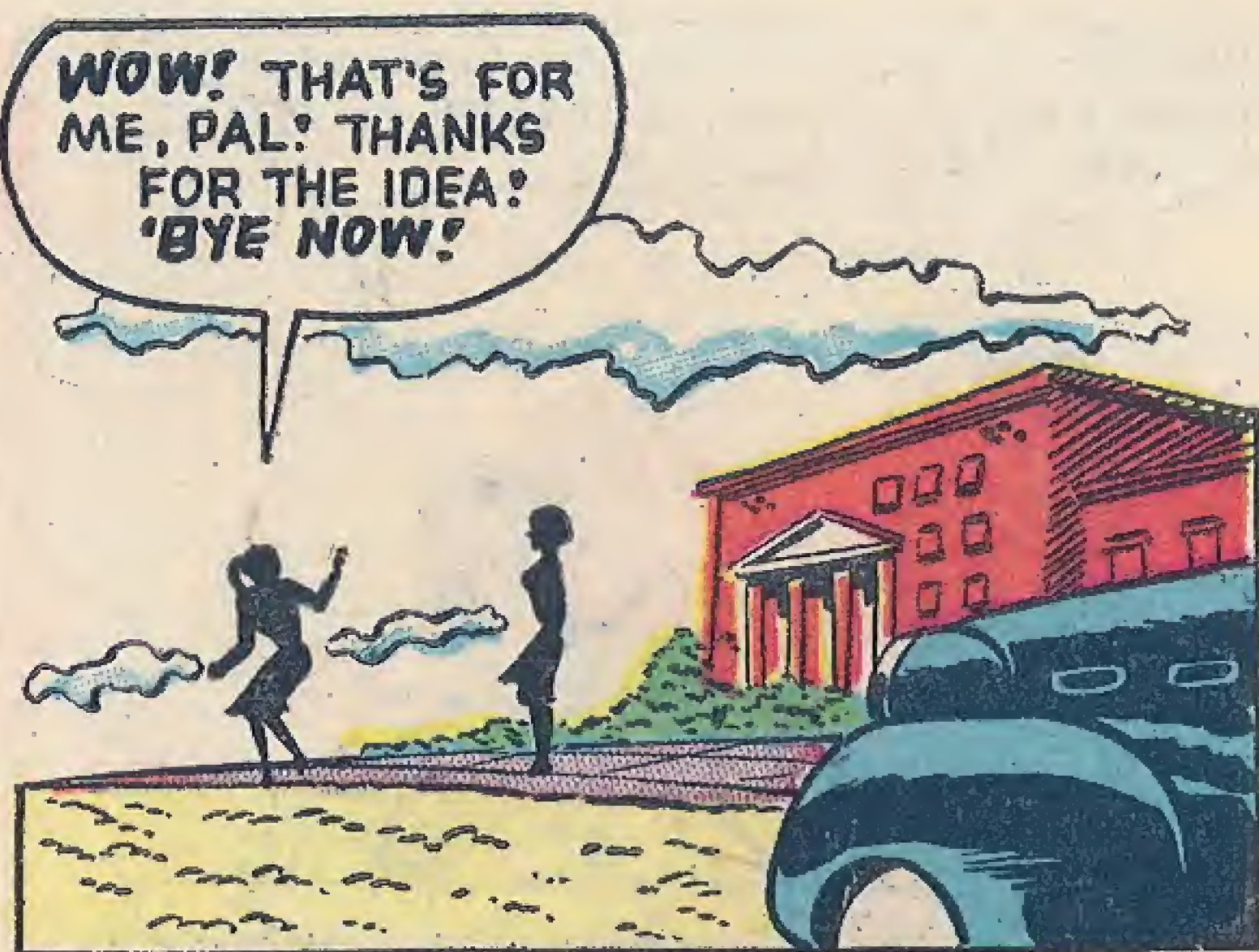
YOUNG LADY, ARE YOU  
TRYING TO TELL ME THAT  
YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND  
ONE WORD I SAID?

WHY, OF COURSE  
NOT! I NEVER  
SAID ANY SUCH  
THING!

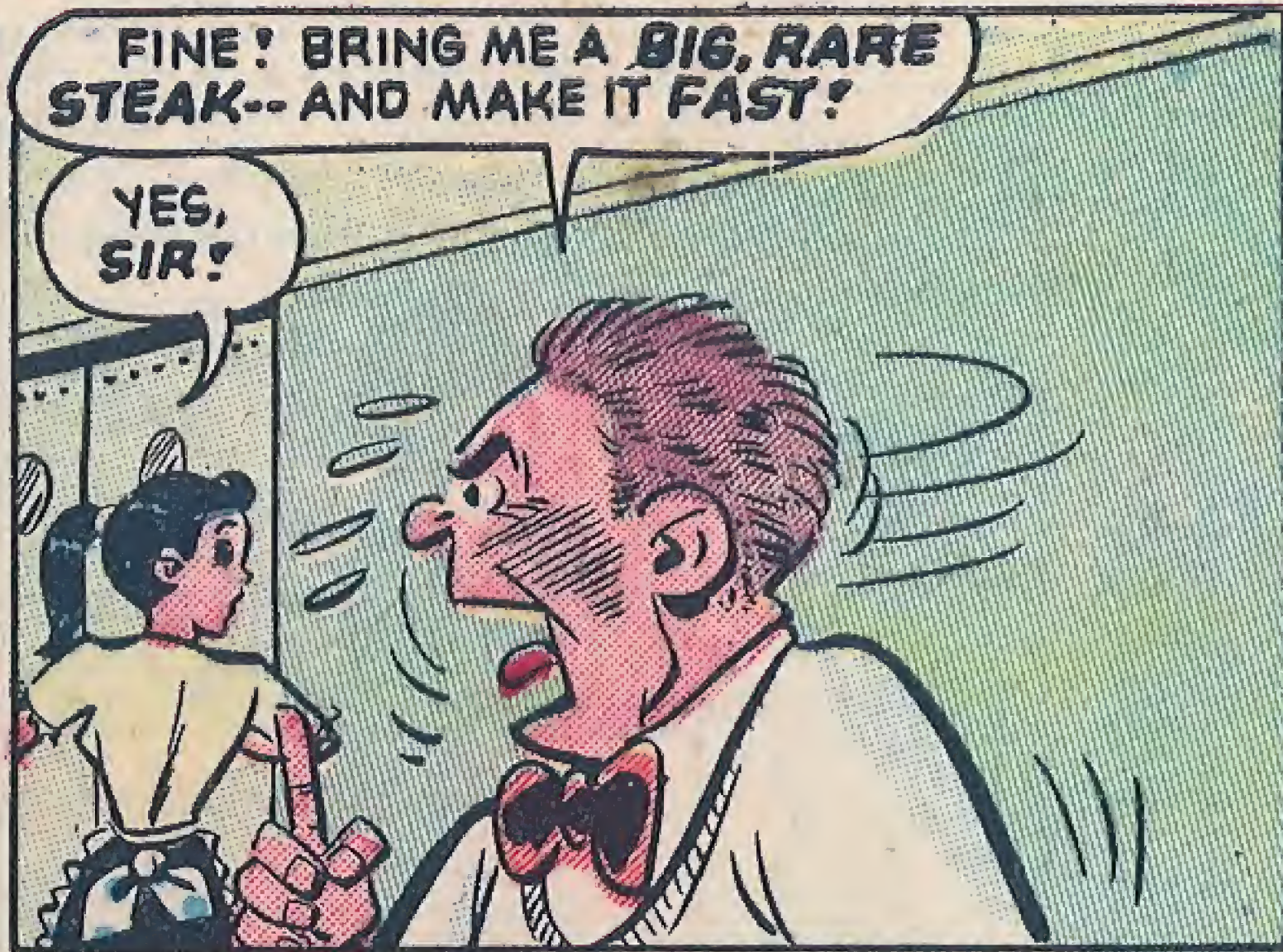
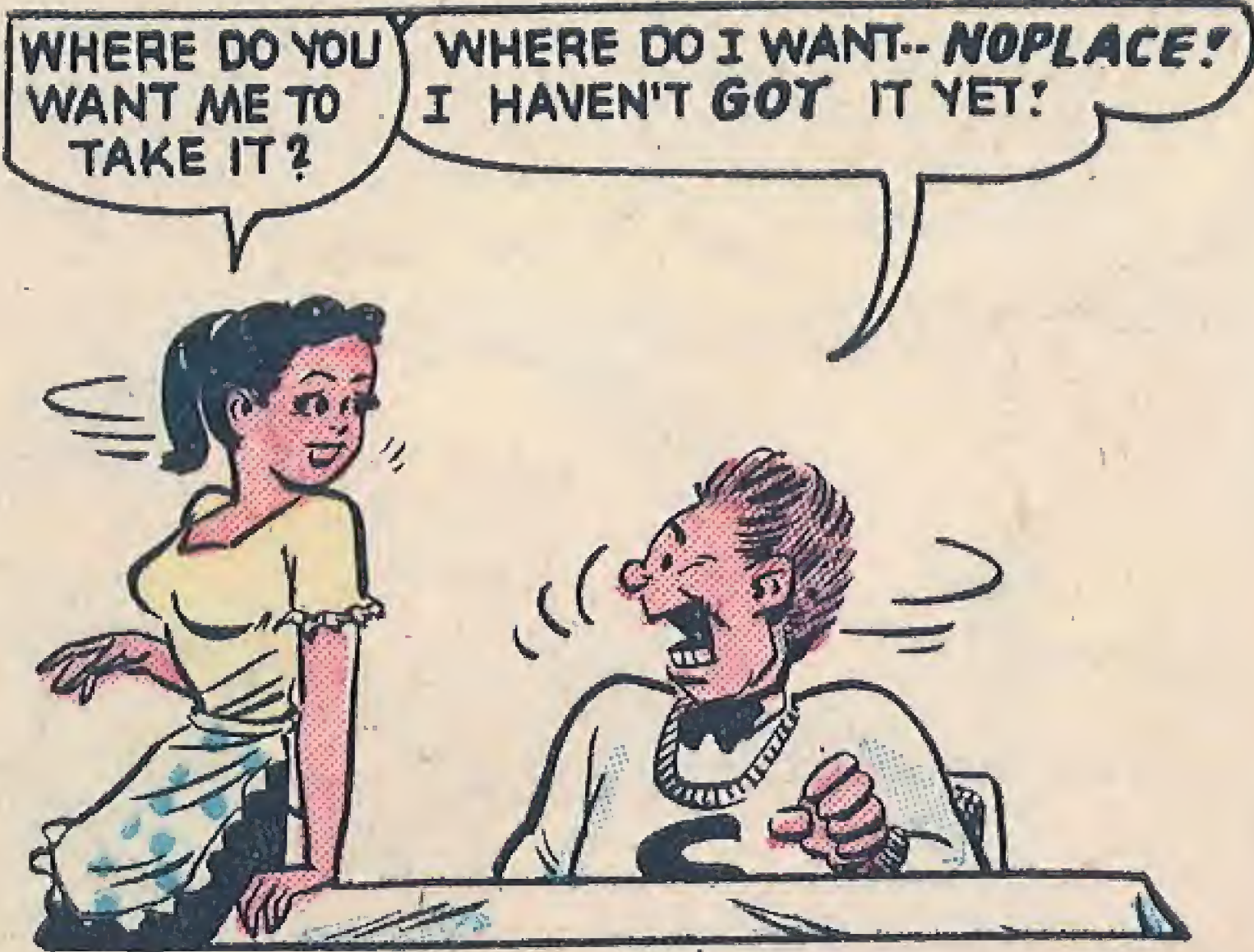








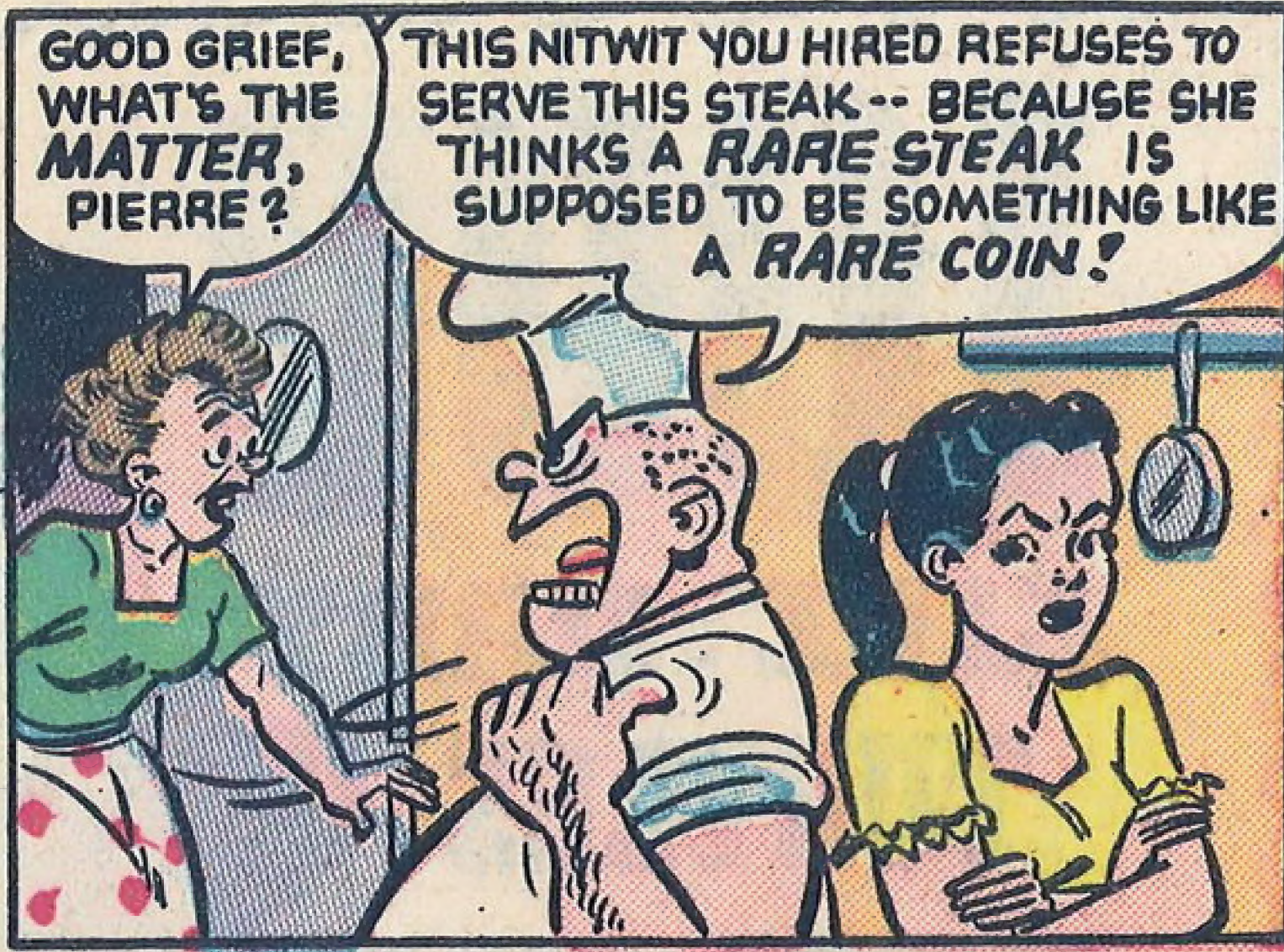






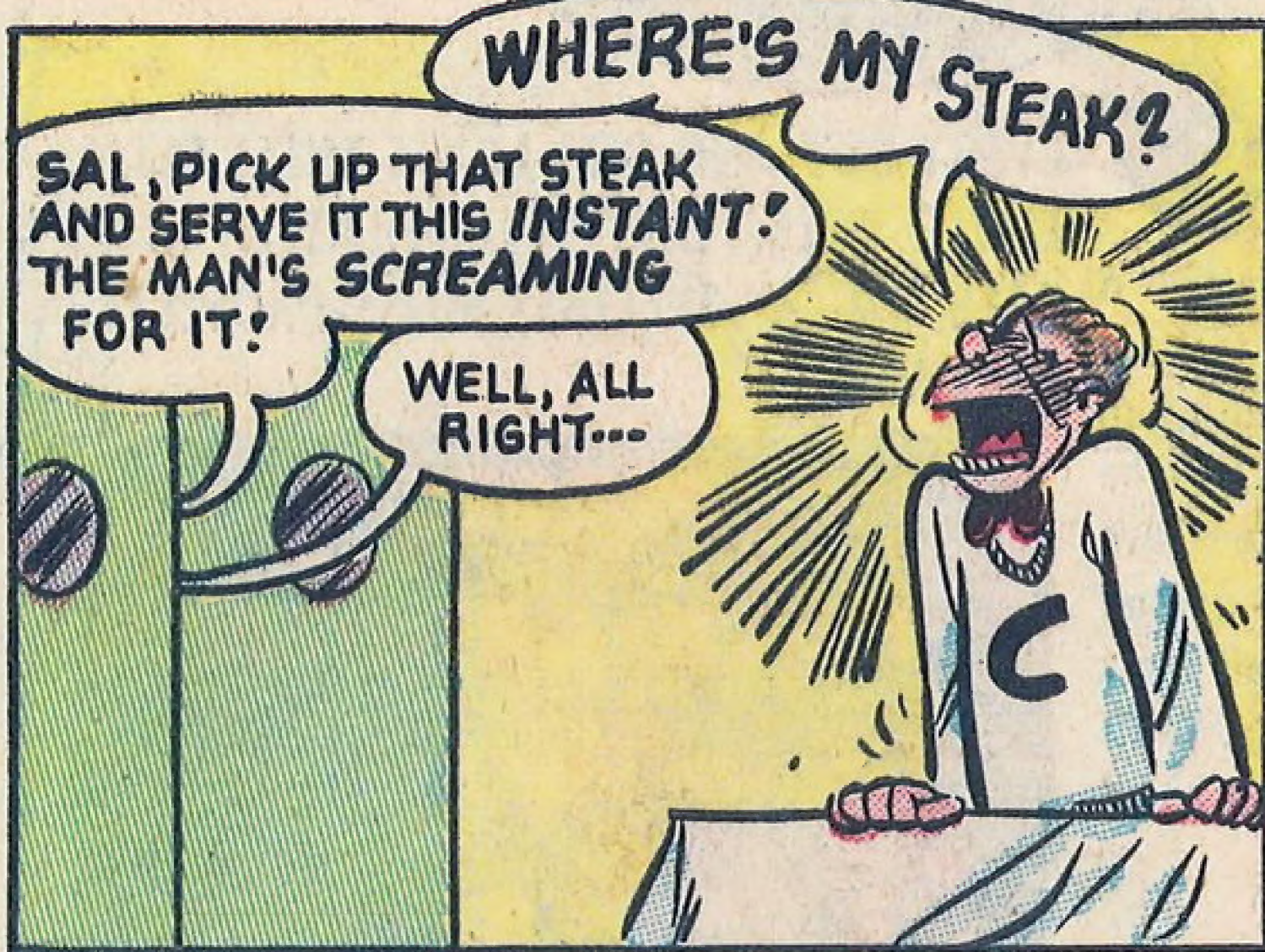


WHERE'S THE MANAGER?  
I WANT THE MANAGER!



GOOD GRIEF,  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
PIERRE?

THIS NITWIT YOU HIRED REFUSES TO  
SERVE THIS STEAK -- BECAUSE SHE  
THINKS A **RARE STEAK** IS  
SUPPOSED TO BE SOMETHING LIKE  
A **RARE COIN**!



WHERE'S MY STEAK?

SAL, PICK UP THAT STEAK  
AND SERVE IT THIS INSTANT!  
THE MAN'S SCREAMING  
FOR IT!

WELL, ALL  
RIGHT---



AS MANAGER OF THIS RESTAU-  
RANT, I WISH TO APOLOGIZE  
FOR THE DELAY, SIR! THERE  
WAS A SLIGHT MIXUP IN  
THE KITCHEN!

VERY WELL -- BUT NOW  
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT  
CALL TO MAKE -- SO  
YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP  
IT **WARM** FOR ME  
UNTIL I GET BACK!



SAL, KEEP THE GENTLEMAN'S STEAK  
WARM UNTIL HE FINISHES  
HIS CALL!

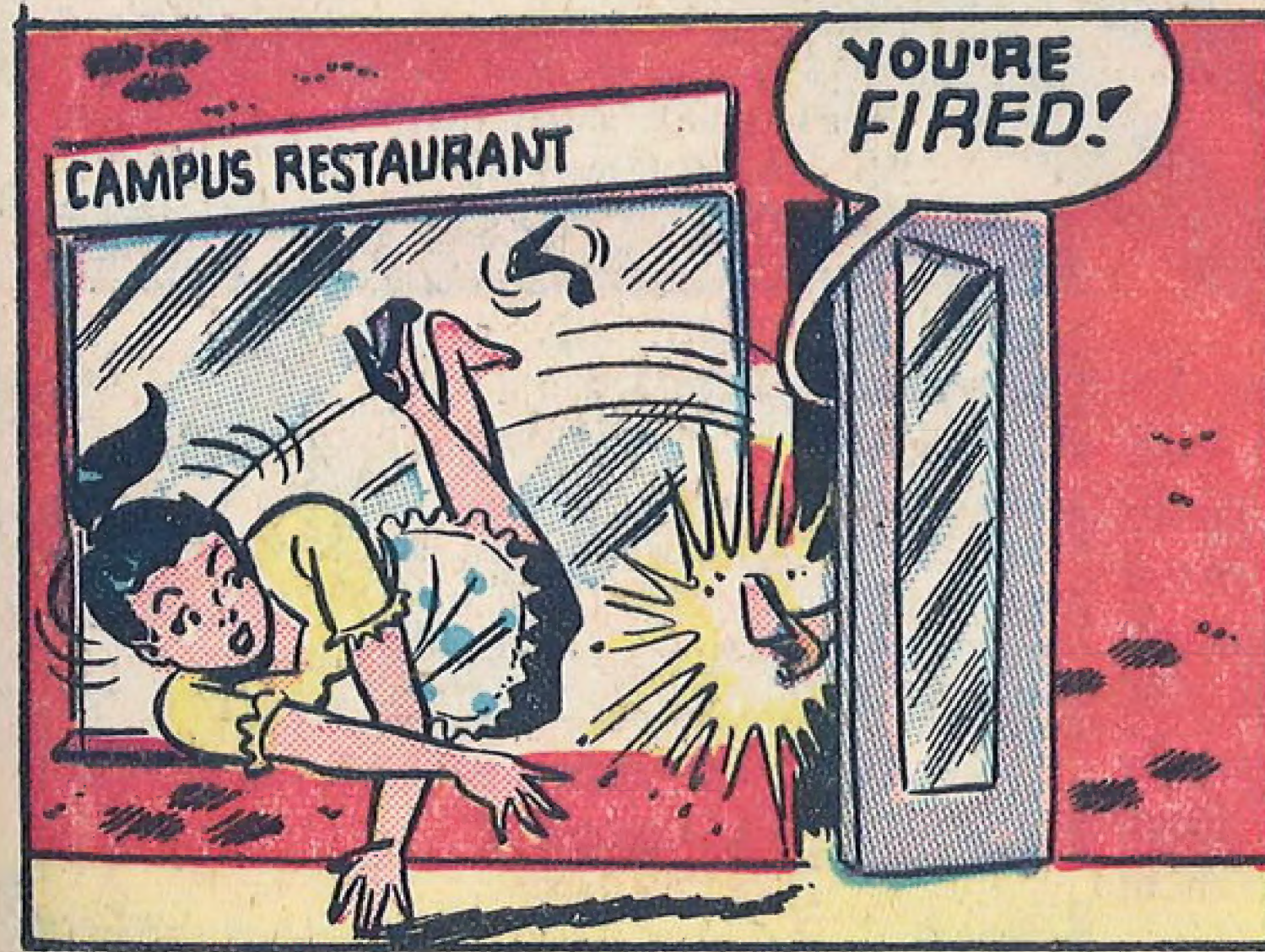
KEEP IT  
WARM?  
OH, WELL --  
OKAY!



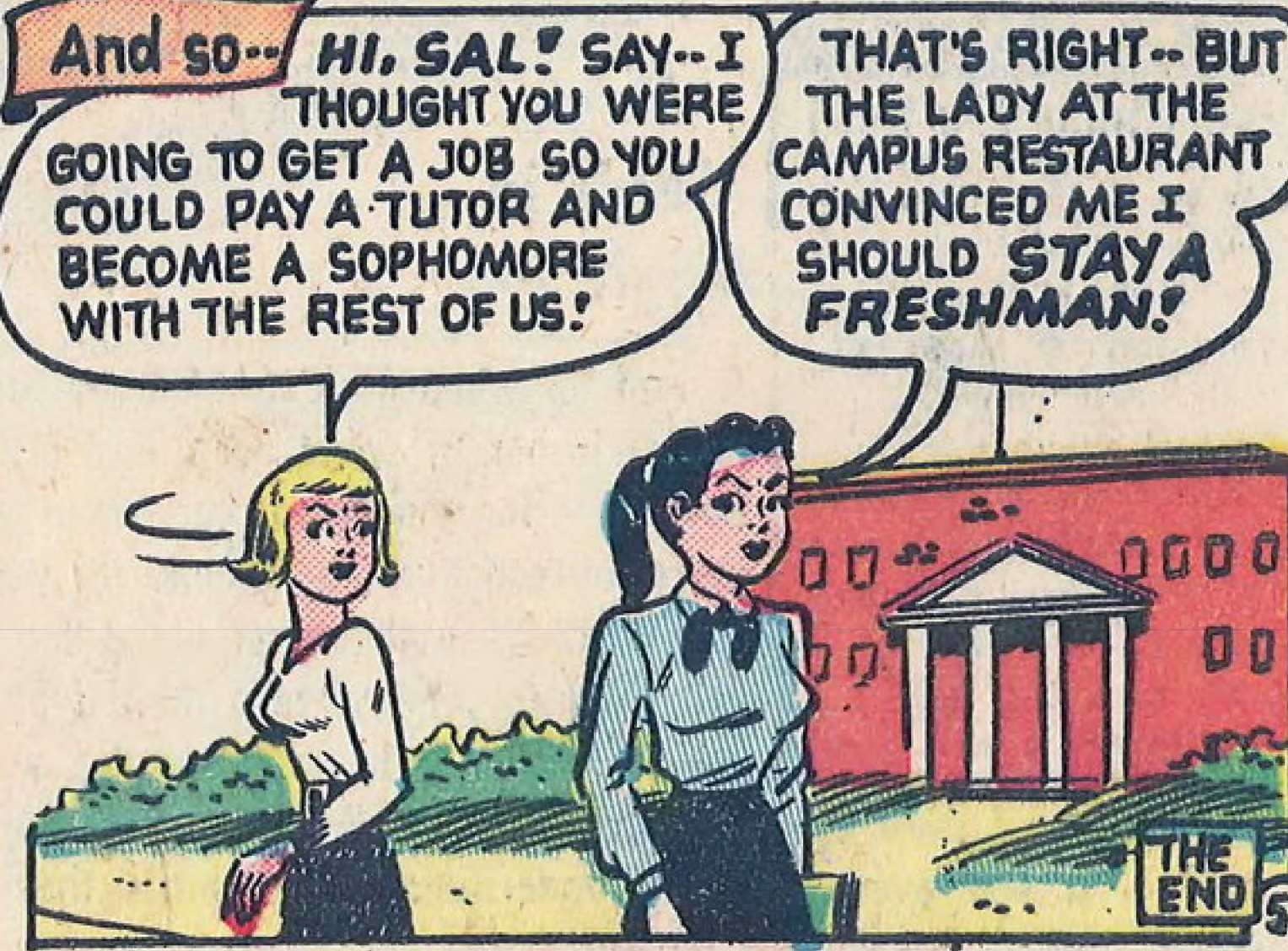
Minutes later---

HOLY SMOKE!  
WHAT'S THAT ON MY  
STEAK?

IT'S YOUR **SCARF**! I PUT  
IT ON THE STEAK TO KEEP  
IT **NICE AND WARM**  
FOR YOU!



YOU'RE  
FIRED!



And so... HI, SAL! SAY -- I  
THOUGHT YOU WERE  
GOING TO GET A JOB SO YOU  
COULD PAY A TUTOR AND  
BECOME A SOPHOMORE  
WITH THE REST OF US!

THAT'S RIGHT -- BUT  
THE LADY AT THE  
CAMPUS RESTAURANT  
CONVINCED ME I  
SHOULD **STAY A  
FRESHMAN**!

THE  
END



# 1000

## LIVE BABY TURTLES

## GIVEN AWAY

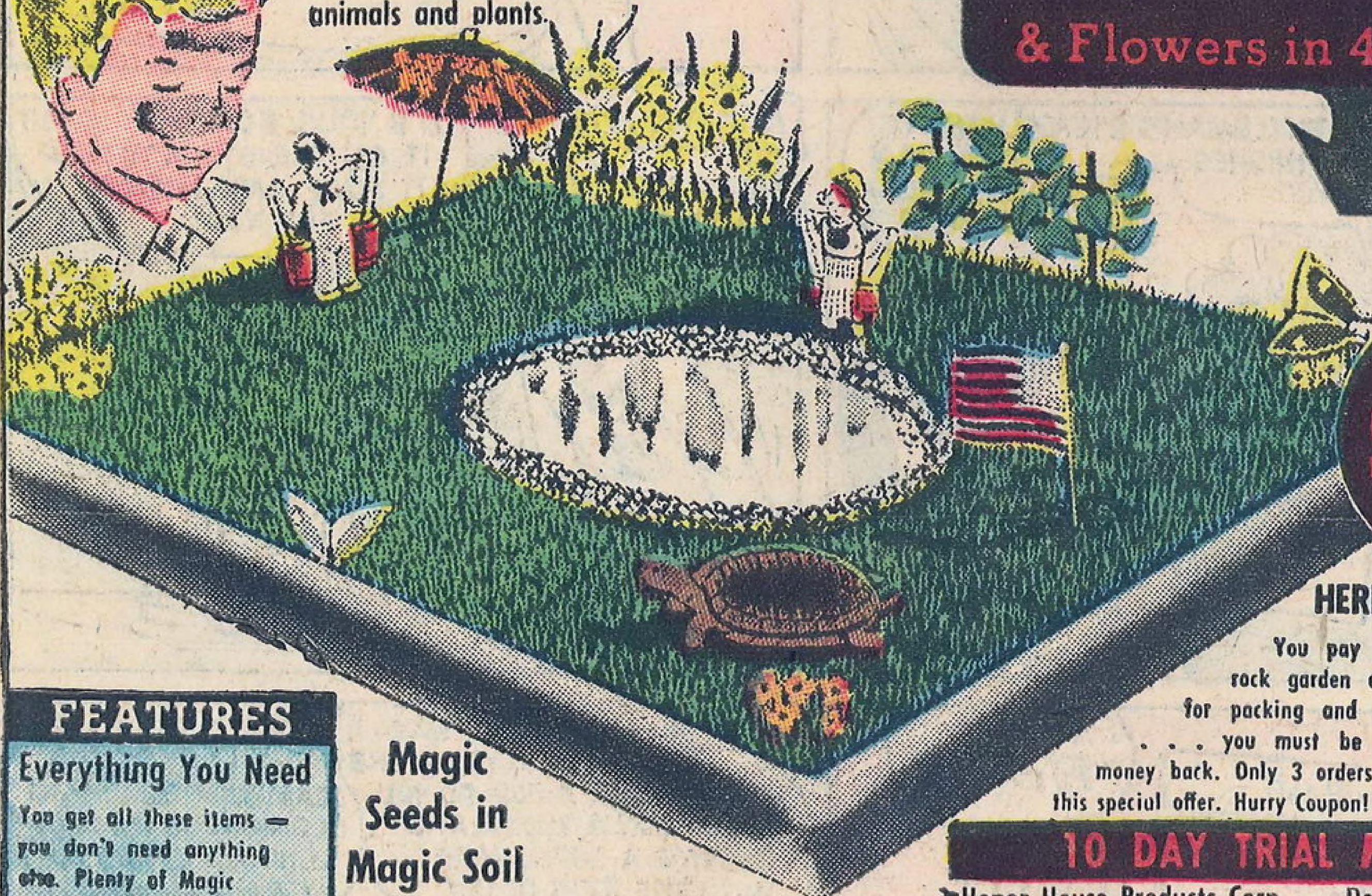
### WITH THIS OFFER



EVERY BOY AND GIRL LOVES THESE CLEAN  
LITTLE PETS. DELIVERED HEALTHY AND  
SAFE IN A SPECIAL MOSS-PROTECTED  
PACKAGE.

Here's one of the most exciting toys you've ever owned. Just think — a baby turtle all your own. What's more, a real growing garden to keep him in, a garden you plant and grow all by yourself. You can teach him to recognize you when you feed him. Watch him swim — see how he pulls his head and feet into his shell when he's frightened. You can have turtle races — you can make a little house for him to live in — and all

the time you can watch how the lovely, soft grass grows — see and smell the beautiful flowers. You'll amaze your friends with how much you know about animals and plants.



**MAGIC  
ROCK GARDEN**  
Grows Real Grass  
& Flowers in 4 Days

only  
**\$1.00**

#### HERE'S OUR OFFER

You pay only \$1.00 for the rock garden and turtle plus 25¢ for packing and mailing . . . AND . . . you must be 100% delighted or money back. Only 3 orders to a customer with this special offer. Hurry Coupon!

**10 DAY TRIAL FREE!**

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. A 214  
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Rock Garden and live baby turtle at once. If I am not completely satisfied I may return the garden for prompt refund of the full purchase price, and I may keep the turtle ABSOLUTELY FREE. Price is \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

☐ Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ in full payment.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman, plus C.O.D. fee on delivery.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

#### FEATURES

##### Everything You Need

You get all these items — you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil, lovely flower seeds . . . Practical attractive container . . . Bright-colored metal butterfly . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . Simulated rocks. Plant food. Many other exciting features.

##### Magic Seeds in Magic Soil

A real growing Rock Garden — about 100 square inches of sweet grass and bright lovely flowers — for you to care for. When the flowers grow you can pluck a bouquet for your mother or friend. When the grass grows too high you will have to cut and trim it. And all the time you will have a beautiful garden you can be

proud of and show off to your friends. You'll learn many useful things, too — it will even help you understand many things they teach at school.



# HA-HA! HO-HO!

MAKE WAY FOR **FUN!**



**... FOR THE  
MERRIEST,  
HOWLINGEST  
UPROAR OF  
LAUGHS YOU'VE  
EVER HAD!**

★ **IT'S JOLLY-  
SPARKLING...  
OVERFLOWING  
WITH GLEE  
AND GAIETY  
THAT'LL KEEP  
YOU ROARING!**

**Don't miss...**

## HA HA COMICS

— ON ALL STANDS —

# 10¢



# Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

*Charles  
Atlas*

Awarded the  
title of "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man."

**J**UST tell me where you want it—  
and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of  
powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your  
friends will grow bug-eyed with  
wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your  
shoulders—put trip-hammer power in  
both your arms—make your  
legs two pillars of strength?  
Then just check what you  
want below. I'll prove you  
can get it in just 15 minutes  
a day—in your own home  
—or it won't cost you a  
penny!

I don't care if you are  
15 or 50 years old—or  
how ashamed of your  
present physical condi-  
tion you may be. I  
can give you a "barrel  
chest" and a vise-like  
grip. I can shoot new strength  
into your old backbone, exercise  
those inner organs—help you  
cram your body so full of pep,  
vigor and red-blooded vitality  
that you won't feel there's even  
"standing room" left for  
weakness and that lazy  
feeling. I'll wake up

that  
sleeping  
energy of  
yours and  
make it  
hum like  
a high-  
powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look differ-  
ent. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's  
the ticket! The identical natural  
method that I myself developed to  
change my body from the scrawny  
skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thou-  
sands of other fellows are becoming mar-  
velous physical specimens—my way. I give  
you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop  
your strength through "Dynamic Tension"  
you can laugh at the artificial muscle-  
makers. You simply utilize the DOR-  
MANT muscle-power in your own God-  
given body—watch it increase  
and multiply double-quick into  
real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Ten-  
sion" will turn the trick for  
you. No theory—so easy! Spend  
only 15 minutes a day in your  
own home. From the very  
start you'll be using my meth-  
od of "Dynamic Tension" al-  
most unconsciously every min-  
ute of the day—walking, bend-  
ing over, etc.—to BUILD THE  
MUSCLE and VITALITY  
you want. And you'll be using  
the method which many great  
athletes use for keeping in con-  
dition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball  
and football players, etc.

## ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and  
run down?

Always tired?

Nervous?

Lacking in con-  
fidence?

Constipated?

Suffering from bad  
breath?

Fat and flabby?

Do you want to lose  
or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO  
ABOUT IT is told  
in my FREE BOOK



## SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given  
to pupil making  
greatest physical  
improvement in the  
next 3 months.

## Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs.  
and 4 1/4 inches on  
my chest, 3 inches  
on my arms. I am  
never consti-  
pated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs.  
and increased my  
chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.  
"What a difference!  
Have put 3 1/2  
inches on my chest  
(normal) and 2 1/2  
inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs.  
When I started

your course I  
weighed only 141.  
Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are  
wonderful. The first  
week my arm in-  
creased one inch,  
my chest two  
inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me  
from a weakling  
to a real he-man.  
My chest has gone  
up 6 inches. I am  
a solid mass of  
muscle."

—J. W., Montana

## CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 25

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of  
Body I Want.*

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your  
famous book "Everlasting Health and  
Strength"—32 pages, crammed with pho-  
tographs, answers to vital health ques-  
tions, and valuable advice. I understand  
this book is mine to keep and sending for  
it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

